Gordon C. Aymar

"Now Is the Winter of Our Discontent"

VOL. LXVII
NO. II

YACHTING

FEBRUARY
1940

FUN AT FIVE FATHOMS. *By Charles H. Baker, Jr.* 27

THE "MYSTERY" OF THE "MARY CELESTE." *By Dr. Oliver W. Cobb* 33

THREE MEN IN A BOAT. *By Millard F. Tompkins, Jr.* 35

ACROSS FUNDY'S TIDES. *By Fessenden S. Blanchard* 38

A PATAGONIAN VOYAGE. *By Marion B. Hart* 42

STARTING TACTICS. *By Robert N. Bavier, Jr.* 49

COMMITTEES MAKE MISTAKES, TOO. *By William H. Taylor* 51

"STAND BY — MARK!" *By Frederic M. Gardiner* 53

STANDING RIGGING OF WIRE. *By F. L. Oliver* 55

THE ANGLER'S FISHING CHAIR. *By Lansdell Anderson* 58

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT. *By "Spun Yarn"* 60

THE MONTH IN YACHTING 61

PLANS OF NEW BOATS 65

WATERFRONT NEWS. *By "Beachcomber"* 71

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AROUND THE CABIN LAMP

Old Man of the Sea

I NEVER saw him but once and I don't even remember his name. We always call him "The Old Man of the Sea." I doubt if I would recognize him if I saw him again because he would undoubtedly be fully clothed; the only time I ever saw him, he was stark naked!

I know only these things about him: He lives just outside of Boston, he owns a motor boat and he is the most conventional man I ever met. I learned that much about him in the short space of half an hour and I rate his conventionality on the fact that the first thing he said was. . . . But I'm getting ahead of the story.

I set sail on a summer afternoon in my small schooner, with three shipmates, bound from one port to another at the start of a cruise. It was a fine day, with a moderate "dry Easterly" pushing us along on the starboard tack at six knots, and the wind was just abaft the beam. The sun set in a blaze of glory, we lit the running lights, and I took a last look around before dusk. At that time, we were about five miles offshore and there wasn't a vessel in sight except a small white motor cruiser a mile or so to leeward.

The "Doc" had just broken out the ingredients for a splice of the main brace, when I thought I heard a hail.

"*Sssst* —" I commanded, "hear anything?"

Everybody listened. Sure enough, a moment later we all heard it. Faint, and about two points on the weather bow.

"Whatthahell!" somebody sputtered and all hands, except the man at the wheel, jumped to the weather rigging.

"Hey!" one of the crew announced, "there's something in the water over there!"

I aimed the glasses in the direction he pointed and there, by all that's holy, was a head bobbing in the water.

We trimmed her flat and headed up for that son of Neptune, swimming around for some unknown reason in the broad Atlantic, five miles from dry land! In a few minutes we hove to alongside of him. The ubiquitous "Doc" had already shipped the boarding ladder and, as we fluttered into the wind, hands reached down to help the swimmer on board. I expected to see an exhausted, terror-stricken face turned toward us. Not a bit of it. Our human fish greeted us with a bland smile, spread across a ruddy, chubby countenance and, before he would let himself be helped aboard, he called out:

"Wait a minute — have you any women aboard?"

We reassured him. He was, it developed, stark naked. But, even so, could any dowager, chaperoning a sub-deb at a New Year's Ball, have shown more perfect observation of the proprieties?

He was hauled over the side and deposited in the cockpit. A generous shot of Scotch was stuck in his hand and somebody appeared from below with an armful of blankets and wrapped them around him.

"How," I demanded, slowly gathering my wits as the boat gathered way again, "did you happen . . ."

He interrupted me, looking at me in some embarrassment.

"Look, I'll tell you all about it but please keep it between ourselves. I'd never live it down where I come from."

We all murmured our promises and he drained his glass and held it out to the "Doc."

"Well," he began, "it was damn silly but quite simple. It was hot as Hell ashore so I took a run out in my boat to cool off. I thought I'd heave to and take a swim, so I took my clothes off. Then I noticed that the painter had slipped off the foc's'le head and I went up forra'd to secure it. The deck was slippery, the boat smacked a wave and took a lurch, and the next thing I knew I was in the drink and my boat was going away from there at knots! That's all there was to it — lucky thing you guys came along."

"Well I'll be G—— d——d!" we breathed, and all hands burst into a roar of laughter, in which our rescued passenger joined to the extent of a sheepish grin.

"Do you suppose you could put me back aboard her?"

"Where is she?"

"Oh, around here somewhere." He stood up and looked about him.

"There she is!" he exclaimed. And there she was, the little white cruiser we had seen earlier, coming in our general direction with a bone in her teeth and a tender hopping along astern.

"Put me aboard the tender, if you don't mind," he said, "I don't want the boat to get scratched up."

I was confident I could set him aboard the cruiser without touching her but, since he questioned my seamanship, I wasn't going to argue the point.

"What do you think she's making?" I asked.

"Oh, seven or eight knots."

I turned to one of the crew. "Start the kicker," I ordered, "We'll never catch her under sail."

The cruiser hurried across our bows and I noticed from her wake that she was moving in the arc of a big circle. It soon became evident that it would take a long time to catch her even with the kicker, so I steered to head her off.

"How are you going to get aboard from the tender?" I asked. "Quite a trick with the boat under way."

"I'll be all right," he assured me, "just put me in the tender. I'll get aboard all right."

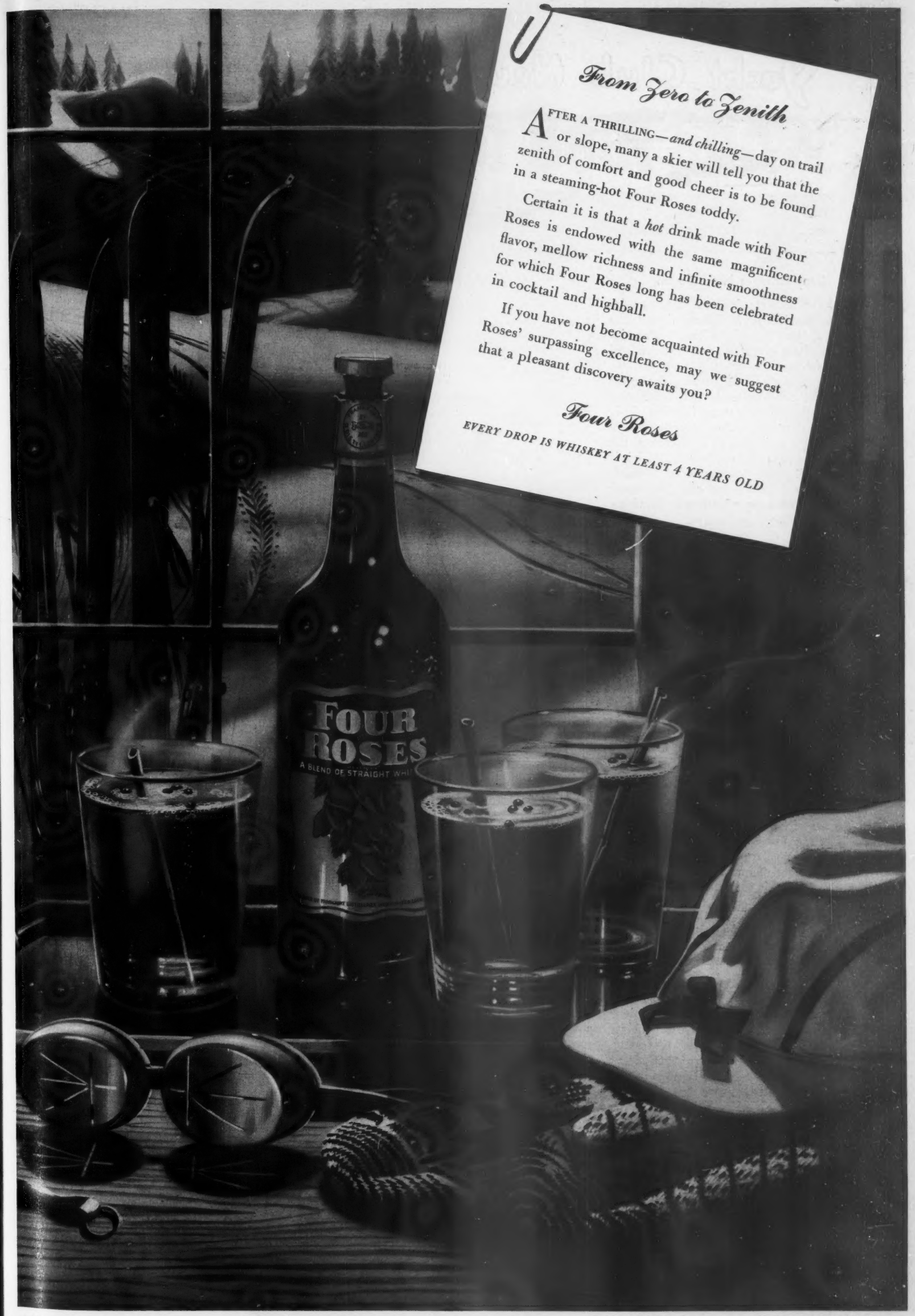
Well, it wasn't any paint off *my* topsides so I told him to get up in the bow, ready to drop off. "Doc" appeared with an old Navy watch officer's coat. "Better put this on —" he said. And I thought, goodbye overcoat.

We beat the cruiser to the turn and I straightened her out to fetch alongside the tender. It was getting pretty dark and I couldn't help wondering what the poor guy would have done if we hadn't come along when we did.

We were moving just a mite faster than the cruiser so I throttled down a hair and managed to stick our nose right over the stern of the tender and hold her there. The "Old Man of the Sea" took off the overcoat, folded it, if you please, and laid it on the deck. Then, with a wave of his hand, he slid over the bow like a seal and landed, as neat as you want, amidships of the tender. He didn't even roll her! Motor boat sailor? Well — some sailor, anyway.

We sheered off and watched to see whether he got aboard the cruiser. He did. He lay on his belly in the tender, so as not to get her down by the head, reached forward and grabbed the painter (it led through a ring in the bow) and hauled the boat ahead hand over hand. The painter was made fast to a stanchion far enough forward so that he could get the bow of the tender just past the stern of the cruiser. Then he made the bight of the painter fast, crouched on the midship thwart, took one quick step to the bow and leaped, before the bow had time to go under, and grabbed the stanchion.

The last we saw of him were his bare but ample hindquarters disappearing into the cockpit of the cruiser — and that was the last I ever saw or heard of him. But, if he reads this, perhaps he'll recognize himself! F. G. MERRICK



From Zero to Zenith

AFTER A THRILLING—*and chilling*—day on trail or slope, many a skier will tell you that the zenith of comfort and good cheer is to be found in a steaming-hot Four Roses toddy.

Certain it is that a *hot* drink made with Four Roses is endowed with the same magnificent flavor, mellow richness and infinite smoothness for which Four Roses long has been celebrated in cocktail and highball.

If you have not become acquainted with Four Roses' surpassing excellence, may we suggest that a pleasant discovery awaits you?

Four Roses

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Buoy Changes in the Sound

ALONG with a consignment of news principally of interest to club members, "The Pilot," of the City Island Yacht Club, includes an item of value to all Long Island Sound yachtsmen, to wit: "H. S. Sayers, Sr., has, as usual, done the impossible, *viz.:* he has persuaded the Superintendent of Lighthouses to place a lighted buoy at the location of Big Tom Rock Buoy No. 1. The Department says further, 'also it is proposed to change the present red and black buoy to red, which it is thought will create less confusion to navigators. Also No. 2 buoy will be moved slightly.'" Watch your Notices to Mariners for these changes.

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Boston Dog Watches

An unusually imposing array of speakers is offered by the Boston Yacht Club for its nineteenth annual series of Dog Watch meetings held at its station on Rowes Wharf. Gordon Raymond and Charles Francis Adams will divide the evening of February 6th; Leonard Craske, photographer, will, on February 20th, show pictures of the last fisherman races; and on March 5th Captain Foss, former owner of the five-masted schooner *Edna Hoyt*, will give an illustrated lecture on experiences at sea. For Ladies' Night, on March 19th, the attraction is Mrs. Marion Rice Hart, author of "Who Called That Lady a Skipper?" who will relate the high spots of her voyage nearly around the world in the *Vanora*. Throughout all these meetings there will run what might be termed an undercurrent of talk about the weather. The old subject is sempiternally new, and Salvatore Pagliuca, chief meteorologist for the Yankee Network weather service, will give the members the latest information on forecasting.

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By the Way

If you aren't a member of the Corinthians you are not entitled to receive its official organ, "The Main Sheet," edited by George G. Breed and published now and then at 420 Lexington Ave., New York. It's one of the brightest club journals we've seen.

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Ineffable and Inimitable

Undaunted by his recent just conviction at a mock trial of the Corinthians, the ineffable and inimitable Bob Rimington, entrepreneur of that organization and editor of the popular piratical review "Sea Chest," has permitted himself to be elected rear commodore of the City Island Yacht Club. Fellow recipients, in varying degrees, of the club's accolade are: Commodore C. B. Tompkins, Vice Commodore Henry M. Devereux, Fleet Surgeon H. H. Darby, Measurer G. M. Buckley, Treasurer Theo Kaufer, Secretary G. H. Chadwick, and Financial Secretary A. H. Gauss.

CALENDAR

Indoor

January 27–February 4 — Motor Boat Show, Miami, Florida.
February 3–11 — Chicago Motor Boat Show, Navy Pier.
February 26–March 2 — Philadelphia Motor Boat Show, Commercial Museum.
May 4 — Annual Meeting, Intercollegiate Y.R.A., Harvard Y.C., Cambridge.

Outdoor

January 27–February 3 — Mid-Winter Regatta, International Star Class, Havana, Cuba.
February 2–4 — Second Annual Midwinter Regatta, Comet Class, San Juan, Porto Rico.
February 3–4 — Motor Boat Regatta, Lakeland, Florida.
February 4–April 15 — Fishing Tournament, Miami, Florida.
February 10 — Lipton Cup Race, Biscayne Y.C., Miami, Florida.
February 10–11 — Motor Boat Regatta, Jacksonville, Florida.
February 13 — Seventh Annual Miami-Nassau Race, Miami, Florida.
February 14 — King's Cup, Royal Y.S. Cup, and New York Y.C. Cup Races, Nassau.
February 16–17 — Regatta, Clearwater, Fla.
February 17 — Motor Boat Regatta, Cocoa-Rockledge, Florida.
February 18 — Motor Boat Regatta, New Smyrna, Florida.
February 19 — Lipton Trophy Race, Miami Y.C.
February 20–21 — Sunburn Regatta, Biscayne Bay Y.C., Miami, Florida.
February 22–25 — Southern California Mid-Winter Regatta, Los Angeles, California.
February 22–25 — Golden Jubilee Regatta, Palm Beach, Florida.
March 2–3 — Biscayne Bay Motor Boat Regatta, Miami, Florida.
March 9 — St. Petersburg-Habana Race, St. Petersburg, Florida.
March 9–10 — Motor Boat Regatta, Bradenton, Florida.
March 15 — Havana-Key West Race.
March 16–17 — Motor Boat Regatta, St. Petersburg, Florida.
March 17 — Spring Sailing Regatta, Miami, Florida.
March 18–24 — Star Class Spring Championships, Santa Maria and Johnny Walker Trophies, Nassau.
March 31 — Sail Boat Regatta, Orlando, Florida.
April 12–13 — Regatta, Tampa, Florida.
April 27–28 — Intercollegiate Invitation Dinghy Races, Brown Y.C., Providence, R. I.
May 4–5 — Semiannual Intercollegiate Dinghy Championships, Morss Memorial Trophy, M.I.T. Y.C., Cambridge, Mass.
May 11 — Intercollegiate Dinghy Races, Brown Y.C., Providence, R. I.
May 12 — Albany-New York Marathon, Middle Atlantic Outboard Association.
May 25–26 — Intercollegiate Dinghy Races, McMillan Cup, Midshipmen's Boat Club, Annapolis, Md.
May 31–June 1 — Spring Cruise, Off Soundings Club, New London, Conn.
August 24 — Second Huntington Overnight Race, Huntington Y.C., Huntington, N. Y.

Yacht Architects Elect

At the annual meeting of the Yacht Architects and Brokers Association, Inc., of New York, Edgar Offer was reëlected to his fourth consecutive term as president. Other elections were: James D. Sparkman, vice president; Henry T. Meneely, treasurer; J. F. Masterson, secretary; and M. D. Shortway, Reuben Clark, and William Holley, executive committeemen. Frank Bowne Jones, former treasurer, was elected to life membership on the executive committee.

Inches to Millibars

Speaking of the weather, it's barely possible that you haven't a reference book handy and that you neglected to cut from your newspaper the conversion scale that was published at the time the U. S. Weather Bureau began giving its barometric readings in millibars instead of inches. So here's the conversion table for your convenience:

INCHES TO MILLIBARS

Inches	*Millibars*	*Inches*	*Millibars*
28.50	965	29.68	1,005
28.53	966	29.71	1,006
28.56	967	29.74	1,007
28.59	968	29.77	1,008
28.62	969	29.80	1,009
28.65	970	29.83	1,010
28.67	971	29.86	1,011
28.70	972	29.89	1,012
28.73	973	29.92	1,013
28.76	974	29.94	1,014
28.79	975	29.97	1,015
28.82	976	30.00	1,016
28.85	977	30.03	1,017
28.88	978	30.06	1,018
28.91	979	30.09	1,019
28.94	980	30.12	1,020
28.97	981	30.15	1,021
29.00	982	30.18	1,022
29.03	983	30.21	1,023
29.06	984	30.24	1,024
29.09	985	30.27	1.025
29.12	986	30.30	1,026
29.15	987	30.33	1,027
29.18	988	30.36	1,028
29.21	989	30.39	1,029
29.24	990	30.42	1,030
29.26	991	30.45	1,031
29.29	992	30.48	1,032
29.32	993	30.51	1,033
29.35	994	30.53	1,034
29.38	995	30.56	1,035
29.41	996	30.59	1,036
29.44	997	30.62	1,037
29.47	998	30.65	1,038
29.50	999	30.68	1,039
29.53	1,000	30.71	1,040
29.56	1,001	30.74	1,041
29.59	1,002	30.77	1,042
29.62	1,003	30.80	1,043
29.65	1,004	30.83	1,044

If you ever happen to notice that your barometer has dropped below 28.50 inches call us up and our large staff of experts will tell you the equivalent in millibars.

\+ + +

Indian Harbor Y.C. Elects

At Greenwich, Conn., the Indian Harbor Yacht Club elected to office for the current year the following: Commodore H. Rudolph Kunhardt, Jr., Vice Commodore J. Burr Bartram, Rear Commodore Henry Sears, Secretary J. Alden Philbrick, Jr., Treasurer Clarence H. Young, and Measurer Alfred E. Luders, Jr.

Hit of the Motor Boat Show

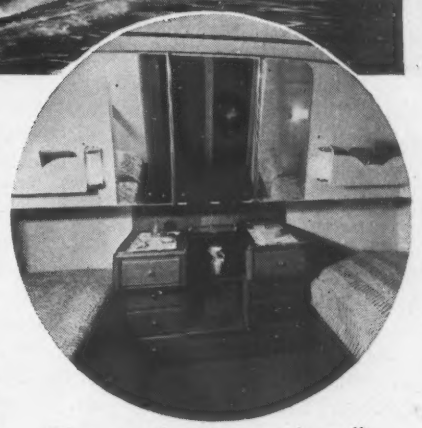
New Elco Motor Yacht 57 wins praise for styling, luxurious comfort

Elco presents an outstanding achievement in 1940 . . . the new Motor Yacht 57! Brilliantly designed for yachtsmen who demand the last word in beauty, seaworthiness and luxury accommodations, this Elco Yacht "stole" the Motor Boat Show!

Comments such as "Really beautiful streamlining," "A perfect lay-out," "Never saw such wonderful craftsmanship" were common — and you'll agree when you see her. The Motor Yacht 57 is now on display at Port Elco together with Elco's 1940 cruiser models. Your personal inspection of these outstanding boats is invited.

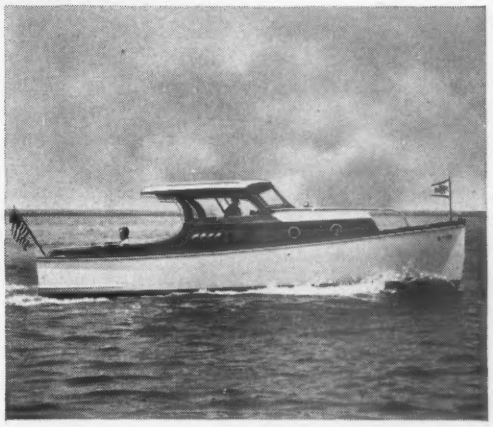
Graceful streamlining, a superbly-built round bottom hull, make this yacht beautiful and seaworthy. There's plenty of sun space on the fore deck and the big semi-enclosed after deck makes an ideal lounging spot. Priced from $29,800.

(*Left*) Handsome appointments grace a magnificent deck saloon that measures 17′ x 10′ overall. The L-shaped divan converts into two comfortable berths for extra guests. Extra-large windows, fitted with finger-tip controlled Venetian blinds of exclusive Elco design, give unusual light and air.



The owner's stateroom is well worthy of a liner! On either side of the handsome dresser are full-sized beds with innerspring mattresses. A large closet provides plenty of space for clothes. Opening off forward to port is the owner's bath with shower. An ingenious companionway provides access to the after deck.

ELCO'S ECONOMY CRUISER: A view of the smart, dashing, low-cost Elcoette 30. Ideal for cruising or deep-sea fishing with Elco's complete Angler fishing gear. Big 13′ cockpit gives you plenty of "action" space. Large forward cabin (with 6′ headroom) sleeps 2 comfortably, with complete galley and lavatory. Speeds up to 23 m.p.h. One of the Elcoette 30's many features is her real operating economy. An outstanding cruiser built throughout with Elco's traditional high quality materials and craftsmanship. Single or twin screw. Priced from $3,325.



FOR SPRING DELIVERY

orders for the Elco Motor Yacht 57 should be placed now. This will ensure you a full summer's enjoyment of a boat on which you can live in style and cruise wherever your fancy dictates.

★ ★ ★

A full color folder describing the Motor Yacht 57 in detail has been prepared and will be mailed to you upon request.

Elco

THE ELCO WORKS, BAYONNE, N. J.

Inspect the Motor Yacht 57 and Elco's 1940 Cruiser Fleet at Port Elco or write for catalogs to:

Permanent Showroom **PORT ELCO** *113 East 46th Street (at Park Ave.) N.Y.C.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Florida Branch: ELCO CRUISERS, INC.—*Venetian Causeway, Miami Beach*

IN THE WIND

MY FRIEND Lowell Thomas, whose book "Raiders of the Deep" was one of the best of the last war's literary aftermaths, said in his radio broadcast one night that the Coast Guard had been ordered to scour the Pacific for the overdue schooner *Spendthrift*, returning from a treasure hunting expedition to Cocos Island. . . . Nothing particularly unusual about that but here's the point — it was declared she was returning from a *successful* treasure hunt: that her crew had located the cache of the "Loot of Lima." . . .

At that point in his narrative, I thought Lowell must be referring to the guy in the Corfu outfit with me who was a lieutenant from Lima, Ohio, to whom I once lost a month's pay shooting craps in Constantinople. But I discovered my mistake as Mr. Thomas continued. . . .

He went on to explain that that was the name of the treasure that the padres, during a Peruvian revolution or something, spirited away from the Cathedral and put aboard a ship to transport it to some place of safety for the time being. The vessel's crew, getting wind of what was aboard, quite naturally mutinied and took the ship to Cocos where they buried the stuff that has been long and fruitlessly sought by wistful expeditions ever since. . . .

Everybody knows that treasure has been hunted on Cocos. It has been hunted on Gardiner's Island, nearer home — and there was plenty of it on Block Island during the Prohibition era. . . . Now I doubt that, if *Spendthrift* turns up, her people will be able to present conclusive evidence that they've actually found the cache of the gold. (They were returning, it was said, to obtain supplies and the necessary implements to dig it up with.) Funny they didn't think of the possibility of finding it when they started out and didn't take along their tools, isn't it? Somehow, I also doubt that *Spendthrift* will ever be heard of again. . . .

An English contemporary tells one about a nervous American, who, caught abroad on the brink of the war, sought to book passage as soon as possible on any ship homeward

bound. To his horror he found that there were no accommodations available on any boat for weeks ahead. . . . Desperate, he conceived the idea that if he visited the London Docks he might be able to make some sort of *sub rosa* deal in the matter and accordingly he began going the rounds of the pubs in that unsavory section, with the result that eventually a couple of sailors agreed to fix him up for the sum of $150 if he was prepared to stow away. He was, and a few nights later he met his friends and, after a convivial evening at a bar, the three started for the ship. The stowaway was in no condition to observe clearly what sort of vessel she was and went aboard with his escorts meekly enough. Before leaving him, they cautioned him that the vessel would have to do a lot of maneuvering, stopping and starting, on account of the submarine menace, mine fields, etc., but that he was to stay put and not worry. . . . Three days later a woebegone figure crept up onto the deck of the Woolwich Ferry. . . .

There's so much boating on artificial lakes throughout the arid sections of the country now that they'll soon be reporting something like this of regattas in those places:

"*Indigestion* took the lead on the first artificial leg of the course, a run to the mark off Butchheimer's general store. . . ."

At a cocktail party that was given by one of the prominent boat manufacturers to afford carefully selected grade A sea-eggs a preview of what to expect at the Show, they got so nautical that the cold buffet was called the "freeboard." . . .

THE FOREMOST HAND

Three cheers for good old
Ira Hand!
He "floats" his boats
upon the land.
He's the perfect impresario.
He makes the Motor Boat
Show Go!
So let us join in hearty roars
For the harbor furl on
the Palace floors,
Where Boreas is in eclipse
And the only squall's from
the salesman's lips.

— *Caleb Bilgewasser*

I was glad to have news of that super-craft of strange design that Walter B. Pitkin was building, a couple of years back, on a mountain top somewhere in New Jersey. . . . Under the headline — "Life Begins in '40 for Walter B. Pitkin on an Ice Floe" — the newspaper for which Bill Taylor works related how Mr. Pitkin and a couple of friends were rescued from the $100,000, two-hulled, square-rigged, Diesel-motored *Experimenter* while she was on her maiden voyage, from Newburgh to Nyack, preparatory to sailing for Florida for more rigorous trials. . . . *Experimenter*, which Mr. Pitkin had designed to withstand typhoons, simoons, etc., found a Hudson River ice floe too much for her. . . . Large hunks of her twin hulls were gouged out of her and she went to the bottom without a trace. . . . House carpenters, it was said, had been hired to complete the work on her construction after several shipbuilders, who originally undertook the task, had collapsed from fright after realizing what they were expected to do.

I have to thank D. L. Montgomery of Indianapolis and Gary Sias of Little Silver, N. J., for bringing me up to date on this marine disaster. Mr. Pitkin has probably settled down to reading Commander Ellsberg's "Hell on Ice." . . .

In crisscrossing the Atlantic with an eye to possible attack from enemy submarines, the British freighter *Australind* apparently zigged all right but forgot to zag enough to make good her latitude. . . . "Philadelphia?" exclaimed her rubicund skipper, on being informed by port authorities that that was where he was. . . . "Jove, there's been a mistake. . . . We are supposed to be in New York. . . ."

A burly gent, book-browsing at YACHTING's booth at the Show, asked the price of a tome on deep sea fishing, and was told it was

five bucks. "What's the low on it?" he pursued. . . . And was told there wasn't any — that the book inexorably sold for $5. . . . "Aw, come on," he pleaded, undaunted. "I'm a Hoboken cop. . . . What's the *low*? . . ."

One old-timer, asked for his reactions to the Show, murmured: "They seem to come closer and closer together — and to last longer and longer. . . ." Oh, but my dear chap — one can't have too much of a good thing, y'know. . . .

Many visitors to the classic exhibit seemed to think the odd Lawley boat was wholly mechanized since she didn't have a mast stepped. . . . She was taken variously for a speed boat, submarine, aquaplane and worse. . . . It only added to the mystery, of course, when the good folk discovered Sherman Hoyt sitting "inside."

Edsel Ford's smart yacht *Onika* was reported recently tied up at a dock in Hobe Sound. . . . George Townsend writes me from Lake Okeechobee that *Cruisailer* is going fine and he's on his way to the West Coast. He hoped, he added, to set "the Russian delight" soon. (That's his wife's name for the spinnaker.) . . . More and more lucky people are taking to boats like ducks to water and, like the ducks, flying South for the winter. . . . A shivering contrast in ideas of fun was presented by the stout little motor cruiser that arrived in New York on her maiden voyage from Maine during that bitter spell of weather last month, frosted like a wedding cake. . . . She was *Sou'wester* and aboard were her owner, Jay Bushway, and designer, L. L. Sargent. . . . Brave chaps, I call 'em. . . .

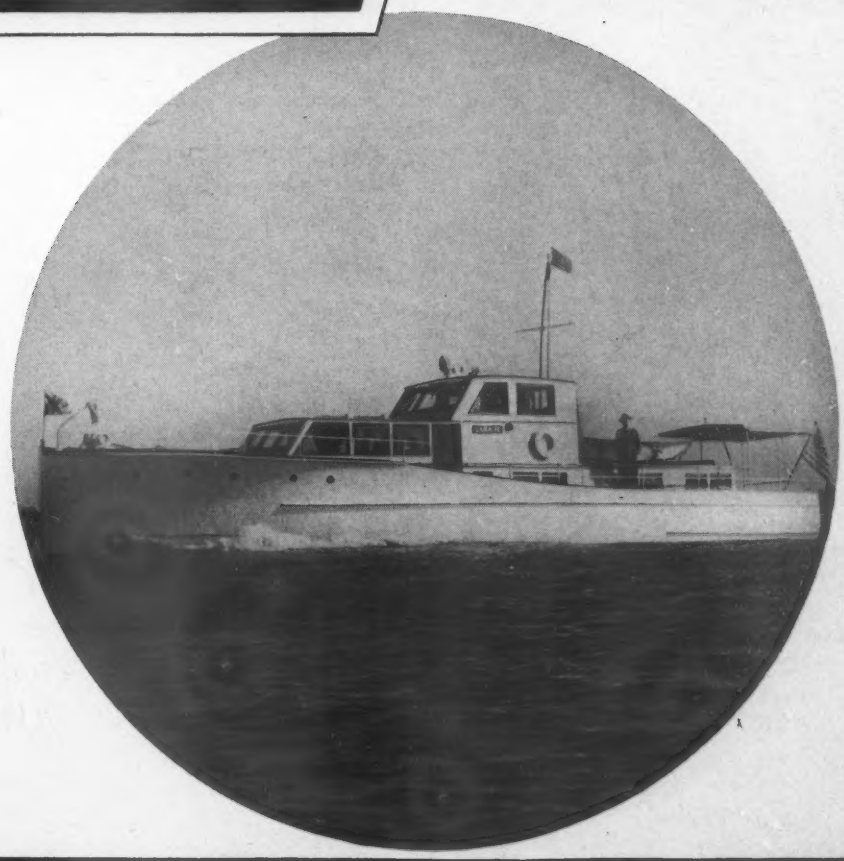
A goodly crowd took in the Motor Boat Show which seemed to me bigger and better than ever this year. . . . Unquestionably, the general interest in motor boating and sailing is increasing rapidly — and no wonder. . . . Boats are getting more and more within the range of the average guy's or gal's purse without sacrificing stoutness of construction. TELLTALE

The Job You Want Done *Is Now Being Done*

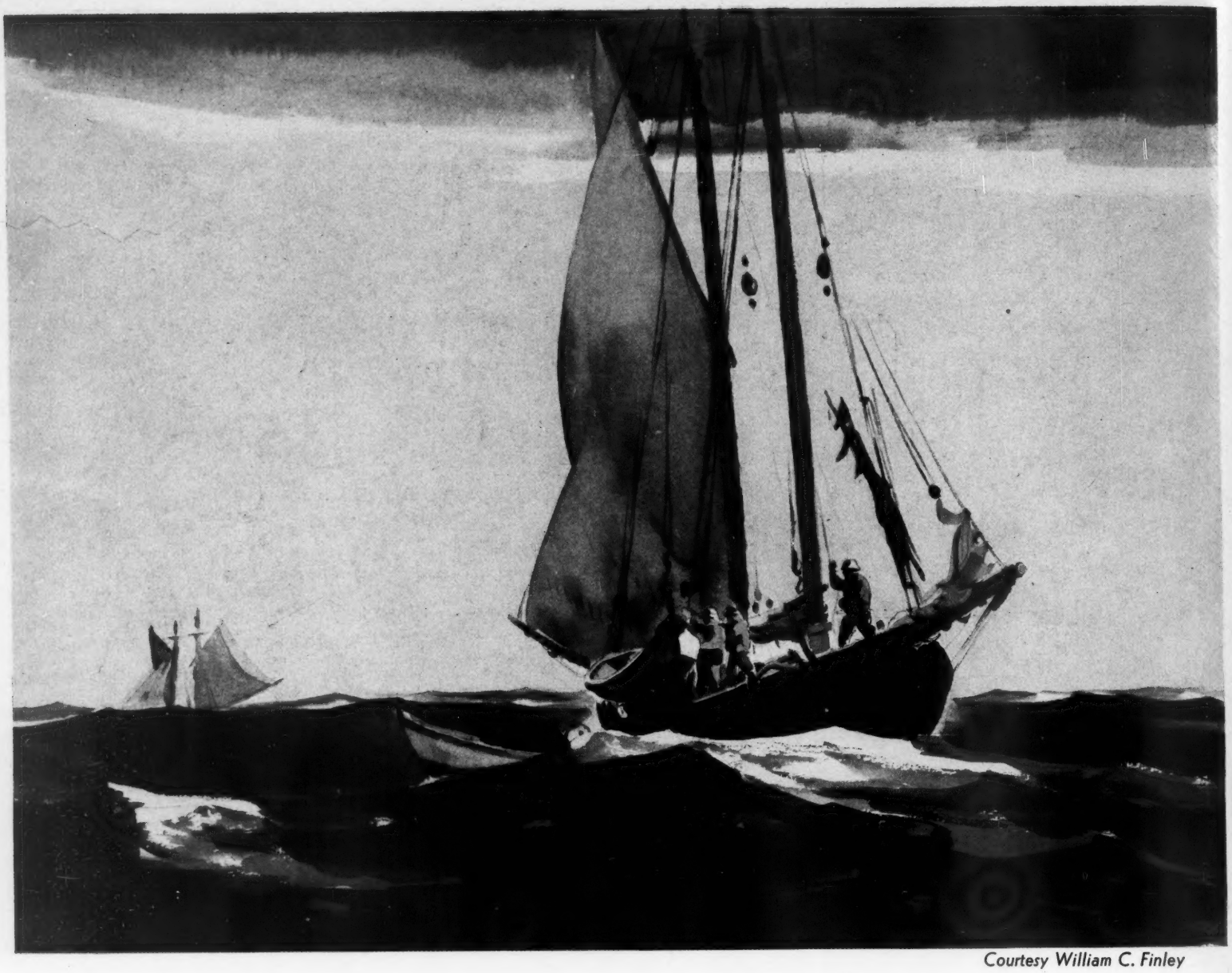
with **CUMMINS** Dependable **DIESELS**

for Example

The Lark III, a beautiful new cruiser owned by Geo. Elliott Patterson, St. Simons Island, Georgia. Power is twin 150-hp. Cummins Dependable Diesels equipped with Twin Disc Reverse and Reduction Gears. She cruises at 15 mph. with an 18 mph. top. Mr. Patterson says, "The engines have given no trouble from the day they were installed . . . they function perfectly." You, too, can get the full enjoyment and safety from your boat with trouble-free, smooth running, and honestly dependable Cummins Diesel power. Cummins Engine Company, 2916 Wilson Street, Columbus, Indiana.



CUMMINS ENGINE COMPANY · COLUMBUS, INDIANA



Courtesy William C. Finley

FOLLOWING THE MACKEREL OFF THE MAINE COAST

Unlike the larger fishermen that frequent the Grand Banks or the Georges, the mackerel seiners are not limited to any particular locality but follow the fish as they migrate along the Atlantic Coast, from the Carolinas to Nova Scotia

From a water color by James Verrier

YACHTING

Volume LXVII FEBRUARY • 1940 Number II

Wm. F. Gereke Photo, Miami

Helmet diving takes one down into a new world where fish of all shapes and colors swim about. Most of them are quite innocuous unless they are hooked or harpooned and, contrary to general belief, seldom bother the diver

FUN AT FIVE FATHOMS

By

CHARLES H. BAKER, JR.

MOST treasure hunt yarns start with a worn map left to some old sea dog by a mysterious stranger he befriended on his deathbed, and end up with disillusion, lost friends, insect or shark bites and a touch of sun. But this salvage expedition of ours had no chart at all. It started with a one-armed Bahama Negro who, while fishing off Key Largo, suddenly found himself floating over cannon — not just a brace or quartet of cannon but two or three acres of them! — and ended up as one of the handsomest adventures these rheumy old eyes had seen in many a day.

Anyone who has cruised those tropical waters has run into his share of treasure tales. All the books tell how the whole Spanish treasure fleet, from Mexico, Porto Bello or Cartagena, used to school up in Habana until in force sufficient to beat off Britishers and pirates who infested the road to Europe. Hadn't fourteen galleons and their hired Dutch convoys been wrecked on that very barrier reef now known as "The Elbow" where one-armed Sam had seen those guns? Wasn't it official history that they'd carried eleven millions in bullion?

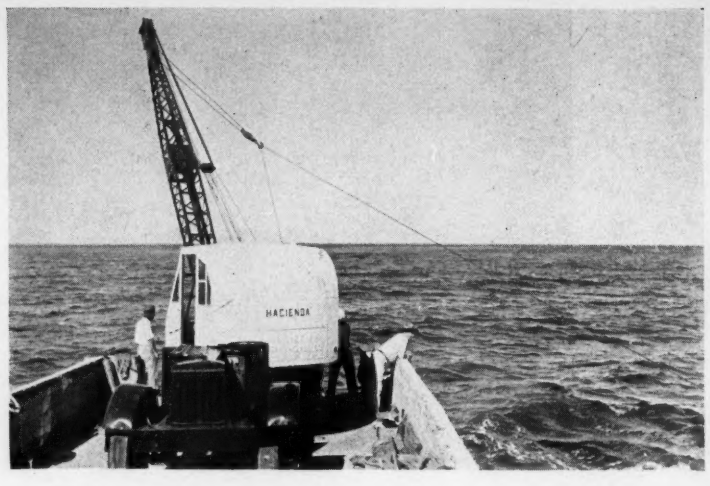
Charles Brookfield, who owns Ledbury Lodge fishing camp on Elliott's Key, told me that when this man came to him with the news it was a wonder the blood vessels held pressure! You see, Brookfield not only goes in for authentic old maps and Florida books but has actually seen his share of sunken ships during two or three years of taking soundings for the Coast & Geodetic Survey down there. He has salvaged things. He's seen a few cannon on the reef, but never two acres of assorted naval hardware, practically right in his own marine front yard!

So the 1939 edition of the Brethren of the Coast was organized and a week later was headed out of Angelfish Creek across the reefs in Commodore Hugh Matheson's stout little Elco cruiser *Lihu*, loaded with diving helmets, air pumps, hose, glass-bottomed buckets, harpoons, shark rifles, and an air of nonchalance assumed by all hands that no one felt deep down in his heart. No sir! You don't get a one-armed man who has actually seen two acres of cannon in five fathoms to fetch you out over them and feel calm inside.

Our first reconnaissance trip came on the December full moon. By eleven, a fresh no'theaster had begun to buck the reef until a fine swell humped up along where the green and brown of the outer barrier met the mysterious indigo of the Gulf Stream. *Lihu* began to shake her head out there. How

Photos by the Author

Commodore Hugh M. Matheson at the helm of his "Lihu" as the "Brethren of the Coast" started out to search for the wreck. Top, right, when the coral was cleared off the first gun raised, the Tudor coat of arms, the British Admiralty's broad arrow and a Maltese cross appeared. Right, the big crane was secured on the deck of a 70-foot barge



soon would we run over The Place? We covertly noted four people at the same time, each taking his own private personal bearings on Carysfort Reef Lighthouse and other things, when one-armed Sam said, "Bo't comin' upon de cannon plaice now, Cap'm."

Commodore Hugh zigzagged *Lihu* back and forth along the edge of that reef like a convoyed refugee ship. We all peered down over the side for half an hour or more, but no cannon. Everyone began to feel that here again was a fairy tale of warm seas; just another dose of vanished romance and disillusionment. For, although Sam had handlined snapper along that reef for years, and we ourselves had often trolled over it in *Marmion's* dinghy, not a soul had ever seen a sign of a cannon before.

Then, suddenly, just as *Lihu* crabwalked down a big swell, the lee slick went clear as glass. And there, right under us, so close it looked as though we could reach them with a gaff hook, were rows and rows of long gray cylinders, all covered with purple gorgonias and sea anemones and corals. We saw great single fatter cylinders lying belly deep in the white sand valleys between the vertical cliffs and caves of jagged coral rock. In a forest of brown staghorn coral were piles of cannon, stacked up like fantastic jackstraws and with 40-pound fish swimming in and out under them. Yes, we saw more cannon than was decent.

Actually, we all saw them the same second for suddenly everyone began shouting. Every glass-bottomed bucket plumped overside. We lunged up and down armpit deep into the warm swells and peered down through small round glass windows at that magic fairyland below — and saw still more cannon and chain and enough cannon balls to pave a tennis court and odd, humpbacked things that looked just as any proper treasure chest ought to look after it was trimmed up with coral and sea fans.

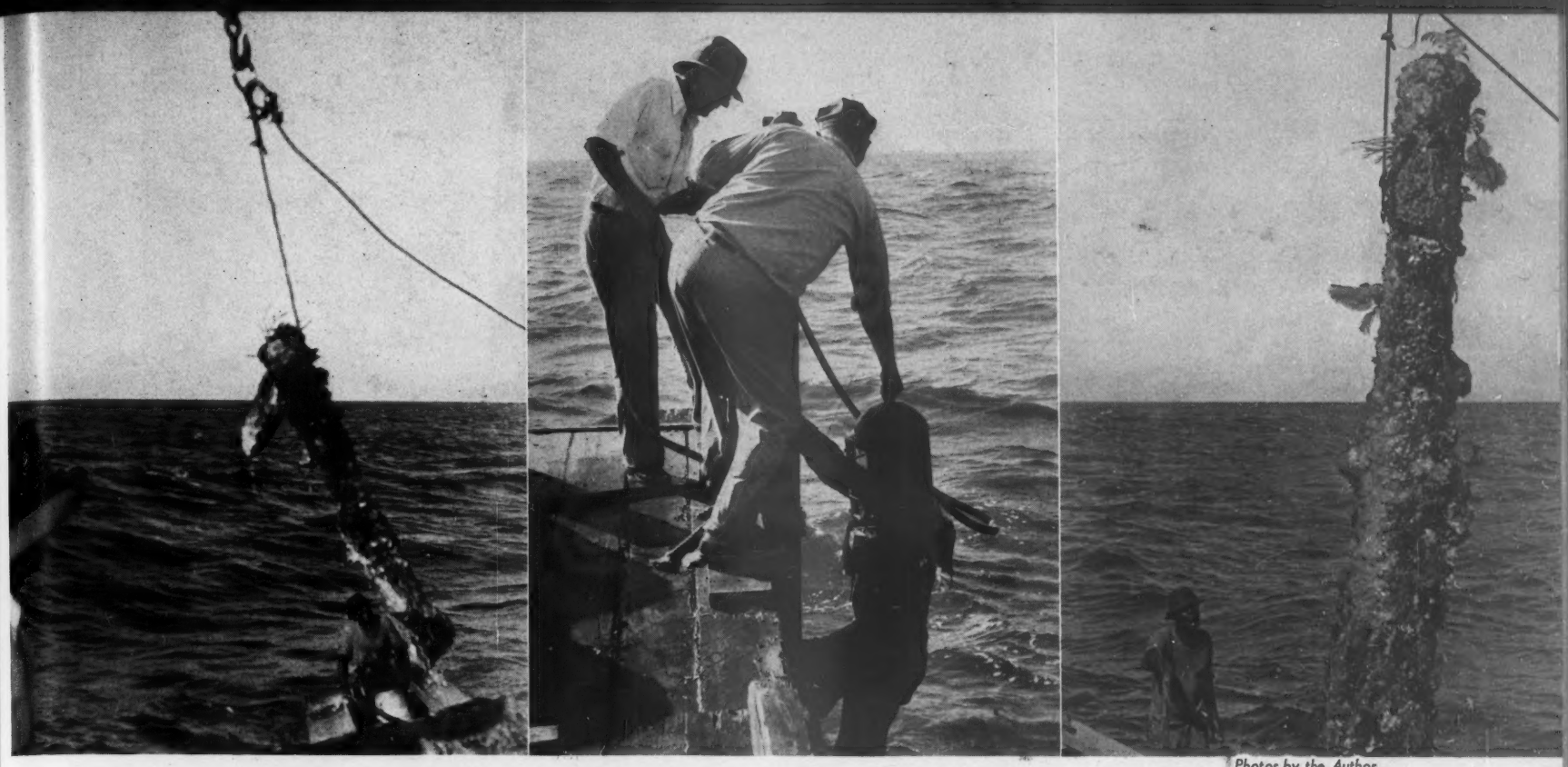
It was far too rough that first day for anyone to go down in the helmets even for a quick look. Commodore Hugh vetoed the risk and headed back to an anchorage at Inn-by-the-Sea where *Lihu* would be left with a man to guard the diving gear while we all went back to Miami and gave him time to get his barges and his gear rigged up to tow down there on the job.

Before we go on with this adventure, we'd like to offer a few words of counsel to those readers who plan to go exploring the ocean floor in tropical waters in diving helmets. This kind of diving is a fascinating sport but we ask your patience while we list a few facts we learned for ourselves through a share of pain and travail; a few words of caution not mentioned in amateur or scientific books.

Diving along the coral reefs is one of the most beautiful and stimulating experiences any man can have. But, even though thirty feet down in that crystal water the sun is as bright as day, there can be pitfalls in the shadows. It's a simple sport to learn but there are rules. It is a safe sport, too, yet, as our friend Count von Luckner used to say, we are always one heart-beat from death every second we are around Ole Davil Sea. This is no slur on helmet diving; it is common sense.

When you think of going down under water, recall one simple little fact: down there you must breathe air to live. If for any silly reason you have to stop breathing because something has kept air from reaching you, it's curtains. Oh, sure, anyone can shove off his helmet and catapult to the surface if his air pump cancels out or his hose gets clogged or kinked around a ladder or a chunk of sharp rock. He'll go to the top *pronto*. All a chap needs is to have a good heart and be able to swim to do this. But what a lot of amateur divers have failed to put in the book is how this makes you feel. Ask any professional deep sea diver what the pressure is per square inch of your body at five or six fathoms. We found, when you pop up too fast, that the decompression which goes on inside your skull parallels two ice picks pressing their points through both temples. And a few other things can happen that aren't too good for you. So we believe in not having to shed our helmet if we can help it — ever.

Actually, we couldn't have lined up with a sounder outfit than the one we had banded together. Commodore Hugh had been down countless times all over the Florida and Bahama



Photos by the Author

Top, left, the piece of the anchor that was lifted weighed more than 200 pounds. Center, lifting off the diver's helmet to which lead weights are attached. Top, right, it was a dramatic moment when a big gun came out of the water.Left, stowing a gun among its fellows on the barge

reefs; Sam Fales had been diving ever since he could swim. Brookfield's little power cruiser *Manatee* was the one the University of Miami chartered to take out the professor and his vigorous coeducational class in submarine zoology for their underseas work. Wade Stiles had been down off western Mexico, up above Mazatlan. With this background, our preparations were thorough, the safety rules adequate, the routine as simple and efficient as possible.

This was all fine until we learned that, through threat of heart conditions, a duet of poor sinuses and so on, the diving would fall entirely on Fales and ourself. It was something of a responsibility. With all those old-time helmet divers cluttering *Lihu's* cockpit, we'd been too ashamed to admit our own lack of experience. Then we began thinking of other things. No one who had combed the Florida and Bahama reefs since boyhood could stay ignorant of a few submarine facts of life. After seeing shark fins on three trips around the world, and half a dozen West Indies and South American cruises, The Fear crept in. Then, too, we'd frequently caught really big barracuda over that same section of reef — fish that often severed the head from 40-pound game fish with the same clean shear as that of a flensing knife. We'd taken the sponge hook and yanked little three-foot-spread cuttlefish up out of pot holes in that reef.

In other words, we knew the score. We knew that leopard sharks and two-ton hammerhead sharks and barracuda and spotted morays and quarter-ton whip rays lived there. We'd seen what we'd seen in Zamboanga, in the Sulu Sea near Borneo, off La Guayra, too often to be amused.

The first two questions everyone asks the helmet diver are: What does it seem like at first? . . . Will I be scared?

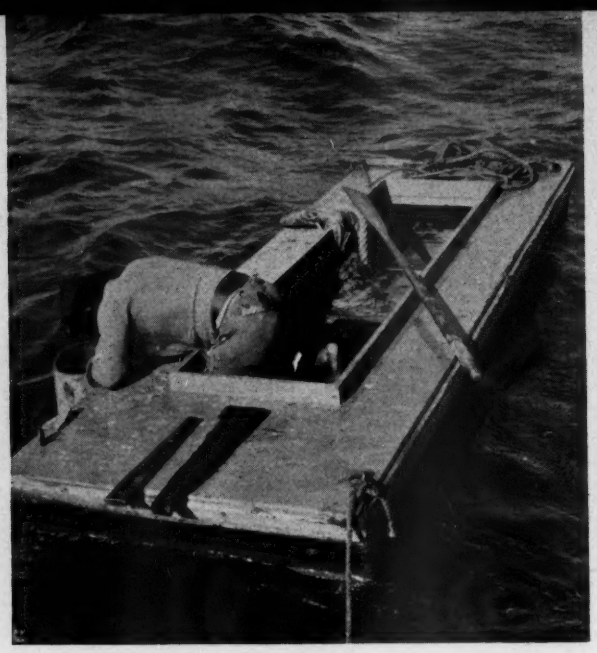
It will be one of the most stimulating adventures possible. In a way, it's like a dream. Actually, we've had a dream repeat since childhood — in which we paddle our hands the way you do when you are floating on your back and go sailing slow motion wherever we want to go. This is what happens in helmet work. You want to get from a ridge of coral to another height. You paddle your hands, haul up your feet and go sailing across as though in an invisible armchair. Lots of things like that. It is mysterious. It is unreal. It is beautiful. And, maybe for the first time in your life, you can know what it means to be totally and completely *alone*.

Will you be scared? Of course you'll be scared. Any man of shaving age who has been around water, and isn't scared, ought to have his head examined. Furthermore, any chap who has done any reasonably dangerous things in his life, things requiring a certain amount of calm judgment, will continue to be scared in varying degree every time he goes down — and by that I mean in fairly deep water, with swells, currents, cliffs, caves, holes and miscellaneous unfriendly flora or fauna not met in everyday life up above.

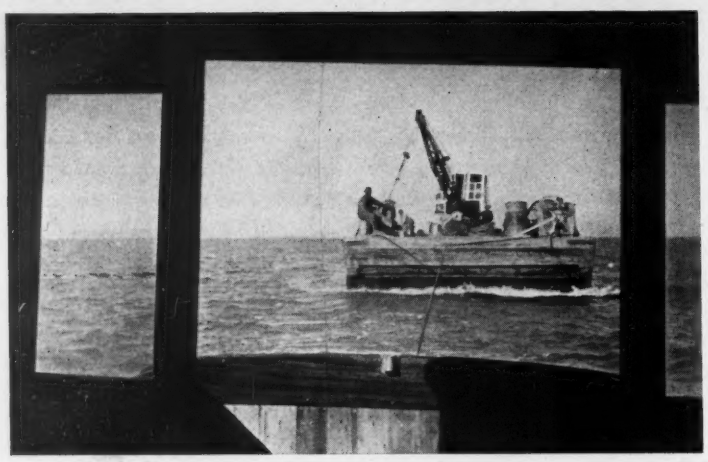
It is this slight but constant element of danger that helps spice helmet diving with such fascination. That, and the solitary beauty of the thing — the being so totally alone. You see, a chap helmet diving without a second helmet in reserve *and* another diver *and* extra air sources, will certainly be alone. Assured of his two imperative demands — a steadily moored ship overhead and enough fresh air — what happens down below is strictly up to him. For, if he gets himself stuck or tangled up, he can't shed his helmet and come up. He has to stay down there because no amateur skin diver is much good deeper than 15 or 20 feet — as we've found from lung-breaking experience. You have to stay down there until they get another diver with helmet or suit; and just how do they go about paging one when the boat has to stay right over you and feed you air?

Now for a word on helmets. Although they were probably the best reasonably priced helmets, after our first few dives we became convinced that the conventional type, with two panes of glass angling to a ridge in front of the nose, is a delusion and a snare and, in any serious emergency, could easily be a death warrant. The same verdict goes for those with cylindrical or convex windows. Mirage, distortion and

Photos by the Author



Left, "Lihu" towing a small barge with the Commodore's new diving bell. Above, a lookout watched the diver continuously through a water glass and relayed signals



"Lihu," an Elco 30-footer, towed that 70-foot barge back and forth for several days. Once she parted a 1½" manila tow line

optical illusion plague all these types. It is most confusing. For instance, viewed through the angled-two-pane helmet windows, *with both eyes as they properly should be*, a barnacle-covered cannon or a nest of spiny and poisonous sea urchins or a jagged hole or a shark's snout, *aren't where they seem by a good many inches when viewed close-to.* You reach out a sling hook for a cannon muzzle — it misses. You brace yourself against the pulse of the Gulf Stream and the tripping ground swells, step closer and try again. You fall into a dark and apparently bottomless pit you thought was a couple of feet farther to one side and get a knee full of sea-urchin spines and scramble out wondering if an octopus lives there. It all makes you unsure, uncertain, nervous, slightly resentful and quite unhappy.

Oh, sure, you can turn your head sidewise and jam one cheek and your nose against either the right or left pane and leer out of one eye to avoid this distortion. Then what happens? Your whole visible field is reduced to a poor half. We carry a bayonet in our belt, besides the working case knife. It is whetted to a coarse razor edge, both sides. We have a quaint idea it would inconvenience a shark. Even though we never once sighted any bad undersea specimens during our brief diving career, we'd much prefer meeting such variables with both eyes open.

Any man is handicapped enough making quick moves submerged. But the shark *lives* there. Knowing that our bayonet lunge would miss its mark by several inches isn't any more consoling to us than the certain knowledge that, with one eye useless, he could sneak up on our blind side and never be seen at all. Add that to the fact that you can't see through the back of the helmet. No, if you really want to reef dive over ten feet deep or so, get a helmet with four *flat* round windows: front, sides and overhead.

And here's another bit of advice if you expect to do any physical labor under water — your oxygen requirement is a whole lot greater than that of the co-ed who slides overside to peer at all the pretty little fishes. Dragging chains or steel cable over jagged rocks is a chore in open air; down there, it's hard labor. The CO_2 build-up was so serious on our first few dives that we gasped like a fish. We broke into a cold sweat. Our hands were so weak we could hardly make slings fast or crawl to where the stacks of cannon were. Down there, under water, we knew something serious must be wrong. We staggered around in a darkening haze, spattered with nice scarlet pinwheels, and cursed our weakness. We hid our secret for three dives! On the fourth, the world went black when we dropped off the ladder. We had to swim up blindly and make a grab for it as it lunged up and down eight feet at a stroke. We clawed our way up to the surface rung by rung through the black.

No one said anything. But Fales gave me a hearty kick and said: "Take a swig of this Demerara, you half-baked Ellsberg. Don't you know you're not getting enough air? I'll get that assistant to double up the pump stroke."

If it hadn't been for this plain talk, we'd not have learned the trouble for days. Our diving inferiority complex and actual suffering would have gone on indefinitely, perhaps.

What we mean is that the ordinary vertical handle, two-cylinder, side rocking action hand air pump gives just enough oxygen to support a handsome co-ed mincing her way daintily among the fish. But don't ever think you can do crowbar work on that skimpy ration. I mean with a new pump. Furthermore, through fault of no one, sand, grit, verdigris and other factors wear and deteriorate the leather washers, diaphragms, check valves. The average pump of this type works around 75 per cent efficiency at best — when you need about 200 per cent. Either use a larger, more professional type of pump or plan to do everything in extra slow motion — and don't stay down over fifteen minutes on a shift. When Commodore Hugh tied in a "T" connection past the hand pump and hooked up a little engine to a small air compressor — what a difference! You could stay down half a day.

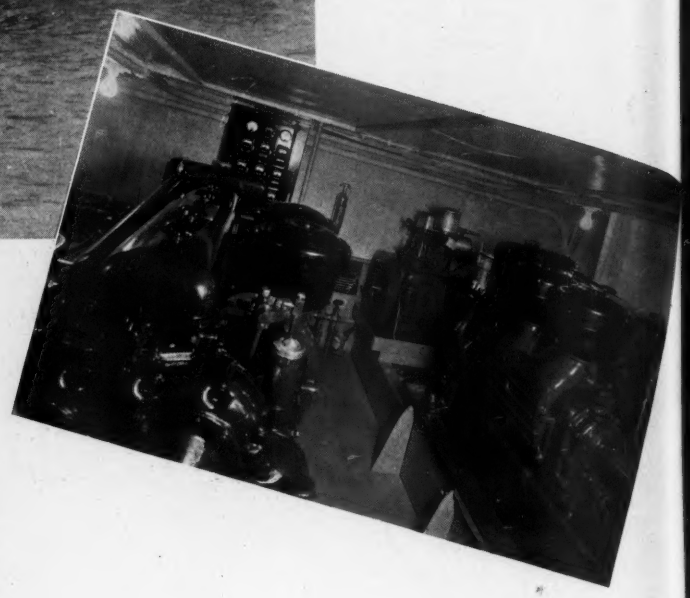
Our salvage rig consisted of a gasoline tug, the *Lihu* for auxiliary towing, a 70-foot barge on which we shored a heavy drag-line crane hoisting outfit on a heavy truck chassis. Even though shored down, this nearly capsized on the first big cannon. We then got iron straps and 4" by 12" yellow pine timbers and laid these over front and rear frame bumpers, securing with heavy bolts through the 8" thick deck of the barge. And what a cannon snaking rig this was! The

(Continued on page 100)

J. Walter Collings

"Keep Your Head Down, Girl!"

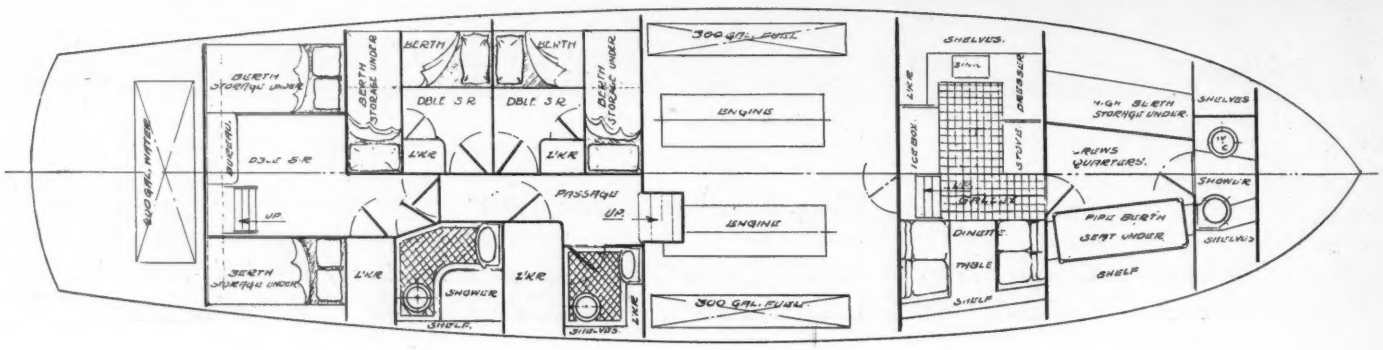
Wind resistance counts in a close race. The cutter "Avatar" comes about directly ahead of "Patolita" in a beat to windward off Santa Barbara during the Southern California Championship Regatta



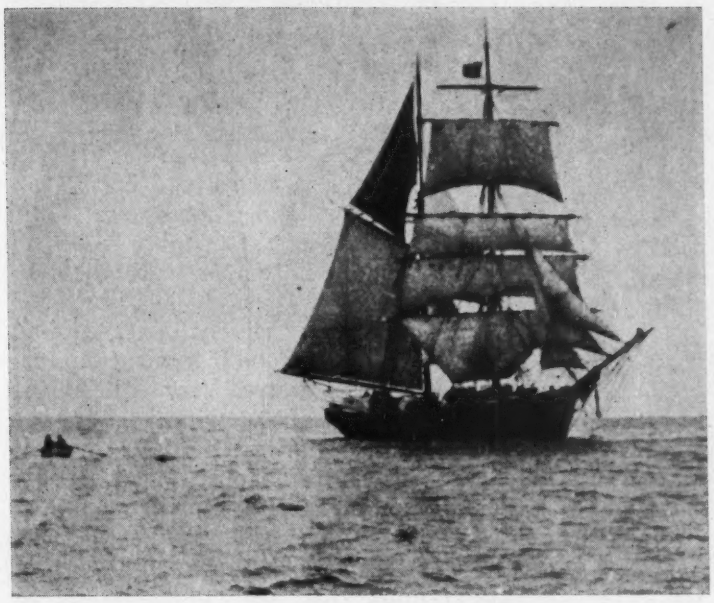
Photos by Ellertson Studios

"WANIGAN"

This new yacht was designed and built for Miss Alice M. O'Brien, of St. Paul, Minnesota, by Henry C. Grebe & Co., Inc., of Chicago. "Wanigan" is 60' 0" in length over all, 14' 8" beam and 3' 10" draft. She is driven by a pair of 165 hp. Gray Diesel engines which give her a speed of 16 m.p.h. Above is a view of the deckhouse and, to its right, the spacious engine room. At the right is the sheltered bridge and, below, the cabin plan. "Wanigan" went to Florida for the winter soon after completion.



THE "MYSTERY" OF THE "MARY CELESTE"



An hermaphrodite brig of about the size and period of the "Mary Celeste." The clews of her foresail are hauled up and the pilot flag is flying

By

DR. OLIVER W. COBB

There are few stories that have intrigued the imagination of people both ashore and afloat during the past sixty years as much as the fate of the captain and crew of the brig "Mary Celeste" when that vessel was sighted and boarded south and west of the Azores in the year 1872. The vessel was deserted, with no sign of her crew, although the hull was in good condition and the sails set. In the intervening years, much has been written about the "Mary Celeste," unfortunately much that is untrue and fantastic. Even her name has been corrupted to "Marie Celeste." The account that follows is by a relative and contemporary of the captain of the brig and his wife, a seafaring man himself, and the facts he presents are those accepted in the family, by the agent for the vessel in New York, and by marine underwriters. Dr. Cobb's explanation does much to clear the affair of the mystery that has been kept alive all these years by those who care more for fantasy than for hard seafaring facts. [ED.]

BECAUSE of my personal knowledge of and relation to Captain Benjamin S. Briggs and his wife Sarah Everson (Cobb), who were cousins of mine, and my long acquaintance with their families, I feel compelled to write the story of the loss of the brig *Mary Celeste* and shed some much needed light on the so-called mystery surrounding the disappearance of the captain and crew of that vessel. I desire to get before the reading public the truth so far as we know it regarding the fate of those who were on board the *Mary Celeste*, November 24th, 1872.

The story is founded on my personal knowledge, the record of the Admiralty Court at Gibraltar, the letters of Mr. Sprague (the American Consul at Gibraltar), the family records at Marion, Massachusetts, and the inscriptions on the monument on the Briggs burial lot in the Evergreen Cemetery at Marion.

In 1863, Captain Benjamin S. Briggs married Sarah Everson Cobb. He was then in command of the three-masted schooner *Forest King* and for their honeymoon he took his wife with him on a voyage to Mediterranean ports. Later, Captain Briggs commanded the bark *Arthur* and Sarah continued to sail with him until 1865, when she came home to Marion and a son, Arthur, was born to them at Rose Cottage, the home of the Briggs family. After this event, Mrs. Briggs continued to sail with her husband in the *Arthur* and later in the brig *Sea Foam*. On one of these voyages they were at Fiume, Austria, where Captain Briggs picked up a sword with the cross of Navarre on the hilt. This sword later appears on board the *Mary Celeste*.

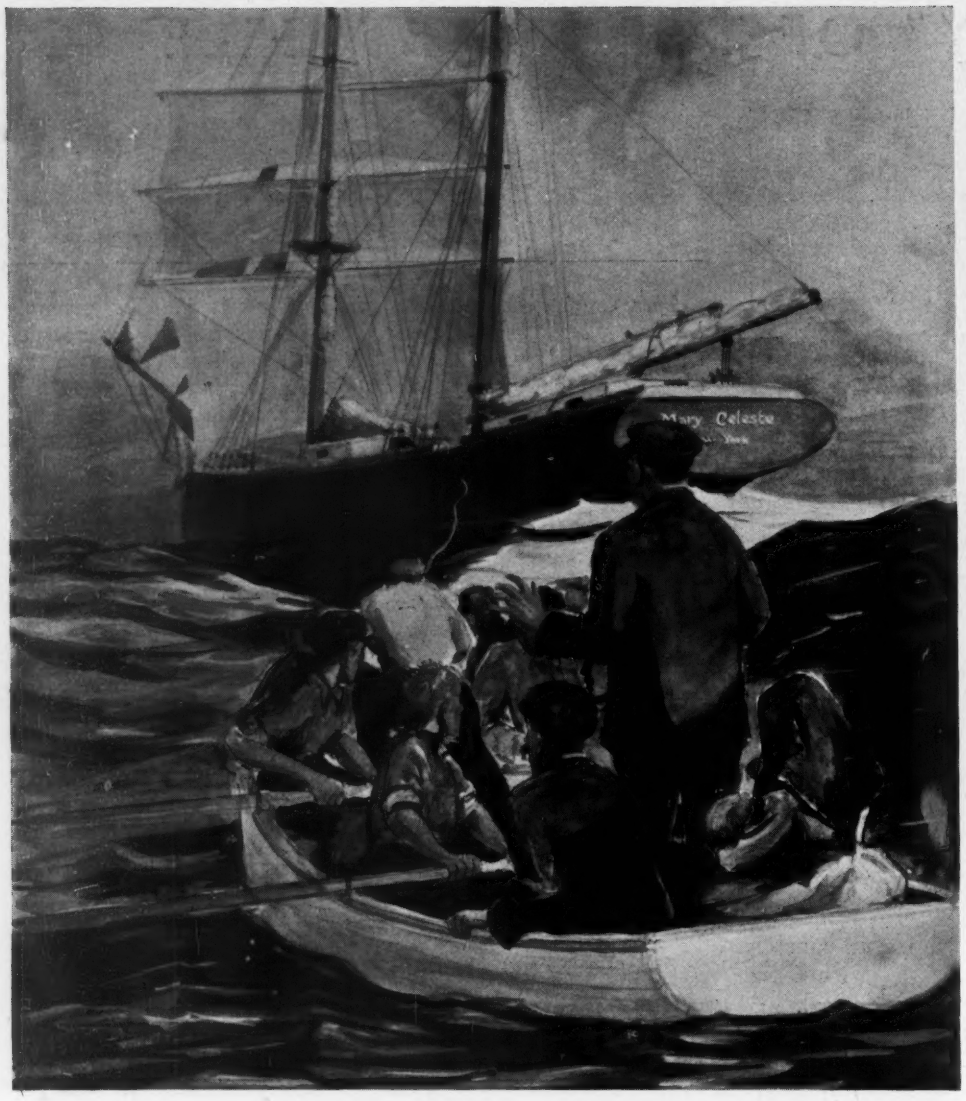
In the summer of 1872, on my return from a voyage to the Mediterranean in the brig *Julia A. Hallock*, I was again at Rose Cottage, Marion. Captain Ben and Sarah, now with two children, lived next door. At this time, Captain Briggs was looking for a business on shore as he wished to be with his family. As he found nothing but the sea to satisfy him, he bought the brig *Mary Celeste* and, as his wife was ready to go with him, he had some changes made in the arrangement of the cabin in order to make things more convenient for her. Sarah took along her sewing machine and her melodeon. The brig was chartered for the Mediterranean with a full cargo consisting of 1700 barrels of alcohol, valued at about $38,000. They expected to be very comfortable. I well remember the plans for this voyage. Captain Ben told Sarah that Mr. Richardson was going with him as mate; he had been with Captain Briggs before this. They were taking their younger child, Sophia Matilda, now two years old, with them and leaving Arthur, now seven, to live with his grandmother so that he might go to school. The *Mary Celeste* cleared from the Custom House at New York, November 7th, 1872, with the following on board: Captain Benjamin S. Briggs, Mate Albert G. Richardson, Second Mate Andrew Gilling, Cook E. W. Head, Seamen Volkert Lorenzeau, Arien Harens, Bos Larensen, Gottlieb Goodschoad, and the captain's wife and two-year-old daughter.

A little less than a month later, on December 4th, 1872, Captain Morehouse of the British brig *Dei Gratia*, on her way to Gibraltar, saw the *Mary Celeste* headed westerly with a northerly wind with but three sails set. As it was evident to him that something was wrong with the vessel, he sent his mate, Mr. Deveau, to investigate.

Mr. Deveau found no one on board. The yawl boat was gone. The boat had been carried across the main hatch and, as the section of the rail abreast the hatch had been taken out and lay on deck, it was evident that the boat had been launched from the port side.

The fore hatch lay upside down on deck. The upper topsail and the foresail had blown away. The lower topsail, jib and foretopmast staysail were set. All other sails were furled except that the main staysail was loose on top of the forward house. Water was in the forward house, sloshing about up to the sill. Some water was found between decks, and three-and-one-half feet of water in the lower hold. There had evidently been some water in the cabin as some things there were wet. The beds were made and there was what appeared to be the impress of a child's head on the pillow of the captain's bed.

The log book lay open on the mate's desk and the last entry reads: "Weather, fine; wind, light; St. Mary's Island distant about six miles. Latitude 37° N, longitude 25° 02″ W." And the date: November 24th, 1872. St. Mary's Island mentioned was evidently Santa Maria, the southeasterly island of the Azores group. On the book lay a sheet of paper on which Mr. Richardson had begun a letter to his wife. He



When the vessel surged ahead, the peak halliard, which was used as a tow rope, parted and the "Mary Celeste" sailed away from the boat

had written only four words, "Fannie My Dear Wife. . . ." Evidently he wanted to have a letter ready to mail on arrival at Gibraltar. If he had only written a few more words, his letter might possibly have shed some light on the story of the *Mary Celeste.*

We are quite dependent upon the evidence of the salvors as we try to construct the story. We must be mindful of the fact that Mr. Deveau and the two sailors who with him brought the *Mary Celeste* to Gibraltar, where they went into the Admiralty Court suing for salvage compensation, were coached by an attorney, and it was or seemed to be to their advantage to make the situation or condition as bad for the vessel as possible. I suspect that there was some "window dressing." There must have been some reason why Captain Morehouse of the *Dei Gratia* stipulated that he was not to be called into court.

It is interesting to read the evidence given by these men. They all say that the lower topsail was "hanging by the four corners." It always did depend on those four corners except that it would have rope yarn rovings securing the head of the sail to the jackstay on the yard. One man says that all the cabin windows were covered with canvas and boards nailed on outside. Another said the windows on one side only were like this and he was very sure there was only glass in the other windows. One was sure that the standing rigging was in good shape while another said that it needed much work to put it in order. All said that the binnacle which had been between two cleats on top of the house was displaced and the compass broken. One said that the cleats were broken, but the man who replaced the binnacle said that the cleats were all right and that the binnacle slipped in between the cleats and that it was only perhaps ten minutes' work to replace it. A spare compass was found in the cabin. Much was said about the water in the hold, between decks, and in the forward house. Some things were wet in the cabin. Now, three-and-one-half feet of water in an empty hold would be quite a bit of water but in a hold filled with barrels closely packed and chocked with wood it means comparatively little water. Very little water would remain between decks. As to the water in the forward house, the door of which was open, if even a moderate sea came on deck it could easily slop over the sill into the galley and stay there. The fore hatch being off, any quantity of water that was shipped would go into the hold. As the doors of the forward companionway to the cabin were open, some water would be likely to get into the cabin.

Contrary to many reports, there was no cooked food found on board the vessel but enough provisions to last her crew for six months.

One man said that there was no sign of a boat being carried across the main hatch, and another said that certain rough timbers lashed across the hatch showed beyond a doubt that the boat had been carried there. One man said that "the peak halliards were gone"; another that, "they were broken and gone." And yet no one seems to have thought that when the boat left the vessel the peak halliards might have been taken as a tow rope.

As the entry in the log book made at noon, November 24th, indicates light southerly wind, the *Mary Celeste* was then probably under full sail. This enables us to reconstruct what probably happened. At some time after noon of November 24th, Captain Briggs determined to take in sail. He may have interrupted Mr. Richardson's letter writing. The royal and topgallant sail, the flying jib, main topmast staysail, middle staysail, gaff topsail and the mainsail were furled.

The vessel was still on the starboard tack as is shown by the jibs being set on the port side. That the yards were braced around so as to back the squaresails is evident from the position of the yards when the salvors went on board. The movable section of the rail abreast the main hatch had been taken out and laid on deck where Mr. Deveau said that he left it until he went on board the second time. All the above movements indicate good seamanship and preparation to leave the vessel. We do not know why, but I think that the cargo of alcohol, having been loaded in cold weather at New York early in November and the vessel having crossed the Gulf Stream and being now in comparatively warm weather, there may have been some leakage and gas may have accumulated in the hold. The captain, having care for his wife and daughter, was probably unjustifiably alarmed and, fearing a fire or an explosion, determined to take his people in the boat away from the vessel until the immediate danger should pass.

(Continued on page 98)

THREE MEN IN A BOAT

By MILLARD F. TOMPKINS, JR.

On the way down, we passed the ruins of Fort Frederica, built by Governor Oglethorpe in 1735. Right, the Municipal Yacht Basin at Charleston. "Shangri-La" is the third boat on the right

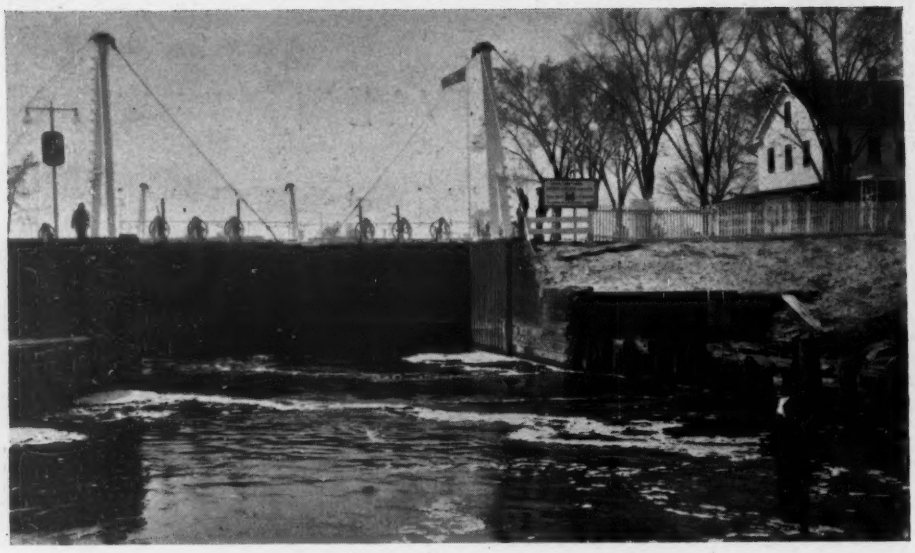
AN ADVERTISEMENT of the Jacksonville Tourist and Convention Bureau really started it all. In glowing terms it urged me to bring my boat to Jacksonville and cruise the magnificent St. Johns River. "Nowhere else in America . . . perhaps nowhere else in the world . . . is there a cruiseway so replete with tropical beauty, so laden with opportunity for sunny adventure as the winding course of the magnificent St. Johns River." Those are not my words. They flowed from the pen of the writer of that advertisement.

I had always wanted to cruise the Intra-Coastal Waterway to Florida. Furthermore, it had been a long, hard winter, my sales resistance was at low ebb and I fell, hook, line and sinker, for the lure of the fascinating word picture quoted above. And so it was that the *Shangri-La*, a 35-foot Wheeler cruiser, left New York on March 6th, southward bound. She carried three congenial shipmates, Ed Gray, Ed Huber and myself. All three of us now feel qualified to testify that the man who wrote the "come on" copy did not exaggerate; in fact, he did not begin to describe the charm of the river or the thrill of the superb black bass fishing which we were to enjoy there. He neglected to mention the lavender beauty of the countless hyacinths afloat upon the surface of the St. Johns, and the hospitality we were to meet upon our way.

Because it is chiefly of the St. Johns River that I wish to write, I shall pass over hurriedly that part of the trip which brought us there, with just the briefest mention of the snow storm that held us over at Annapolis for a day; of our delight at the loveliness of the sunset over the fine harbor at Elizabeth City, N. C., and of our pleasure in meeting there Lieutenant Commander Sander (retired) of the United States Navy, who gossiped with us entertainingly as he filled our gas tanks at the Texaco dock; of the laugh we had when, passing through Topsail Sound in North Carolina, we first saw a sign reading "W. P. A. OYSTER GARDEN — KEEP OFF"; of the heavy squall that saw us ploughing through Charleston Harbor past Forts Moultrie and Sumter to the welcome security of the Charleston Municipal Yacht Basin; and the times when, oddly enough, we found ourselves drinking tea in Buttermilk Sound and scotch and soda in Old Teakettle Creek; of the games of hide and seek we played with poorly marked fish nets strung across the channel in unexpected places; of nosing up under what remains of the crumbling walls of old Fort Frederica, built in 1735 at a narrow bend in the Frederica River, Georgia, by the English general Oglethorpe, as an outpost against the Spaniards coming up from Florida. . . . Yes, with only the briefest mention of all that, and no mention at all of much else that we found of interest, I give you . . . Jacksonville! For there our fun really began.

The route of the Intra-Coastal Waterway runs along Sisters Creek and crosses the St. Johns River about four miles above its mouth. It was at this point, on March 21st, that we changed our course and headed up the river for Jacksonville. I am not sure that "up the river" is properly descriptive because Jacksonville lies about 28 miles southwest of the mouth of the St. Johns which is the only navigable northward flowing river in the United States. And so, although, strictly speaking, we were going "up" the river, we were likewise going "down" south. There is not much to say for the St. Johns below Jacksonville. It is wide there and uninteresting. Easily navigable through this stretch by a small boat, even without a chart, by the use of the many ranges which abound along its shores, we were, nevertheless, given ample evidence that it could prove treacherous for the large ocean going craft which make Jacksonville a regular port of call. One of these, the *Shawnee*, of the Clyde Line, dwarfed us as we tried to keep out of her way on one of the bends going up. But it was another, a Ford freighter, which we saw in real difficulty on our return trip many days later. We never did learn her name but we got a picture of her, aground on the bar off Clapboard Creek, partly submerged and tilted at a crazy angle.

By three o'clock, we were made fast at the Texaco dock in Jacksonville, or "Jax," as we later found the natives called it. There we made ourselves known to George Holland who



The gates of the Deep Creek Locks at the northern entrance to the Dismal Swamp Canal, which connects Deep Creek with the Pasquotank River. Right, Henry greeted us when we reached Fort Gates

runs the dock and received a cordial welcome from him. He brought us our mail from the Texaco mail port, a real service which we enjoyed at other points throughout the cruise. We were somewhat awed by the size of the Bull Line freighter which lay in the next slip to ours but one, and by the tall buildings of the city which seemed to tower almost immediately above us. It had been many days since we had seen such cogent evidences of civilization.

There was another sight which was new to us all and at which we marvelled. The water in our slip had been clear when we sailed into it. On the turn of the tide and during the period of the few busy hours we spent tidying ship, literally thousand and thousands of hyacinths had floated quietly in until, suddenly, it seemed that there was no water about us. So closely did they hem us in that we had the impression that we were on a green lawn and would experience no difficulty in walking across the slip to the dock on the other side.

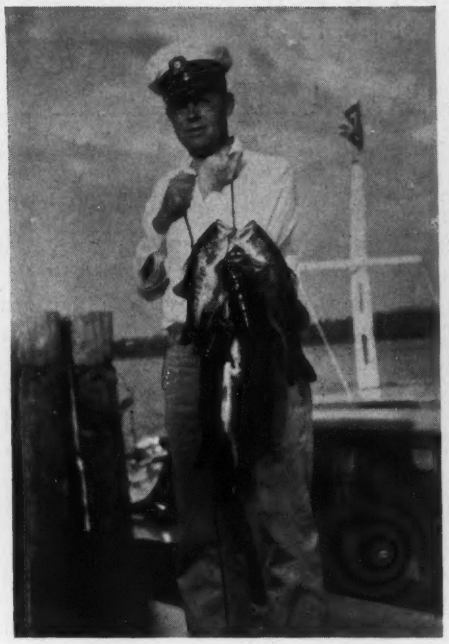
That was our first impression of the hyacinths which float upon the St. Johns River and jam its tributaries so that they cease to be navigable at times but it was not our last, I am happy to say. Later on, as we got further up the river, we saw them in full bloom and in their true beauty and as they ought to be, far from tall buildings — luscious deep green leaves reflecting the sheen of a southern sun and topped with beautiful lavender blossoms, for the most part hugging the shore line and seeming to seek out the shade of the overhanging tall pines, adrip with Spanish moss, which border the river. Holland warned us to be careful of the hyacinths as water moccasins lived among them. We were inclined to laugh at his warning at the time but, as events later turned out, we had good cause to remember it.

We spent several days in Jacksonville, chiefly because we had lots of work to do about the boat. But we found it a friendly city and a lively one and we enjoyed our stay there. The days were busy ones. Due to our hurried departure from the North, we had completely neglected our brightwork and this was beginning to show signs of wear due to the hot sun which beat down upon us. The danger signals were definitely up in this respect. So we scraped and sandpapered and varnished until we had *Shangri-La* looking as bright as a new penny.

A real thrill we had the afternoon the *Anne Marie* came into our slip after two weeks in the Gulf Stream. She was a fisherman and her holds were bulging with a fine catch, mostly red snapper. We were interested spectators as the crew went about the business of unloading, weighing and selling their catch right there on the dock. We were also the pleased recipients of a five-pound snapper for no good reason except that the mate of the *Anne Marie* apparently took a liking to us. He hailed originally from Canada and we soon became good friends.

We finally left Jacksonville about noon one Saturday and figured we had about 55 miles to make Palatka, which we had decided upon as our next stop. That was a delightful five-hour run up the river, past Hibernia, Green Cover Springs and Tocoi, but the river was still fairly wide through this stretch and we were not really close enough to either bank to enjoy the scenery to the utmost. In Jacksonville, we had heard that the big mouth black bass fishing was good above Palatka and we were headed for that. We were not particularly interested, any of us, in waging arduous battle with the monstrous denizens of the deep — swordfish, marlin, tuna and the like, but we were interested in what I think is keener sport and casting for black bass — little fish, if you will — seemed to fill the bill. We had purchased some light casting tackle and some plugs; we had asked a lot of questions of a lot of people; and, as a result of all the friendly advice we received, felt we knew all there was to know about where to cast and how to cast and what to cast. We also learned that Florida has a closed season on black

Water hyacinths line the banks of the river and the trees alongshore carry long, gray streamers of Spanish moss



Fishing was good. Left, the author proudly displays a fine string of black bass. Above, Ed Gray and George bring in the morning's catch

bass and that we were there right in the middle of it. That didn't prove to be the catastrophe it seemed at first because we were also told that the St. Johns, being a navigable river, was under the jurisdiction of the Federal government and that we could fish in it to our heart's content, as far up as Volusia Bar, which is just above Lake George, approximately 100 miles up the river from Jacksonville. It was only the tributaries and side streams that were barred.

We had another typically cordial welcome at Palatka, this time from the owner of the Palatka Boat and Construction Company. He urged us to stay over next day and visit the Ravine Gardens, saying that the azaleas were in bloom and that we really *shouldn't* miss the sight. We told him that we were bent on fishing but promised to stop on our return. That promise we kept and the experience is one that we treasure. We were supplied with a car and a driver, by our host. We were driven through the gardens, a blaze of color against a background of tropical vegetation, stately moss-covered oaks and pines and palms. We stopped to take pictures. We got out and rambled along the steep paths, through the tropical ravines, over the suspension bridges and down to the cool, heavily shaded pools which dotted the bottom of the ravines here and there. And we loved it! We tried to pay for the pleasure which had been afforded us but by that effort succeeded only, I fear, in partially injuring the feelings of a gracious host.

It was on the trip up that we met Clark, whose first name we never learned. After a couple of highballs, he was "Clarky" to us and it is as "Clarky" that we remember him. We had had a fine supper aboard, had washed the dishes, and were having a look-see at the town. One of the bars looked particularly inviting after a long walk, and we dropped in for a nightcap. Clarky was there when we arrived. He overheard us talking to the bartender about likely fishing grounds and soon joined in the conversation. He proved to be a mine of information, having worked on the river for the Coast and Geodetic Survey. He finally offered to guide us to some likely spots and, as he lived along the river about eight miles above the town, we arranged to meet him early next morning.

We got away from Palatka shortly after daybreak. As we took the first bend in the river, we felt like babes in the woods — literally! For the river here was narrow and winding, with wild, heavy foliage along each shore. As we cut a path through the hyacinths which the ebb tide brought down upon us in a steady array, each bend in the river unfolded new delights. We had been told to look for a particularly tall tree on our starboard hand near beacon 77, for a road that ambled down to meet the river there, and for a rickety dock which our prospective host said might be there or might have been washed away overnight. It hadn't — and so we found all three and were invited ashore to see Clarky's place.

I can't possibly describe it accurately or adequately. I only know that I had never seen anything like it before and that I hope to go there again some time. To the folks who live there, it may mean hardship and privation at times, for it is as rough as the landscape surrounding it, but to me it spelled peace and quiet and a far cry from the rattle and crash of subway trains. It was a hot morning on the river but cool in the shade of the towering trees surrounding the place. We had a cup of coffee on the porch and by nine o'clock were off for the day's fishing.

Our luck was not so good that day but I think our guide's disappointment was far greater than our own. We, at least, could enjoy the river, for it was all new to us. We fished from Clarky's rowboat and he took us for miles, it seemed, up and down each shore where we cast up to the edge of the hyacinths and over the grass beds. Alas! All of our combined

(Continued on page 117)

Water hyacinths may be a pest but they're a sight when in bloom with their lavender flowers and shining green leaves

ACROSS FUNDY'S TIDES

A Cruise to Nova Scotia and Some of the Lessons Learned

By FESSENDEN S. BLANCHARD

IF YOU want to "get away from it all" and explore an unspoiled coast, go to Nova Scotia. You won't find summer hotels jutting out on every point and your breakfast may not be deposited in your lap by the waves of a passing speed boat. But you will find an hospitable welcome in many a fishing village and, if you get as far as the Bras d'Or Lakes, in Cape Breton, you will reach the climax of many a cruising man's desires and find a beautiful inland sea with little fog, warm waters and many harbors.

There are two "outs" about Nova Scotia cruising. The first is the prevalence of fog during July and August — a real obstacle. But this is not so bad as one sometimes hears for foggy days are interspersed with many fine, clear ones and frequently the early morning fog burns away by ten o'clock. The excellent system of fog signals, combined with the much smaller sea traffic, makes fog navigation far less difficult than in many parts of New England. The second "out" is the Fundy tides which swirl strongly around the coast from off Cape Sable past Yarmouth, Digby and back. But these difficulties offer a real challenge to the cruising man with a "yen" for adventure. For he'll have a chance to experience the genuine sense of achievement which comes from having made proper calculations for the Fundy currents and from picking up his lightship, buoy or landfall — shrouded perhaps in a thick fog — where he hoped to find it.

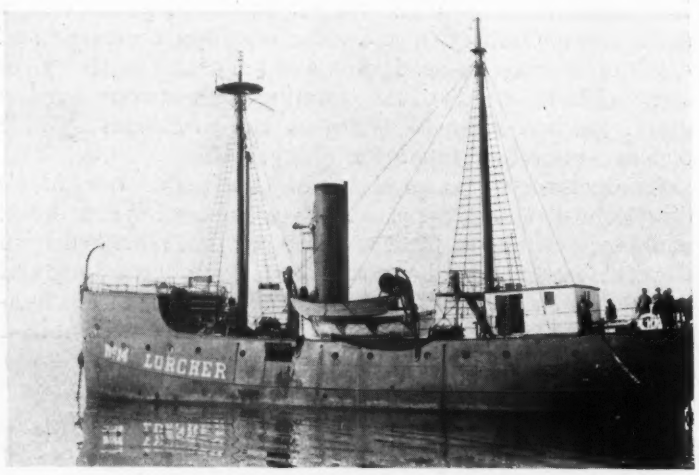
To the yachtsman who makes his headquarters somewhere between Boston and New York, Nova Scotia seems a long way off. But this is true only if you follow the Maine coast first. A direct "hop" across, from the tip of Cape Cod to Yarmouth, is only a little over 200 nautical miles, a run of about two days and two nights if you don't have head winds and if you average four knots with the aid of your engine in calms. The Halifax Race of last summer, which was sponsored by the Boston Yacht Club, has undoubtedly stimulated considerable interest in Nova Scotia cruising, as did the fine weather which prevailed for a considerable part of the season.

Last summer, I cruised across and back in my 37-foot yawl *Keewaydin* and, while our cruise was deficient in hairbreadth escapes, we did learn a few things about this trip that may be of interest to readers of YACHTING who might like to try it themselves. I had sailed across twice before; once in my 26-foot sloop *Mariana*, as described in "Cruising on the Instalment Plan" in YACHTING (January, 1929), when we picked up Yarmouth Light after an 80-mile run from Roque Island, Maine, without any difficulty and in clear weather. The second time I was in another man's yawl when we headed from the tip of Cape Cod for Blonde Rock, off Seal Island, Nova Scotia. Although our dead reckoning and sights had shown us to be only 60 miles from Blonde Rock at noon of the third day, we picked up the SW buoy off Yarmouth, 25 miles to the north of our destination, in a thick fog as night was coming on. You might have thought we were in Woods Hole Passage by the way the tide boiled by. We acquired then a healthy respect for Fundy tides.

I wanted to see if I could hit the mark more closely in my own boat and, at the same time, I liked the idea of dropping in on my family and friends at the Ardnamurchan Club at Central Argyle, Nova Scotia, and getting a more impressive welcome than the committee of "three kids" which had greeted *Mariana* at Hingham after her seven years' instalment cruise. So, when Bob Duncan agreed to come along with his sextant, I signed up Magruder Craighead and Herb Harwood as crew and our planning began with a rush. *Keewaydin* was well equipped for cruising along the New England coast — but cutting across to Nova Scotia was something else again. So we got busy jotting down some of the things we'd have to do or get before we hopped off from Provincetown. If I mention a few of these, it may serve as a useful reminder to some coastwise cruiser who is thinking of "going foreign."

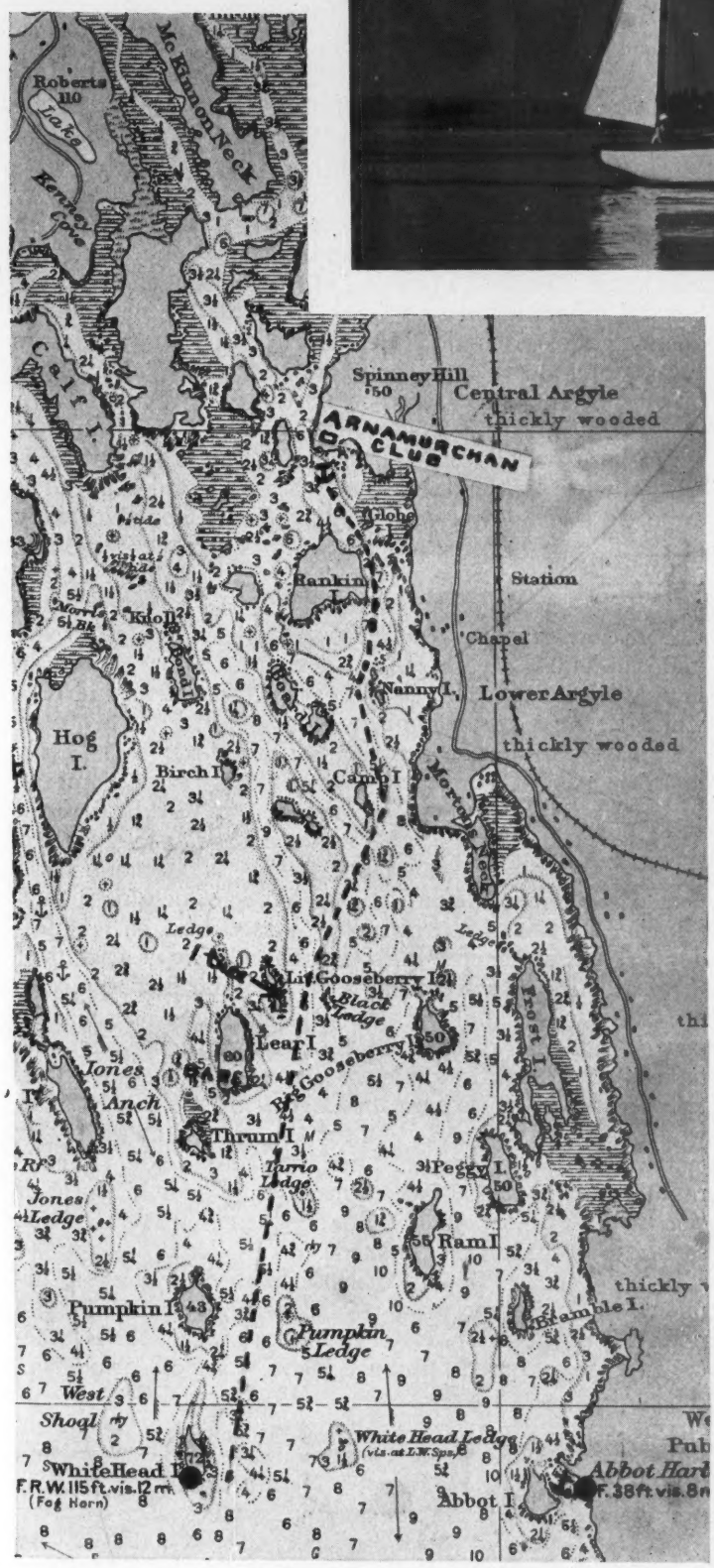
With the strong possibility of fog, we needed a larger and more accurate taffrail log and bought one from Bliss, which proved quite satisfactory. Hitherto, I had used a small and not too reliable log for coastwise work but usually had depended on the helmsmen's estimates of the speed shown on my Kenyon speedometer as a substitute for the log on all ordinary runs. However, occasionally the speedometer strut is knocked off by floating logs or other obstacles so I couldn't rely on that alone. As a matter of fact, that did happen about half way up after we had found that the helmsman's estimates of the distances per hour, based on the average Kenyon speeds, never varied more than one-tenth of a knot from the logged speed while we were under sail. Under power, for some reason, on which I'd like enlightenment, the Kenyon and log in several cases were 10 per cent apart — the former underestimating the speed indicated by the log.

We also felt that we might want to know when we had reached the 50-fathom mark so we supplemented my 15-fathom lead line with a 50-fathom line with a 14-pound lead. We had our compass checked and corrected, as we were suspicious of its accuracy on several courses. Nova Scotia charts, from the U. S. Hydrographic Office, were added to our collection, plus U. S. General Chart 1106. To our U. S. tide and current tables, we added those published in Canada, including a valuable special report for the Bay of Fundy area. We found the "Nova Scotia Coast Pilot," published in Canada, more complete than the one published by the United States. To these we added Canadian light and buoy lists.



We headed for the Lurcher rather than Seal Island and passed her close aboard after the run across from Provincetown

"Keewaydin," in which we made the cruise, is a Casey centerboard yawl 37' 0" in length over all, 28' 4" l.w.l., 11' 0" beam and 4' 4" draft. Below is the chart of a typical bit of the west coast of Nova Scotia. Visiting yachtsmen are welcomed at the anchorage of the Ardnamurchan Club



As the most dangerous things in a fog are not fixed objects, and as our feeble fog horn would have a slim chance of being heard above the rush of the Boston-Yarmouth steamers, we thought it would be a fine idea to get the exact courses of these boats. If it were foggy and we knew where we were, we hoped we'd be able to spot the danger zone. If it were clear, we might catch a glimpse of these boats and get a rough check of our dead reckoning. We received a most courteous letter from the Eastern Steamship Company, in response to our inquiry, giving us exact courses for the east- and west-bound steamers, which we plotted on our chart with estimated hourly locations.

We checked up on the times and stations for weather reports so that we could put our radio to practical use. A louder, hand-pumped fog horn, a dozen flares, a more complete medicine kit, miscellaneous extra supplies of all kinds, and a more seaworthy tender were added to our list. Two extra 5-gallon cans of gasoline, lashed to the mizzen shrouds, turned out to be more important than the flares. A sextant, chronometer, stop watch, Bowditch and a Nautical Almanac completed the extra equipment. Our food would have taken us to Labrador.

I thought I'd break in the crew and skipper gradually, for you can't expect hard working business men to step right on a boat and be adjusted at once. I wanted a day, anyway, to give them time to find out where everything was, so that I could get some surcease from explaining. We took it in easy stages, the first day's run being a late afternoon sail from Padanaram, Mass., up Buzzards Bay to Onset in a light southerly. Our first excitement came when a small aeroplane, with a single pilot, swooped down close above us, calling "*Keewaydin* Ahoy!" and circled us several times. We had some fun trying to guess the identity of the pilot, who eventually turned out to be Professor D. L. Webster, an old friend, who hired a plane, figured an interception and wished us luck.

Our next day's run to Provincetown gave us a chance to test out a few things. After temporarily losing confidence in the log and then finding that some seaweed was the guilty party, we got all steamed up because Duncan's sun sights showed us to be within a mile and a third of where both log and Kenyon placed us. Having been brought up on the belief that the first sight always placed a boat on the top of Mt.

The anchorage off the Ardnamurchan Club, Central Argyle, Nova Scotia. Rankin Island is in the middle distance with the main channel to the left

Katahdin, or possibly Mt. Washington, this was a surprise to all of us — particularly to the navigator. The only fly in the ointment was the borrowed dory, which leaked rather badly, and the state of Herb's insides, which took several days to recover from a lobster sandwich eaten before the cruise.

A dory builder, who gave us a good object lesson in fixing leaks, a last shore meal and a good night's sleep in port fixed up everything and everybody, including Herb. On Monday morning, August 14th, we started off, leaving Provincetown under power in a flat calm at 6:45 a.m.

Our destination was the fine anchorage of the Ardnamurchan Club, inside of Rankin Island at Central Argyle, near the head of the bay inside of Seal Island and between Cape Sable and Yarmouth. A good deal of study, accompanied by considerable conflicting advice, had convinced us that the thing to do was to head for the Lurcher Shoal Lightship, about 16 miles off Yarmouth, instead of for Seal Island, which was nearer our destination. We did this for several reasons which I think would apply to anyone wishing to pick up the west coast of Nova Scotia. (1) The shore near Yarmouth has fewer outlying dangers and is bolder; (2) Yarmouth offers a harbor which is relatively easy to pick up in a fog; (3) even if we had no difficulty in picking up Seal Island, there is no harbor there and our way in from there to a good harbor is not especially easy in a fog; (4) the currents near Cape Sable are more uncertain in direction than off Yarmouth. If I had been heading for Halifax or somewhere well up the coast, I should probably have headed well outside, to the southeast of Seal Island, and hoped to pick up the shore somewhere on the way to Halifax when the weather was clear. For some reason; the flood tide up into the Bay of Fundy seems to be worse than the ebb out of the bay, and I have heard of a number of boats being swept to the north but never of boats being swept the other way.

We had perfect weather all the way across in all but one important respect: a lack of wind which caused us to use the motor about half of the time for we hoped to get to Ardnamurchan during the day on Wednesday. We didn't have a trace of fog at any time and my dead reckoning and Bob's sights kept within an average of one and one-third miles of each other, never more than two miles apart. We'll admit, however, that with light, fair winds, alternating with calm, conditions were favorable. One of our satisfying moments on the way up was when we saw the distant lights of a fast moving steamer headed for Yarmouth — just where and when we had figured she would be.

There was one bit of information we had tried in vain to get before we started. How far out is the effective range of the Fundy currents? We searched the current tables in vain for data on this point. The farthest to the west of any of the current observation stations in the Fundy current booklet was about ten miles from Lurcher. A United States government official warned us that the currents extended all over the Gulf of Maine. One cruising man, with experience in these waters, advised us to start compensating for the current about 30 miles to the west of Lurcher Shoal Lightship. Several others seemed to think that this advice sounded about right, so we decided to follow it, with some misgivings that we were starting to compensate too soon. A faint flash on our starboard bow, just before the first traces of dawn blotted out further efforts to spot it, seemed to indicate that we had started allowing for the ebb tide too far out. Magruder, who saw the flash, usually sees everything ahead of anybody else and we regarded his insistence on the reality of the flash with some suspicion. However, our reckoning indicated that we were within Lurcher's reported visibility of 13 miles and events proved that Magruder was probably right. So, when we figured that we should be close to Lurcher and still hadn't seen it, we decided to head for Yarmouth, hoping to find Lurcher to the east of us. The sound of a whistler soon confirmed our decision.

In a short time we saw dead ahead through the early morning haze what we took to be a fishing boat. Someone suggested that we ask where we were. I said I'd be damned if I would; we'd find our own way somehow. The argument was soon settled when, to the relief of the skipper and, I suspect, of the crew, the outline of a lightship became unmistakable. We passed "the Lurcher" at 8:45 a.m. on Wednesday, as some of her crew lined the rail and gave us a salute of three whistles. Our answering toots were our first chance to use our new fog signal and expressed the real feeling of satisfaction that comes from finding what we had been heading for while our boat, as Professor Webster later expressed it, traveled 30,000 times her own length. We estimated that if we had started compensating for the current about ten or twelve miles to the west of Lurcher, where the depth drops rapidly beyond the 50-fathom mark, we'd have hit Lurcher "on the nose" more quickly. Our experience on the way back seemed to confirm this judgment.

We soon sighted the Nova Scotia coast to the west of Yarmouth and this time we didn't allow quite enough for the flood tide of about three knots now sweeping up the Bay between Yarmouth and Lurcher Shoal. Taking a bearing from the lightship when we were a few miles beyond soon gave us our correction and we headed under power in a light shifting wind for Schooner Passage — just inside the famous tuna fishing grounds off Wedgeport. I don't advise trying this passage under sail if the tide is against you. Fortunately, by

(Continued on page 116)

One of the first of the Matthews 1940 line of cruisers, "Amici" was recently turned over to her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Fisher, of Los Angeles. The yacht is a "46" Sedan, with accommodations for five persons aft and a crew of two. A pair of Kermath Sea Mate engines of 115 horse power, fitted with 2:1 Upton reduction gears, turns 20" by 21" propellers 2800 r.p.m. and drives her at 21 m.p.h. At the left and below are views of the deckhouse while at the bottom left is the cabin, looking aft.

"Amici" was shipped from Port Clinton to Cincinnati, proceeding thence under her own power to New Orleans whence she continues her journey to her home port aboard a steamer.

"AMICI"

A PATAGONIAN VOYAGE

The Loch Fyne Ketch "Vanora" Negotiates the Inside Passage and the Straits of Magellan

By MARION B. HART

In 1936, Mrs. Hart bought the auxiliary steel ketch "Vanora," a 73-foot double-ender, built in 1903. She sailed from Southampton for the Mediterranean and, after experiences with several incompetent skippers, took over the command of the yacht herself, also doing the navigating. Her earlier adventures, which finally took her around the world, are told in YACHTING *for May and June, 1937. Now we pick up the yacht in Auckland, in December, 1938, bound to the eastward, as the story is told in letters to Mrs. Hart's brother.*

WELL, I can't claim that we're a crew of experts but Mr. Matheson, who is coming as sailing master, is a fine seaman with lots of experience and a good reputation here in Auckland. Unlike my ever-lamented Bill, he is not a drinker.

I have taken on three other boys, one of whom has a license to run a motor boat in the harbor and is the nearest to a real engineer that we have ever had. Another has never been to sea before but he is an American who wants to work his passage home so I took him in case of broken legs and people getting washed overboard. The third is Bob, who came with us from Nouméa.

The rest of the crew is, as usual, Rusty, John and me. John isn't a professional but he always helps on deck when any hard work is to be done, such as getting in sails in a squall, and it is my opinion that he really knows more than any of the others except Mr. M.

We have taken the topmast down so that the yard can be braced around and we can use the squaresail with the wind well forward of the beam, and I have had made here a new squaresail and trysail of heavy flax. The trysail is only the length of the gaff so that it can be set without all that business we had before of taking off the gaff and mainsail.

All the rigging has been gone over and a large part of it renewed and the engine has been gone over by the Kelvin people who assure me that it is now in first class order and should run for many months without needing repairs. We have a complete set of tools and spare parts for it.

We have been up on the slip and had the hull scraped and painted, and we have three months' supply of food on board and 600 gallons of water in the tank.

We probably won't go below Latitude 45° South until we get to the South American coast and after that we will be in sheltered waters in the Patagonian Channels all the way down to the Straits. At this time of year, the percentage of gales in the Pacific is only about two until close to the coast where it rises to eight or nine. But even nine per cent of gales is only three days a month. So, you see, it isn't quite as bad as it sounds and, if we don't like it, we can run up to Panama.

Mr. M. isn't at all concerned about the Pacific crossing but he doesn't like the rest of the route. I told him encouragingly that there wouldn't be any difficult sailing after we had made the crossing and that I would be responsible for the navigation and pilotage so that if we got wrecked it wouldn't be his fault. But, somehow, that doesn't seem to cheer him up much and he has done quite a bit of work on me to change my mind and go by Panama. So far, however, with no perceptible result. Somehow, I feel that Mr. M. doesn't have the perfect confidence in my ability as a navigator that I could wish. But he hasn't said so — yet.

Although it was the late summer, snow lay on the tops of the mountains along the shore

We have had the compass swung by a professional and I have at last bought a radio so that we can get time signals all the way across. We have got along without these latter refinements for the last two years but I suppose we are getting old and losing our nerve.

+ + +

Just Past the Middle, January 20th, 1939

The "Roaring Forties" are roaring us as gently as any sucking dove. We have been as good as becalmed for about a week, in a mild, dripping fog which lifts from time to time to give us a glimpse of a pale sun against a vague horizon. We roll gently along at two or three knots and occasionally a big swell comes up out of the southwest and we say: "Now we shall have a wind," but it dies down again and nothing comes of it. It seems such a pity to waste all this fine calm weather here, 2500 miles from anywhere, when we shall be wanting it so badly later on and not getting it.

We are twenty days from East Cape, our point of departure, with a little less than 2000 miles to go to the South American coast.

We were trying to ignore the buckets of water pouring down the skylights by making plans for Easter in New York when the barometer went up, the sea went down, the wind shifted to NNE and expired . . . and here we are.

Some little birds like thin seagulls are flying around and there are a couple of big albatross. Last night a whale blew a few yards away and nearly scared Bob and Greg out of their wits. Otherwise there doesn't seem to be anything alive in the world but us, balancing unsteadily in the void on our quarter-inch steel plates.

Our Sailing Master rejoices at the thought of the thousands of miles we are from anywhere. Sea room, that's what he wants. Jim and I, not being sailors, like land to be present as at least a remote possibility.

In the evening, they hang the aerial up to the mizzenmast and I listen for time signals but never get them. There is a faint "*cheep-cheep*" all around, from ships talking to each other, and once, a voice said loudly and distinctly: "London calling!" — then vanished in a whirl of crackling.

The Sailing Master is a great asset to the boat. He is always working at something or other, doing things with bits of rope and needles and marlinspikes and things. When the mainsail tore almost in two the other day he didn't, like Roly, sit down in despair for a week or two but got right at it and had it mended and a patch on in a few hours. And he is always trying something or other to make us go faster or easier. Everybody likes him and certainly the ship is a much pleasanter place than it has ever been before, even though a certain amount of the spice has gone out of our lives with the departures of Bill and Roly. A mild diet has some advantages.

+ + +

Isthmus Bay, February 15th, 1939

We have been in the Patagonian Channels for seven days now and the Pacific is hardly more than a dimly remembered dream. It lasted forty days by the calendar. I suppose that after Noah had been on shore for a week he had difficulty in recalling the details of his trip. I don't suppose he kept much of a log, either.

Our calms, fog and rain lasted a week during which we covered about 400 miles and began to wonder when we would ever get anywhere. Then, on the morning of January 22nd, the barometer began to drop. It dropped from 29.60 at five a.m. to 28.90 at midnight. That looked rather bad but all that happened was that a good wind came up from the SSW and the sun came out. We flew along under the squaresail at eight or nine knots all day and all the next day, too. The barometer stayed steady but the wind dropped towards evening.

I woke up next morning to find a NE gale blowing, a cold rain falling, and us hove to and rolling about rather badly. The wheel was lashed and we stayed in all day with relays of the crew stitching at the squaresail which was spread out all over the saloon floor. Since the sail is 29 by 25 feet and the saloon is about 15 by 12, you can imagine the cozy atmosphere, especially when the top of a little cross sea fell on board and, with the unerring instinct of water, for finding the most inconvenient places, cascaded down the skylight.

The fantastic granite hills ran down into the water and the mist and rain were familiar companions

The barometer dropped slowly to 28.45 and the wind died down and the fog came in again. At night, we had just steerageway. Then the barometer began to fall and, in the course of a day or two, got down to 28.34 which is very low indeed; in fact, lower than it goes in any but the worst hurricanes.

Towards evening, the wind began to blow and by nightfall it was a full gale from the north. We ran south before it all night with only the small headsails set; even so, we made about ten knots which is fast for *Vanora*, especially as the waves were extremely high although perhaps not really mountainous.

But they looked quite high enough as they rushed up behind us with their tops all foaming. They made enough noise, too, as they crashed against our sides, because steel ships make plenty of noise even in calm weather. Finally, there was one especially big jar and crash. John and I, who were playing two-handed pitch, stopped for a moment in astonishment and the next second Rusty staggered down the stairs calling for Mr. M.

"You'd better come on deck," he said, "if you don't want the ship to sink." Rusty was completely wet and considerably excited as a wave had just washed right over him and Jim as they sat lashed to the rail. They thought perhaps their ends had come, as they had never had waves wash over them before. And neither have I — and I don't care if I never do.

Mr. M. rose calmly and disappeared into his cabin where he began to dress in a most leisurely manner. I tried to think of something to relieve the situation but nothing occurred to me except to shout to Mr. M.: "It isn't really bad enough to sink us, is it?"

Mr. M. emerged buttoning his oilskin coat.

"Oh, yes," he said, "if any of these waves should really hit us the decks might be stove in and, if another wave should follow quickly after that, we might founder quite easily. It doesn't take much of a wave to fill up a boat this size, you know, and if the water comes in faster than you can pump it out . . . " He seemed disposed to settle down and discuss the situation in detail but another big crash came and he strolled up on deck in a leisurely manner.

The unpleasant noises diminished noticeably as soon as an expert hand took the wheel and my opinion of Mr. M. rose considerably. He didn't share in the smallest degree my enthusiasm for exploration and he might even cherish secret doubts as to my ability as a navigator but, at least, I could go to sleep while he was on deck.

The storm blew itself out by early morning and we had fine sunny weather for a few days. Then the fog came down again and lasted to the Chilean coast. Mr. M. suggested tentatively that it still wasn't too late to run up to Panama. However, we continued due west.

At last, on the dark and rainy night of February 7th, we saw Cape Raper Light flashing faintly and knew that we were entering the Gulf of Peñas.

From this gulf, the Patagonian Channels run south 300 miles to the Straits of Magellan. The Channels vary in width from a hundred yards to four miles and the navigation is easy enough if you can see where you are going. They are remarkably free from hidden dangers and, as the *Pilot Book* observes with unusual optimism, the weather is seldom so thick that you cannot see at least one shore. There are also a sufficient number of sheltered anchorages so that it is unnecessary to run at night. This was pleasant enough reading but our authority lost his cheery outlook when he turned to the subject of winds. Furious squalls run down the steep mountain sides "with a force that must be felt to be believed;" anchors drag all over the place and wrecks dot the pages in great profusion. Well, we were soon going to see if it was true or not.

When the mild, misty morning dawned, we were bouncing around in a short, choppy sea and nothing was in sight but a school of porpoises. We were, I hoped, headed for the entrance to the channel but, as the hours went by and no sign of any land appeared, the boys began to look at me reproachfully and I felt as apologetic as I always do when making a landfall.

But there was nothing to do but keep on going and look as unconcerned as possible. Finally, two dim shapes appeared close ahead through the fog.

"What is that? What is that?" said Rusty and Jim simultaneously. Fortunately, there are only two islands close together in all the Gulf.

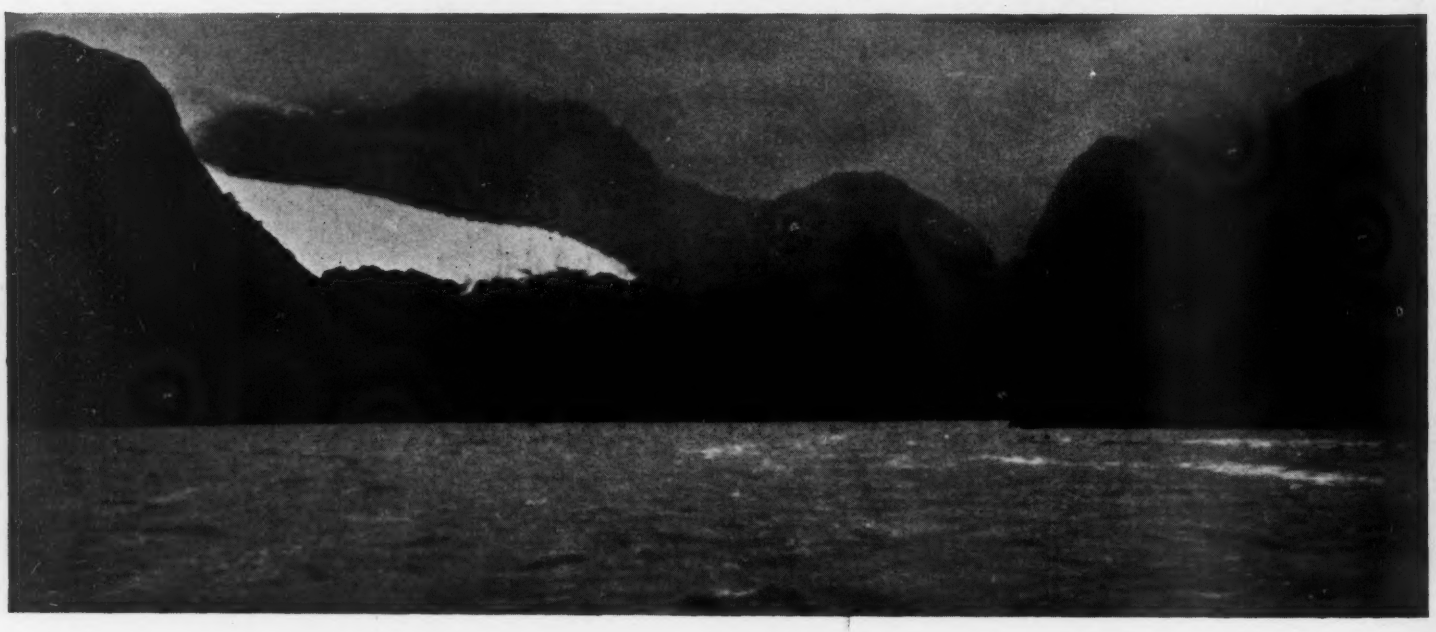
"The Ayatau Islands, of course," I said, "this is where we turn south."

"Shall I call the skipper?" Rusty said. Rusty was developing a tendency to call Mr. M. "the skipper."

"Call *whom?*" I said. "Hurry up and trim those sails."

As soon as we knew where we were, the fog lifted and we saw the wireless masts on Wager Island and a small steamer coming towards us. We put up our American flag so that they could report having seen a foreign ship in case we should be sunk before reaching Punta Arenas. Because we *had* crossed

"Vanora" sailed along about 200 yards offshore, all hands looking for a bay with a glacier at its head



the Pacific and I didn't want all the people who had said we could never make it going around and saying: "I told you so" and thinking how smart they were in case we should never arrive anywhere.

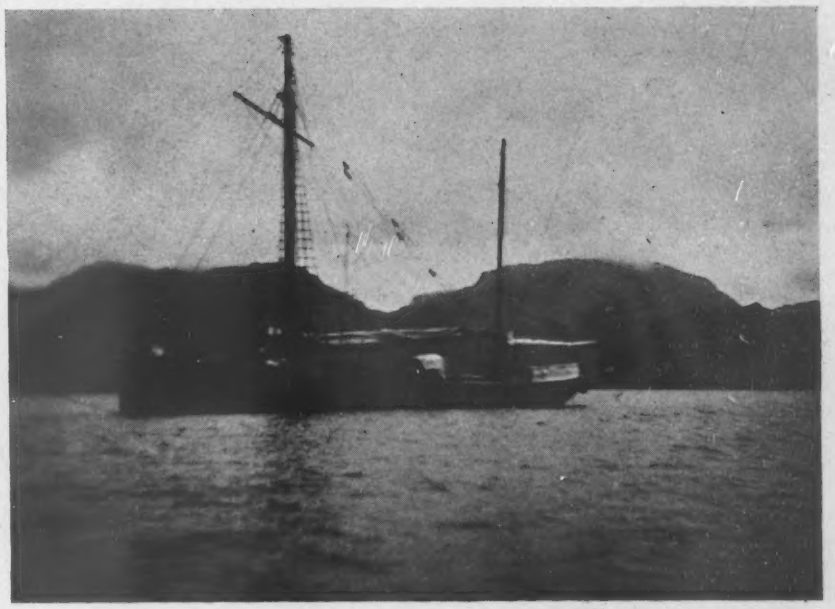
The channel stretched straight ahead and a fine north wind blew us down it to our first anchorage at Island Harbor. It rained, of course, all the time but it was a gentle rain and the clouds were high enough so that we could see a few hundred feet up the steep, wooded slopes on either side of us. We turned in between two rocky islands and dropped anchor at last in quiet water in our little landlocked bay.

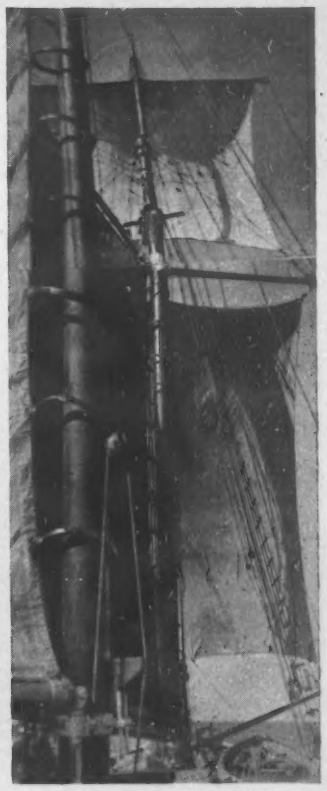
There have been sufficient elegant descriptions written of what it feels like to see land again after a long sea voyage, so that I need not go into all that again. I will merely state that we didn't even wait for tea but got out the dinghy immediately and, after forty days, our feet touched dry land.

That is to say it certainly wasn't dry and it wasn't exactly land but deep, springy moss into which we sank up to our ankles. I don't know how far under this the land really is but in some places, where tree trunks had rotted away, we could look into holes at least six feet deep and it was solid moss all the way down and more at the bottom. It made walking difficult but it was extremely pretty to look at in its varying shades of green and brown and maroon and salmon. It was dotted with tiny red and white flowers and there were flowering bushes everywhere, too, and stunted birch and spruce trees.

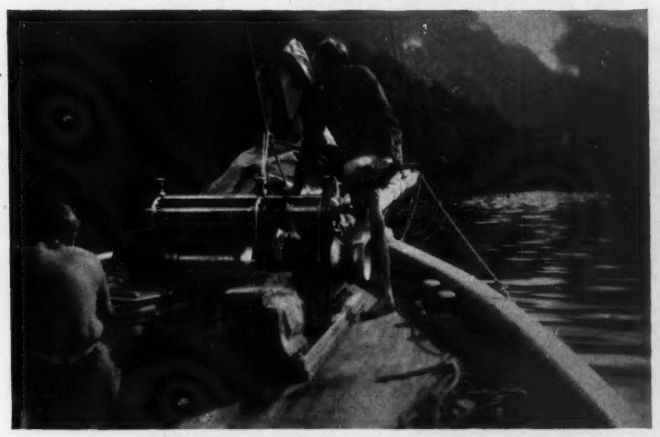
We splashed our way up to the top of a hill and looked down into a valley with two lakes in it. Then the clouds lifted and we saw three blue glaciers on the mountain tops across the channel. It was, definitely, a Moment.

(Continued on page 114)





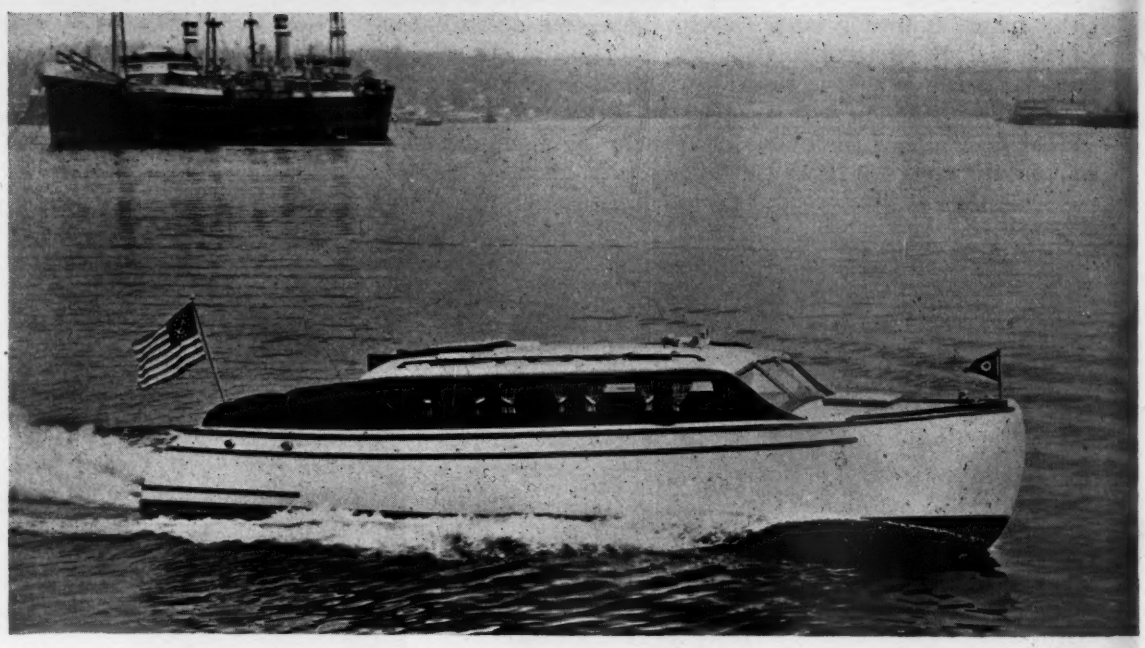
"Vanora" lying in Gray Harbor. Without the topmast, the yard can be braced sharp up. Right, running with squaresail and square topsail set. Below, Gray Harbor provided a quiet anchorage. Left, "Vanora's" fore deck



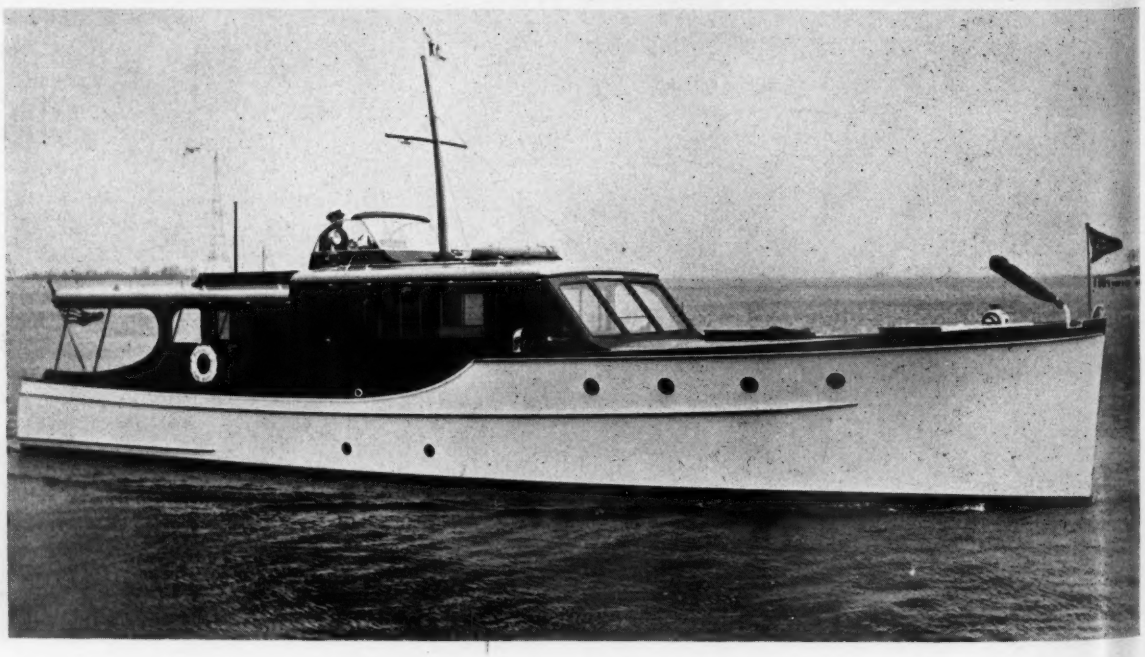
The coast is grim and forbidding and violent squalls come howling down from the mountains. Below, the sun came out for a time while "Vanora" lay in the quiet of Gray Harbor

NEWS IN BOATS

"Silverheels II" is a new double cabin Chris-Craft owned by Louis Ireton, of Cincinnati. She is a 33-footer driven by a 130 hp. engine which gives her a speed of 18 m.p.h. Mr. Ireton uses the yacht mainly on the Ohio River.

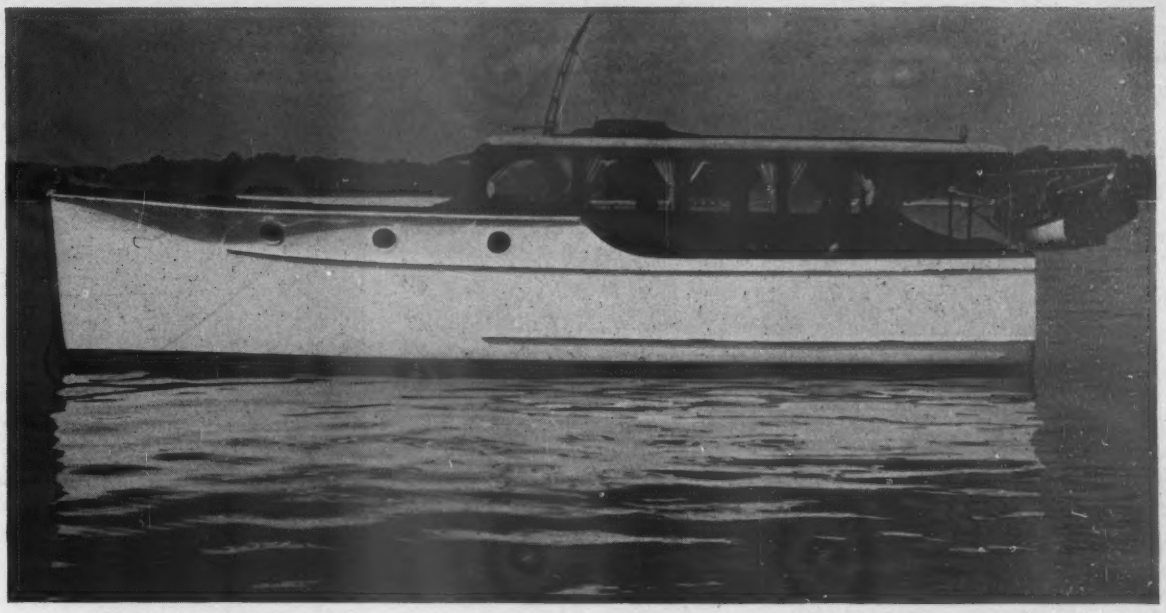


W. L. Marsch, of Portland, Oregon, owns this 36-foot "Trimmership" which is named "Shatolah." Her power plant is a Scripps V-8 engine with reduction gear of 2:1 ratio. This turns 19" by 16" propeller and drives the yacht 16 miles per hour.



"Berenice," an Annapolis 54, was built last fall for F. C. Peters, of Miami Beach. She is 54' 0" in length over all, 13' 6" beam and 3' 9" draft. With her two 165 hp. Diesels turning 1700 r.p.m., her cruising speed is 17 m.p.h. Her plans were published in "Yachting" for November, 1939.

The 60-footer "Lark III," owned by George Elliott Patterson, of Sea Island, Georgia, was built at the Sea Island Yacht Yards, Saint Simons Island, Georgia. Two Cummins H.M. 150 hp. Diesels, which are fresh water cooled and fitted with Twin Disc clutches, drive her at 18 miles per hour.



R. J. Voss, of Bayside, L. I., owns the cruiser "Ro-Vir," a 37-footer of 11' 0" beam and 3' 0" draft, built at Sayville, L. I., by W. L. Lightner. She is powered with a pair of Kermath Sea Queen engines which give her a sustained speed of 15 miles per hour.

"Sou'wester" is 43' 0" in length over all and 13' 0" beam. She is owned by Jay Bushway, of Marblehead and West Newton, Mass., and was built at Southwest Harbor, Maine, by Henry Hinckley and Lennox Sargent. Two 165 hp. Lycoming engines drive her at a speed of 22 miles.

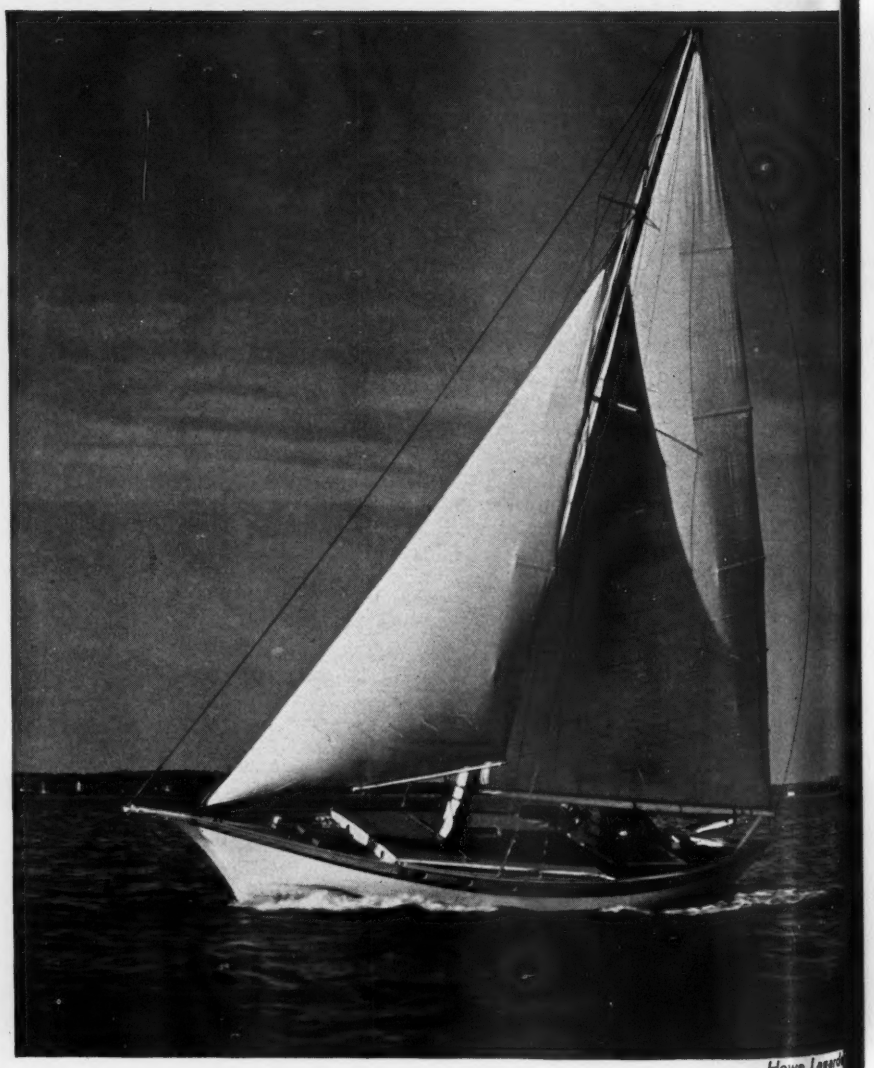
Leslie R. Jones

Rosenfeld Photos

Left, "Sea Otter," 47' 6" over all, was designed by John G. Alden for H. W. Cannon, Jr., and built by the Quincy Adams Yacht Yard. Two Sterling Petrel engines give her a speed of 19 m.p.h. Above are views of the main cabin and the cockpit with the fishing chairs.

Below, "Gurkha II," owned by Gari Stroh, of Detroit, was designed by P. L. Rhodes of Cox & Stevens and built by the Kretzer Boat Works, City Island. She is 39' 0" in length over all and her engine is a Gray 4–22. Right, Ralph H. Wiley designed and built "Golden Bough," 30' 0" over all, for Philip Nichols, Jr., of Washington, D. C. She is an interesting boat and shows the influence of the Tancook whaler.

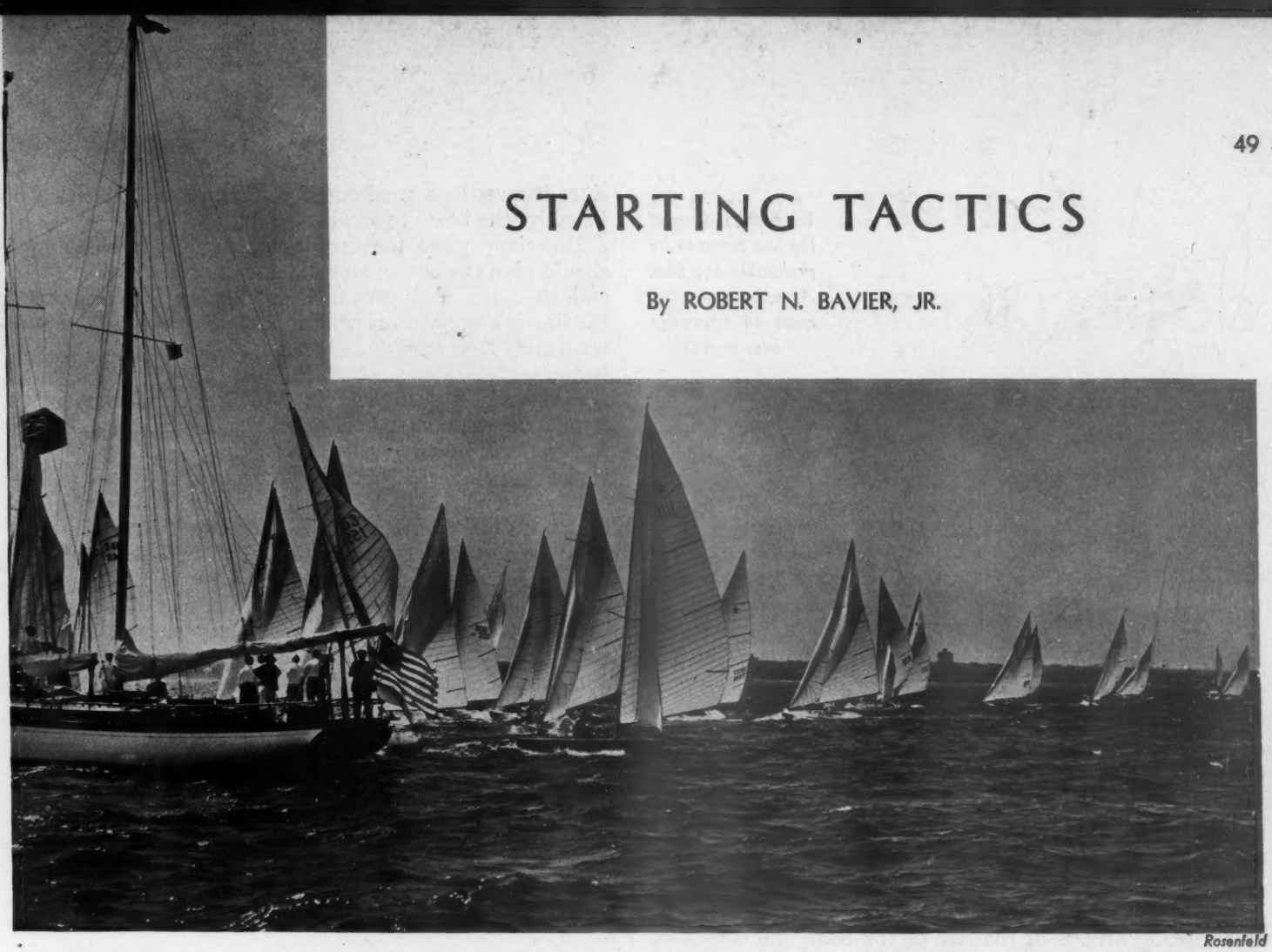
Rosenfeld



Howe Lagarde

STARTING TACTICS

By ROBERT N. BAVIER, JR.



Rosenfeld

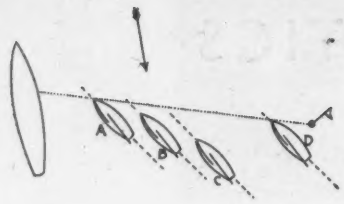
Many a race is won at the start and the alert skipper plans to cross the line in a good position, with good headway and "in the smoke of the gun" or a few seconds thereafter

"THE best way to win an ocean race is to get a jump over the fleet at the start." One would hardly expect a yachtsman in his right mind to make such an assertion, but that is the very way that *Avanti* won the 1937 New London – Gibson Island Race. She and *Edlu* were both out in front during the first few miles, rounded Montauk with the last of the ebb tide and slid down the coast on the first of the flood, while the rest of the fleet was vainly battling against it, trying to pass the light. When they reached the finish line, nearly 400 miles distant, *Avanti* was first on corrected time and *Edlu* second, ahead of a large and brilliant fleet of boats which had never been able to overcome the ground lost in the infant stages of the race. Of course, this was an extreme case and, though of more importance than is generally believed, the start is hardly paramount in the average ocean race.

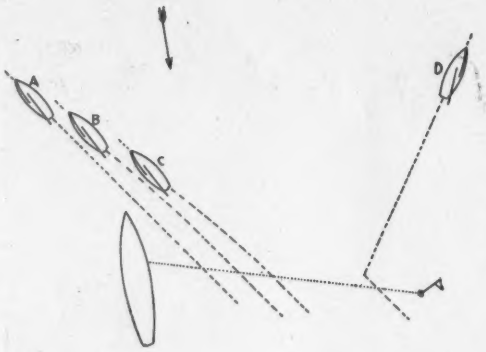
It is, however, the greatest single moment, the biggest determining factor in a triangular afternoon contest. Some sailors who really know their stuff have even gone so far as to say that, in a well matched one-design class, the position at the start is half the race. In an open class, where the boats are of different design, a fast one often comes from behind, finally to capture the lead in the late stages and go on to win, but this happens far less often in a well matched fleet such as the Long Island Sound Internationals. These boats are so even that in a steady breeze the two or three boats that get the jump usually stay out in front. Everything works in their favor — a clear wind, smooth sea, and the ability to go just where they want to. The slow starters either have to take a bitter dose of backwind and a broken sea or "take a flyer" and sail a risky course to clear their wind, with the usually vain hope for a break which will enable them to sail around boats which they can't sail through.

Since the ability to start well is such a tremendous asset, and since almost all of us can stand improvement in this department, it might be well to analyze the subject, studying the tricks of the crack starters whom we all know, and thereby improve our own starting when next summer rolls around. Knowledge of what we should do does not mean that we will become "ace" starters overnight because nerve, judgment and natural ability, things which cannot be gained from reading, must first be present in large doses. But, since we can never hope to improve until we get on the right track to begin with, let's give starts some careful consideration. Of course, much of what is to follow will be pretty obvious to the experienced racing man but perhaps everyone can profit by reacquaintance with what he already knows, and there is the possibility of picking up something new. Boats of different sizes demand varying tactics. Large boats, for example, require a long time to gather headway and, therefore, it is advisable for them to make a long run for the line, two minutes or thereabouts. This requires accurate timing and, of course, when making such a long run one cannot hope always to hit the gun but, in a large boat, it is far better to be a couple of lengths late, and travelling fast, than on the line without much headway. Proper timing, however, can reduce the lateness to a minimum. By several trial approaches, then recording the time you have sailed away from the line, allowing the proper number of seconds it takes to tack and then gain way again after heading for the line, an error of more than a few seconds should be (but all too often is not) exceptional.

Medium sized boats, such as Six-Metres or Internationals, attain good headway in 45 seconds. A good wind and smooth sea reduce this time, while a lumpy sea and dying breeze make it more difficult to gather way. Obviously, though, a long run is unnecessary and therefore the boats should hover near the line, seldom more than one minute away during the whole preparatory period, jockeying



The port hand end of the line seems to be preferable and Boat A apparently has quite an advantage over Boat D



Boat D tacks immediately after crossing the line to get into a more favorable slant. Boat A cannot tack with B and C so close on her quarter

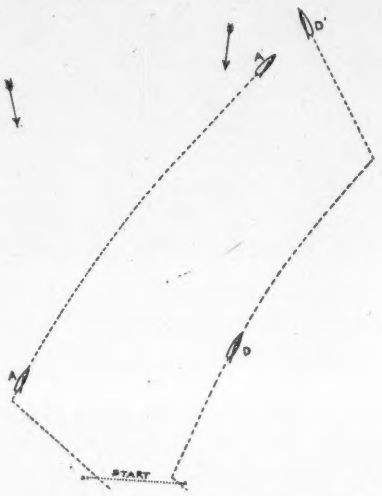
constantly for position and using only the last thirty seconds or so for gathering way. Smaller boats should stay nearer still, placing the emphasis on hitting the gun even if at slow speed, because good way in their case can be reached in a comparatively few seconds.

Match races present a different problem altogether. In this case, regardless of the size of the boat, the emphasis should be placed on getting a better start than the other fellow. By this we mean that if, by getting a late start, you can legally force your opponent into a worse one, then by all means do it. If you are a minute late but he is a minute and a quarter late, you have an excellent start, a far better one and often more skillful than if you had hit the line on the gun with the other boat only five seconds behind. As soon as there are three or more boats involved, these tactics are, of course, invalid because, while you are forcing one opponent into a late start, another one might be stealing the show from both of you.

In spite of the differences in tactics which may be used in boats of varying sizes and numbers, there are still many which apply to the starting of all classes. First, one must decide which end of the line is more favorable. The average skipper underrates the importance of this selection, considering it too easy. "Obviously," he concludes, "the end which is nearer the first mark is the better." But this is only part of the story and it is the good starter who never overlooks any consideration. For example, one end may be the shorter by a couple of lengths. The chances are, therefore, that the bulk of the fleet will choose that end, but only one of them will get the start and have a clear wind. Now, provided your boat is faster than the average, might it not be better to take the other end, which is only a couple of lengths behind, and thereby avoid crowding? In this way, you will be more sure of a clear wind and sea and, if your boat is fast, you can overcome the original disadvantage. If you have the knack of usually leading the fleet across the line, then by all means play for the better end, but the mediocre starter with a fast boat would do well to consider the other.

The skipper must be longsighted in choosing the end for crossing if the start is off the wind. The end which will eventually give the inside berth at the first mark is often the better one, especially in large fleets, though it might appear less favorable at first. Furthermore, the leeward end in light air is frequently advantageous inasmuch as it enables the boat to reach up and gain greater speed from the sharper angle. A start at the leeward end, though, is always risky, since it must be a good one if you are to avoid being blanketed by the boats to windward.

Especially when the first leg is to windward, a skipper should plan the course he will later sail before selecting the end. Of course, starboard tack should always be used unless the line is a very poor one. Suppose, however, that the leeward end favors slightly but that the skipper wishes to go on to the port tack soon after the start in order to sail into a favoring slant over to the right? Would it not be better, then, to take the weather end even though a few lengths astern, so that you will be sure to be able to swing on to the port tack whenever you wish? A boat down to leeward in the number one spot might be held against her will on the starboard tack until far enough ahead to clear the bows of those behind her on the weather quarter. By this time, some other boat up to windward may have already gone on to the port tack, sailed into the good slant, and have overcome tenfold the tiny initial disadvantage and taken the lead. The clever starter always looks ahead and the man who is leading a few minutes after the gun is the one who really got the start.



Boat A finally gets clear and swings over to the port tack but D has been longer in the new breeze and, again on the starboard tack, crosses A's bow when the latter approaches

Once the skipper has decided which end to cross on, he should begin to plan his approach. As soon as the restricted area is clear of boats that may be starting earlier, he should begin running the line, sailing all around the chosen end and timing the number of seconds it requires to cover all distances and make all maneuvers. One excellent starter of our experience is unique in that he seldom approaches the right end of the line until just before the gun, hoping, we imagine, that by hovering at the other end he may lure some unfortunates into crossing there and giving him a clearer opening at the proper end. This strategy seemed to work for a while but soon few of the class were fooled. It seems likely now that our good starter would be even better if he used more time for practice and less for strategy but this case illustrates the almost unlimited number of tricks and tactics which may be used in making a good start.

But before spending all this energy on timing, the skipper should have decided upon the very course he will sail when approaching the line, and then make as many trial runs over it as time will permit. It must be remembered that during the actual start the crowd of boats, cutting the wind and kicking up a sea, will slow the boat down, so that one should always allow more time to cover the same distance and make the same maneuvers than when practicing. On a windward start, it is well to approach on the starboard tack unless the port tack favors tremendously. Furthermore, it is desirable to ease sheets just a few inches and give her a good rap full to gather way but, whenever possible, avoid broad reaching for the line or barging around the marker. In either of these cases, you have forfeited your right of way and may be

(Continued on page 108)

COMMITTEES MAKE MISTAKES, TOO

By

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

A small race committee, made up of a few experienced men usually functions well, better than a larger, less expert group

HAVING devoted considerable space last month to the sins committed against race committees by racing skippers and clubs, it seems only fair to take a few pot shots now in the other direction, thereby putting myself in wrong all around.

Most race committees are capable, conscientious groups of men who do astonishingly good work, all things considered. However, being composed of run-of-the-mill members of yacht clubs, and of the human race in general, they do have their little foibles. What's more, in this job, they're mostly a bunch of amateurs. There are a few men who have served for years on committees that run a good many races annually, and rank as experts, but most committeemen either serve for two or three years and then escape, to be replaced by other green hands, or else they may have served for decades on committees that run only a race or two a year and never get the hang of the thing.

So they do slip now and then. There was, for instance, the young man who one day found himself the only member of his committee aboard the boat, with a Sound championship regatta to run. Unblushingly, he announced that he would get along better without the rest of 'em, anyhow. He parcelled out his assignments among the committee boat's crew and an odd guest or two and got along splendidly until, when about half the fleet had finished, he wondered how a certain friend of his had finished in his class and tossed a question over his shoulder. When he asked the second time and still nobody answered, it dawned on him that, while he'd been industriously spotting boats and had had members of his staff whistling them over the line, reading the clock, and even firing guns for the class winners, he'd neglected the minor detail of having anybody write anything down. There were no records whatever — except, fortunately, those of a couple of newspaper men who hadn't been asked to help but who had long since learned to keep their own records and never trust a committee. Oh, how that man hated us for pulling him out of the hole — or maybe it was because we couldn't help chuckling a little.

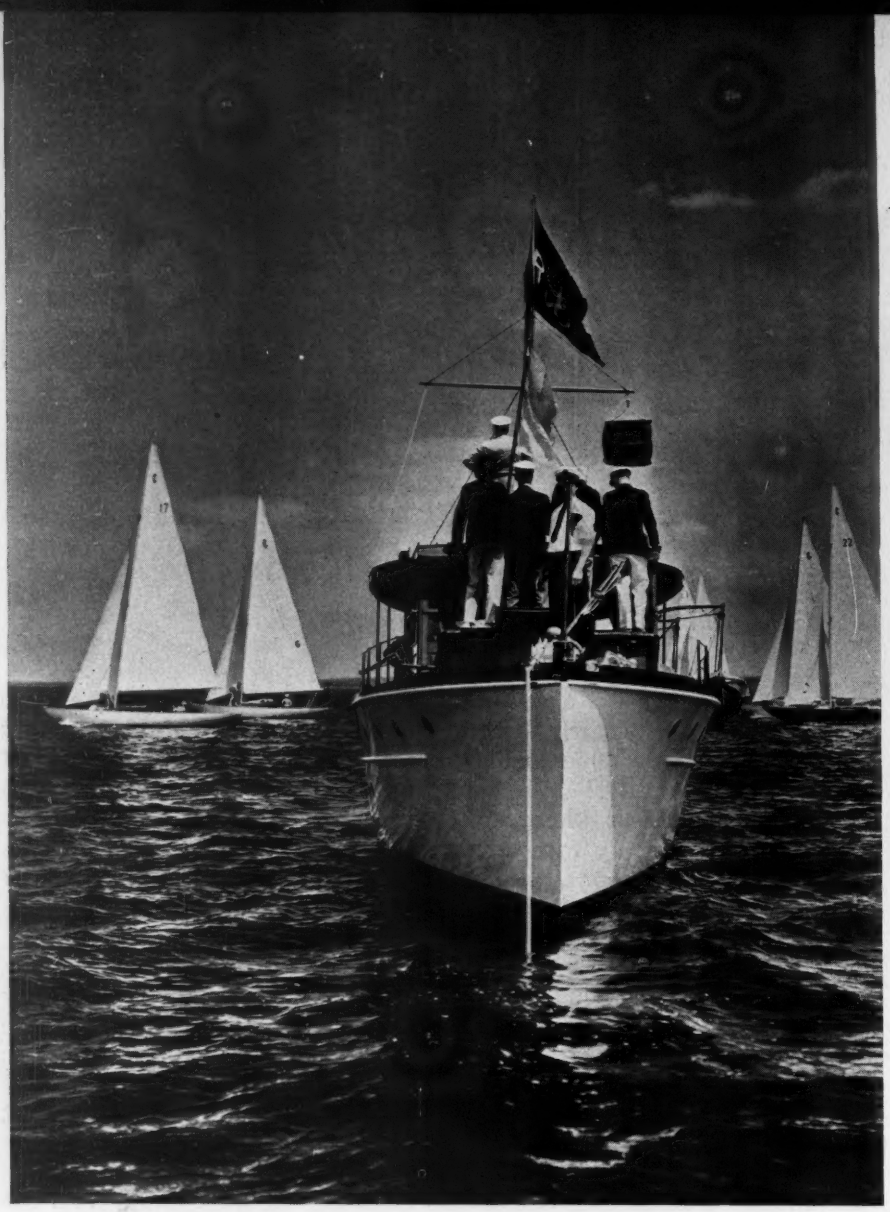
You meet a lot of interesting race committees in the course of a season. One day you're shipmates with a large and smartly-uniformed committee that performs with all the ceremonious precision of a Grover-Whalenized unit of World's Fair ushers. Next day, it may be a handful of casual citizens who operate with a minimum of orders and apparently without any special system, but who do the job as well or a little better. One way is as good as another and any committee may disintegrate into a panic party if its members lack experience and common sense.

One phenomenon that was quite common around Long Island Sound a dozen years ago is, fortunately for efficiency if not for entertainment, rapidly vanishing. I refer to the rumpot race committee. Even one vociferous person can pretty thoroughly disorganize a committee. Luckily, there were usually one or two strong heads who could get the work done after a fashion — sometimes astonishingly well. Perhaps in reaction against some of these alcoholic performances, one or two clubs bar all hard liquor from the committee boat but this always struck me as an implied reflection on the personnel of the committee, as well as an unnecessary hardship.

There was a sad accident a few seasons back when one committee was transferring its equipment from a launch to the committee boat. The boat took a sudden heavy roll from a passing craft's wash and the starting cannon and a case of beer started to slide over the rail simultaneously. The only committeeman within reach acted purely on instinct — he grabbed the beer and let the cannon go. Maybe it was a good choice, as it turned out to be a hot afternoon and the beer tasted pretty good, but the racing skippers had a little trouble getting used to starting on visual signals with no gun to prompt them.

Now and then you find a committeeman with a passion for being scientific. One man, for instance, invented a machine for laying out starting lines. It was a sort of combination compass, pelorus, stadimeter, transit, weather vane and calculating machine, guaranteed to locate the committee boat at exactly the right distance and angle from the starting buoy for any given set of conditions. It couldn't stop the wind from varying or the boat from swinging with the tide, however, so the lines were no better than any others. Less scientific but more practical was the genius who thought of putting inverted tin funnels (from the five-and-dime) on the stakeboat mastheads to act as flashing cones.

At the opposite end of this scale are the committees who just don't seem to care. They anchor at any cockeyed angle and distance to the starting buoy, neglect to set out stakeboats that are shown on their circulars, signal the first set of courses that pop into their minds and start firing guns at irregular intervals. There are few such committees and they err occasionally from ignorance, more often from sheer indifference and stubbornness.



The committee should have room enough to work in and be undisturbed by guests

One way for a committee to go nuts is to try to act on all suggestions made by the racing men. The customer may be always right but, collectively, he has too many conflicting ideas. The committee will do better to make up its own mind. It is often a help to ask a skipper to luff his boat up in the wind, to try the line on the starboard tack, or to see if he can lay such-and-such a course without beating, when you're trying to decide on your courses, but to ask a racing man what he thinks about anything is to invite chaos. Chairmen usually either resent any suggestions whatever and go their own determined ways to destruction or they take all the unsought advice too seriously. Somewhere, there must be a middle course where reasonable suggestions are politely listened to (if the committee isn't too busy), weighed and, four times out of five, discarded.

Some chairmen, normal enough fellows at other times, get a Hitler complex when the "R.C." flag is flying. You can no more offer them a suggestion than a Liverpool packet rat could ask his plug hat skipper for a chew of tobacco. Granting that a committee, like a ship, should have a supreme command, some skippers would be none the worse for a spot of advice here and there.

One respect in which a chairman shouldn't allow himself to be imposed upon is in the matter of turning committee boats into excursion boats. Most experienced committees limit the party to committee, working press and, perhaps, a few carefully selected guests who will be a help rather than a nuisance. Occasionally, however, you find yourself shipmates with a chowder party, brought along regardless by the committee, the owner or both. Only a few committee boats are big enough so that the workers can have deck space to themselves where they can operate without having to fall over the feet and listening to the gabble of a mob that is just out for the ride, and only a few casual guests have sense enough to keep out of the way at crucial moments.

Every committee has its own system or organization — or disorganization. The best organized race committee I know of is George Hawksley, launchman for the Pequot Yacht Club. With a good husky launch, rigged just the way he wants it, George can read the clock, hoist and drop signals, fire guns, watch the starting line, recall boats and record finishes all with one pair of hands and eyes. It's quite a show and works nicely in local races where there aren't too many boats. All George asks is that nobody bother him when he's busy.

For the less experienced committee, or for one that has to handle big regatta and race week fleets, however, one man is something less than a minimum though it's quite possible to have too many cooks. An ideal organization would be something like this. For the starts: one man to read the clock; one to hoist and lower signals; one to fire the gun; one to watch the line for premature starters; one to recall them; two men, one with binoculars and the other with pad and pencil, to record the numbers of all boats in each class before the start and check them as they go over the line. Some of these jobs can, of course, be combined, especially if the fleet isn't too big. The clock man can pull the gun lanyard. One of the boat checkers can watch the line at each start, and he and the signalman, between them, can handle the recalls. Three or four experienced and competent men can handle a pretty big fleet.

At the finish, the essential jobs are (1) to spot and call out number and class, in order, as each boat finishes; (2) to read the clock; (3) to sight the line and blow a whistle or call "Time" or "Mark" on the instant each boat goes over; (4) to record boat numbers and finishes.

The boat spotter's job, in a big fleet, is a tough one when they come in fast, overlapped, hiding each other's numbers and at bad angles. Here is the job for the most experienced man on the committee, who knows the classes and the boats at a glance and who, when numbers are covered up, remembers that a boat with slightly faded blue topsides is International Twenty-two; another with topsides just a trifle different shade of blue is number Eighteen; that the boat with a low fore-triangle is a Victory, the boat with a curved mast an "S," that so-and-so carries his number especially high or low on the sail and, perhaps, if all else fails, that the boat in which the blonde with the figger in the blue bathing suit was sailing is — never mind who that is. The spotter should pick up his numbers, if possible, well before the boats reach the line, remember their relative positions, in case the numbers are obscured later, and which are moving faster than others and may pass them before the finish. He should sing out each boat's number, loud and clear, just once and always in the order in which they actually cross. If possible, he should have a helper, who also knows the boats and has a good pair of eyes to help pick up boats as they approach and, later, to identify boats which have finished without showing their numbers — in which case the spotter should have called "Such-and-such Class boat finishing; number later."

(Continued on page 119)

Left, his own time taker as well as sextant manipulator. The watch is just visible, tucked away in the palm of the left hand, leaving the thumb and forefinger free to turn the tangent screw

When the image of the celestial body "kisses" the horizon, snap your eyes immediately to the watch and take the time. With practice, the "lag" should be less than one-fifth of a second

"STAND BY—MARK!"

A Discussion of the Practical Uses of Timepieces in Offshore Navigation

By FREDERIC M. GARDINER

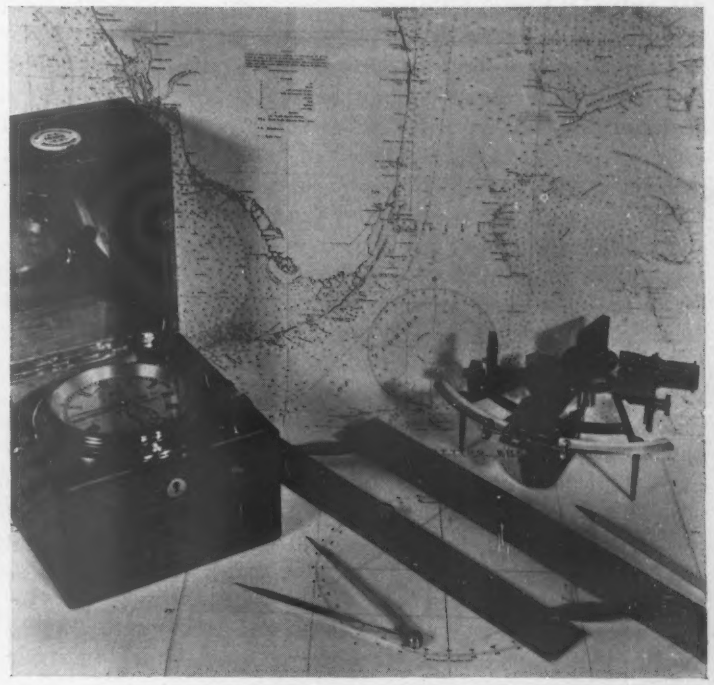
AN ACCOUNT appeared recently in a Sunday news magazine of a venturesome voyage from Hawaii to Samoa, something over 2000 miles, in a Hawaiian outrigger canoe! The actual destination of the adventurers was Fanning Island, about 1100 miles, which seems fairly ambitious for that type of craft, and the reason they fetched up in Samoa, so the story goes, was that their chronometer was broken and they missed Fanning Island altogether.

That story has considerable significance to the amateur navigator. If you will look at your charts of Oceania, you will see that Fanning Island is just a pin prick, with various other pin pricks at some distance, but that the Samoa Group is fairly numerous and contains some good sized islands. In short, it would be easy to miss Fanning but not so difficult to find Samoa. We are not told what navigating equipment the voyagers carried, besides the chronometer, but they must have had a sextant and the necessary tables or the chronometer would not have been of much use in the first place. So the question arises as to whether they had a ship's clock or a wrist watch or any other sort of timepiece, and what use might have been made of it.

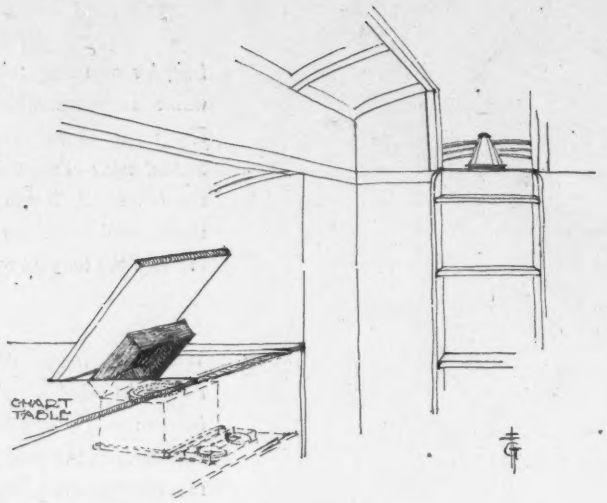
It has been my observation that one weakness of most amateur navigators is that, unless everything is exactly according to Hoyle, they are lost. If anything happens to the chronometer or the horizon is not clear cut or there is a mist or the sea is too rough, the tendency is to disregard celestial navigation altogether. I blame this tendency on training, because all courses in navigation that I am familiar with lay great stress on accuracy. It must be admitted that that is commendable because careless navigation is to be avoided. But I think the great point to make is to be as careful and as accurate as conditions and the tools at hand allow; but to make use of every makeshift available rather than throw the use of sights on heavenly bodies overboard. In this connection, we must not forget that Captain Joshua Slocum did a good deal of his navigation in *Spray* with an alarm clock! It is comparatively simple to learn to take and work out sights, but it takes experience to judge how accurate those sights are and to what extent they can be safely used — and that is one of the most important jobs of the navigator.

Take the case in point. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that one of the men on the Fanning Island cruise had a wrist watch but that he had forgotten to wind it. There you are, a chronometer beyond repair and a watch which has stopped. And yet their case is not entirely hopeless for finding that island, in preference to sailing on and on until somewhere they raise the land. For example, you can find your latitude without the use of any sort of timepiece by following the sun in its rise until it dips at noon. That is a patience-trying process.

But you can set your watch approximately at sunrise by referring to the tables of time of sunrise in the Nautical Al-



Essential to celestial navigation. Other essentials include Nautical Almanac, tables, azimuth tables, etc.



A good installation for an auxiliary which has room for a navigator's table. The same idea can be worked out on the bridge of a motor cruiser

manac and making the proper calculations. That will give you enough of an idea of the time so that you won't have to follow the sun all morning with the sextant but can start following it a few minutes before noon. When the sun "dips" at noon, you read the altitude and work out your latitude. There is no reason why that should not be accurate.

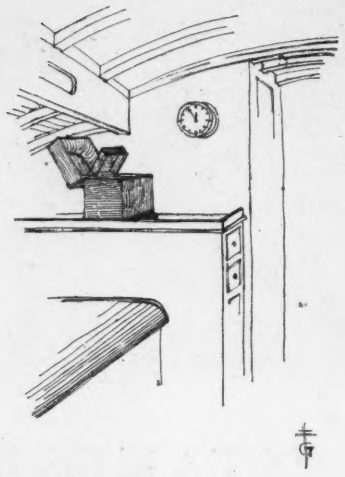
At the same time that the sun dips, note the time (to the second) on your watch. In the latitudes near Fanning Island, the sun's dip will be fast, because the altitude is high and the sun has to rise and fall a long distance in the time allotted between sunrise and sunset; therefore your error in spotting the time will be less than in higher latitudes where the arc of rise is flatter. Actually, the sun in low latitudes seems to take a little hop at the time of the dip and you should be able to get the time within a few seconds.

Suppose you allow a possible error of thirty seconds, which should be ample under the conditions. You have, then, established your local apparent time within thirty seconds of accuracy. Every navigator knows that an error of a minute in time is equivalent to an error of 15 miles in line of position. Thirty seconds, therefore, represents 7½ miles. In other words, when you work out an afternoon line of position, that line should be not over 7½ miles to the right or left of your actual position.

To save time, let's assume that, when you worked out your latitude sight, you found you were right on the latitude of Fanning Island. You don't know whether you are east or west of it, so you heave to for a while, until the bearing of the sun has changed enough to enable you to "cross" a Sumner line with your latitude, which you do with the sun bearing, say, 210°. Now if you will look at the diagram, you will see that that sight puts you on a known parallel of latitude, in a section a little over 15 miles long; that is, a little over 7½ miles east and a little over 7½ west of your calculated afternoon Sumner line. I have put this position west of Fanning Island because the course from Hawaii to Fanning Island lies mostly in the Northeast Trades and, from what little I know of outrigger canoes, on a reach they will go about a mile to leeward for every five they go ahead!

You might use the moon at transit in the same manner as the sun, or even "lunars," for checking the time, a complicated and devious process, particularly difficult on the unstable deck of a small boat at sea. The lunar method will be found in older books on navigation (excellent discussion in Lecky's *Wrinkles in Practical Navigation*), but, if I had to choose between working out a string of lunars and sailing on for a couple of weeks, I think I'd sail on! At any rate, having established your latitude accurately and your longitude

A good place for the chronometer in a small cruiser. Take care that the lid of the case has room to swing back and that the case is firmly screwed down



within the limits of the tools at hand, your next procedure is to sail directly along the established parallel of latitude until the light mast (95 feet high, "visible 15 miles") on Fanning Island appears above the horizon.

Now, for all I know, the lads in the outrigger may have tried all this and found themselves so far to the westward of their destination (and maybe of Washington and Palmyra Islands, too, which spread some 200 miles west of Fanning) that they just said: "Oh, to hell with it; this is swell, anyway, let's keep going!" rather than face a long beat to windward to reach Fanning. Or they may have been pushed around by a gale of wind and had to go where the wind carried them, willy-nilly. Mulling over this with the well-known navigator and compass corrector, Captain Abbott, we came to the conclusion that they had probably made at least a point (11¼°) leeway and, going entirely on dead reckoning, it looks, from the chart, as if that would just about land them where they did land — in Samoa.

What actually happened is conjecture. The foregoing demonstrates, however, that if there had been another timepiece on board (which would run) and they were determined to reach Fanning Island, they could have done so, insofar as navigation is concerned. This, on what might be called a smaller scale, would be equally true in a Bermuda Race. Quite a number of yachts, over the years, have missed those islands. Most of the misses that I know of were due to faulty mathematical calculations but a few were due to "chronometer trouble;" and one or two to that amateur navigator's nightmare — the skipper who puts his faith in dead reckoning rather than in sights!

While the foregoing indicates that to lose a chronometer is not to lose all, it does not minimize the importance of the chronometer in accurate navigation. The chronometer still remains one of the most important, if not the most important, instrument in celestial navigation. It disturbs me to hear, as I have, navigators of limited experience hint that they don't need chronometers because they can get the time tick. A radio receiver which can pick up time signals should be classed, now, as part of a navigator's time equipment — but that makes it a complement to, not a substitute for, the chronometer. Just as a radio direction finder is a complement to, not a substitute for, other navigating instruments.

The chronometer is often described as just a "more accu-

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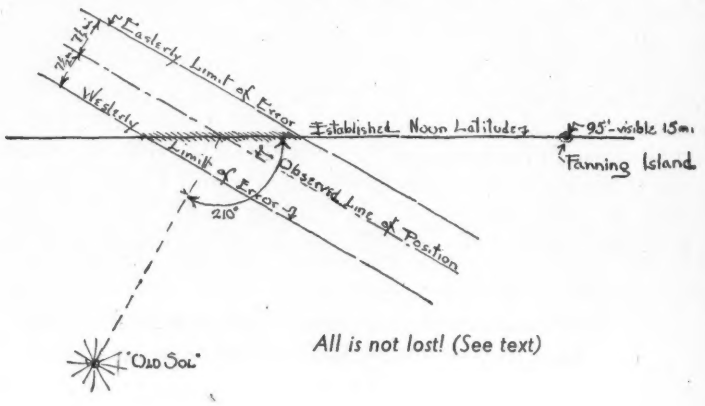
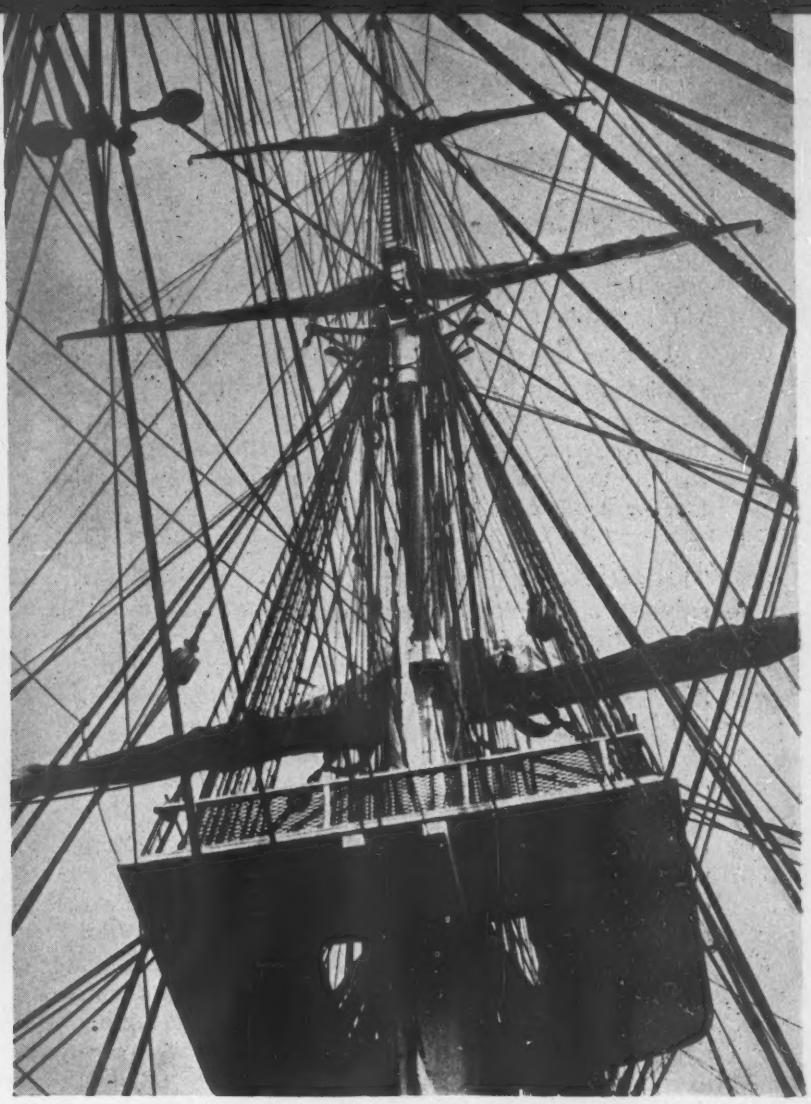


All is not lost! (See text)



Photos by Jeannette Griffith

The main channels of U.S.S. "Constitution," with the heavy hemp shrouds and breast backstays, the deadeyes and lanyards. Right, the hemp standing rigging on topmast, topgallant and royal masts was heavy and presented plenty of wind resistance

STANDING RIGGING OF WIRE

By

F. L. OLIVER

Captain, U. S. Navy, Retired

Today's sailors, who have never seen hemp standing rigging, little realize the advances made since wire rope replaced hemp. With shrouds and stays that stretched continually, it was well nigh impossible to hold a vessel's spars up to their work in a breeze. The mastheads went to leeward, the topmasts sagged off even more while the loftier spars hung out almost over the side. The long bowsprits sagged off and their ends described all sorts of loops with every puff of wind. It may surprise many to learn how recently wire rope has come into use for standing rigging afloat. [*Ed.*]

ONE of the most pronounced peculiarities of the human race is the general failure to take note of its intimate surroundings. How many people give a thought to wire and whence it came? We may truthfully assert that the modern world is held together with wire for, were all traces of wire removed from this planet, our vaunted civilization would function with difficulty or perhaps even cease to operate. Wire is, indeed, an indispensable adjunct to the age and it is futile to attempt an enumeration of its manifold applications. Without the slightest effort, anyone can bring to mind innumerable instances in which the use of wire is essential.

Wire is not a modern invention. Rarely can an ancient civilization be probed by archaeologists without uncovering evidence of its use. But the wire of old was not the kind we know. In the dim past, wire making was a fine art, the work of skilled craftsmen who sliced sheets of metal into thin strips which were then laboriously hammered into short lengths of wire. The product of this expensive and toilsome process was principally devoted to ornamental uses.

Not until some six centuries ago was the art of die drawing metal into wire developed. Wire then became a commercial commodity instead of a luxury and for centuries Bavaria, where the process originated, produced most of the wire which was used throughout the world.

More and more uses for wire were found as mechanical and industrial activities developed, but it was not until the early part of the nineteenth century that the first wire rope was made. It was fabricated in Saxony as an experimental replacement for the short-lived hemp rope used in mine hoists and proved so successful that, by 1838, if not before, similar wire ropes were in general use in the nearby mines. These ropes were made of iron wire about one quarter inch in diameter, four to a strand, with four, six or eight strands forming ropes of various capacities.

The English were quick to recognize the advantages of wire rope and put it to many uses, among which was wire standing rigging on board ships. The *Journal of the Franklin Institute* for August, 1844, contains an article taken from an unnamed English publication which states that wire standing rigging had then been in use on many naval and merchant

vessels in Great Britain for about eight years and had proved satisfactory. This article included a testimonial from the owner of one of the first vessels known to have had wire standing rigging. It reads as follows:

"I have much pleasure in stating, that my schooner (*Marshall*) has been entirely fitted with Smith's patent wire rope, as standing rigging, for nearly eight years, and it now appears as good as when put over the mastheads; during that time the schooner has been constantly afloat and trading in the Baltic and coastwise.

T. Marshall."

The *Marshall* undoubtedly was what we call a topsail schooner and the quotation indicates that she was equipped with a wire rig as early as 1836.

The *Mechanic's Magazine* for February, 1840, states that Smith took out a patent on wire rope in 1835 and that a year later, after a test by the Admiralty, his wire rope was ordered installed as standing rigging on several men-of-war with entirely satisfactory results.

"Attempts are now making, and we feel confident that they will ere long succeed, to introduce iron wire rigging, which we consider as stronger and better than chain, because less dependent on the accidental quality and careless manufacture of a single part." *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1842.

It is of record that, about 1842, the *Great Liverpool*, a 1400-ton steamer, was fitted with wire standing rigging and other vessels are referred to about that time as having been rigged with wire rope. It would be only reasonable to anticipate finding steamers among the first users of wire standing rigging. Of necessity, hemp in all places exposed to heat from the funnel had long since been replaced by chain, which not only was heavy and expensive but, as mentioned above, was no stronger than the weakest link. The success obtained in substituting wire rope for chain doubtless caused it to be used elsewhere in the rigging of steamers with equally favorable results, but the confidence expressed by the 1842 *Encyclopedia* concerning the early adoption of wire rigging does not appear to have been realized promptly. No seamanship book issued between 1843 and 1853 makes mention of wire rigging.

However, in 1841, an English patent was issued for a machine to lay up wire into strands around a core of hemp or cotton saturated with a preservative. The strands were then to be laid around another core to form the rope. It is interesting to note that, even at such an early period in the manufacture of wire rope, it was usually six-stranded.

In 1845, H.M.S. *Terrible* was rigged throughout with wire — lower, topmast, topgallant and royal. This rigging proved quite satisfactory but wire rope standing rigging continued to be the exception and not the rule. Undoubtedly, the lack of experience in working wire was a contributing factor to the disinclination at first shown toward the general adoption of wire rigging. Merchant vessels made long voyages during which they had to be, to a large extent, self-sufficient. In case of damage aloft, repairs were made by the crew or, when beyond the crew's capacity, in the next port reached. In many foreign ports, however, it could not always be certain that wire workers would be found.

Nevertheless, the use of wire rigging in British ships slowly but steadily increased. Soon after 1851, it had come into general use in most of the larger merchantmen and by 1860 hemp standing rigging had practically disappeared from use. By 1863, the shipbuilders had progressed to producing the *Seaforth*, a Liverpool ship said to have been the first to have steel lower masts and topmasts, bowsprit and wire standing rigging with an estimated saving of 21 tons weight aloft and a great reduction in wind resistance.

The history of wire standing rigging in American ships is a different story. Diligent research has failed to develop much definite information on the subject of its early use but apparently wire standing rigging was rarely, if ever, used in our ships until the 1860's. An interesting commentary on the difference in rig of American and British ships is to be found in an account of the British clipper *Chaasze* and the American ship *Sea Serpent* fouling each other off Canton in 1860 in which it is related: "In the rush to get clear, the two crews hacked at the entangled rigging with the hemp gear of the Yankee getting well slashed up, whereas the wire rigging on the *Chaasze* suffered but little."

A meticulous set of memorandum books kept by Daniel Boyd, of the firm of Boyd and Hanson, riggers at Portland, Maine, gives complete details concerning the rigging of hundreds of ships between 1838 and 1861. All were hemp rigged. The *Melrose*, a ship of 993 tons built at East Boston in 1863, by J. Thayler for New York owners, is the earliest American ship fitted with wire standing rigging about which authentic information has been obtained. The *Alaska*, a ship of 1315 tons, built at Kennebunk, Maine, in 1867 by Nathaniel Lord Thompson, is described as being one of the first American ships fitted with wire rigging. It is also stated that wire began to be used in Thompson's shipyard as early as 1863. This use, however, probably was confined to fore and aft stays which are reputed to have been in use several years before wire began to replace hemp shrouds and backstays.

A. J. Villiers

How much neater and lighter the modern wire rope shrouds and turnbuckles are than the old time hemp!

Men whose memories span a long period of time have advanced several reasons why wire standing rigging was opposed for so many years in American ships, among them being that:

American hemp rope for standing rigging was superior to foreign hemp and had been developed into a four-stranded rope laid up very hard and having little tendency to stretch.

Hemp was cheaper than wire rigging. When properly made up, a gang of hemp rigging could be expected to last as long as the ship herself.

When worn out, hemp had definite value as junk, from which oakum was made, whereas, at that time, scrap wire rope had no value.

There was no elasticity in wire rope and all seamen considered that the rigging should have some stretch.

Hemp was considered safer than wire because, when it let go, there was ample warning; it parted strand by strand while wire went all at once, without warning.

Hemp was easier to work than was

This ship's standing rigging is all of wire rope and her spars are of steel, a contrast to those of "Old Ironsides"

Canadian National Railways

wire and could be handled by the crew. On the contrary, wire required the services of experts.

Some of the reasons advanced above are borne out to a certain extent by statements published years ago but none alone seems entirely convincing. The real reason probably was a combination of two or more of those presented and the inference which may be drawn will be given later. Two things are certain, however: the opposition was not due to a lack of domestic wire rope nor was it because wire standing rigging was untested in America, as, by 1860, there were several wire rigged British built ships owned in this country. Certain it is, though, that our seamen of the 50's, and 60's took so little interest in the working of wire rope that, when the change did come — and it was a radical change — wire workers had to be brought from abroad.

Wire rope was introduced into the United States by John A. Roebling, who emigrated from Muhlhausen, Saxony, in 1831 and settled on a farm near Saxonburg, Pennsylvania. He was an educated man, holding a civil engineer's degree from the Royal Polytechnic Institute in Berlin. His real interest centered in bridge construction but his mechanical training caused him to be attracted by the difficulties the Allegheny Portage Railroad was having with its "planes" (marine railways), where huge 8½- and 9-inch hemp hawsers over a mile in length were used in hauling the cradles which carried canal boats. When he learned, through an article in a German technical journal, of the successful ropes made in Saxony by twisting iron wires together, he decided that the Portage had need for just such ropes as replacements for the inefficient, awkward and short lived hemp cables.

Obtaining the necessary wire, he pressed his neighbors into service and, in a long, level meadow on his farm, made a wire rope in 1840. From this small beginning, the great wire rope industry of our country has developed.

Roebling offered, as he expressed it: "To put a wire rope of my manufacture on one of the planes of the Allegheny Portage Railroad at my own risk and expense, to be paid for in proportion as it rendered services equivalent to hemp." Such a test, however, was not authorized until 1842, when his wire rope proved a complete success.

In casting about for other uses to which his rope could be put, Roebling did not neglect the opportunities offered afloat and, as early as November, 1843, he published an article in part as follows:

"I will here add a few remarks on the introduction of standing wire rigging in place of hemp rigging. This subject has, for some years past, engaged the attention of the Navy Departments of England and France, and the success which has attended the use of wire in place of hemp for shrouds and stays in the naval and commercial service of Great Britain would, it appears, seem to warrant an attempt to test its utility on our national vessels. . . .

"The most prominent features of wire rigging as compared to hemp rigging, are its durability, less weight and size, less surface exposed to wind, less danger in time of action to being destroyed by shot. Another good quality of the wire rope is its greater elasticity, which is quite sufficient to counteract the effect of a sudden jerk while a vessel is rolling heavily at sea. The elasticity of hemp rigging is only to be relied on to a very small extent; it will give and stretch a great deal, but not return."

Roebling appeared quite impressed with the possibilities of wire rope and in the same article makes interesting claims, *viz:*

"A common objection of those not familiar with the nature of wire rope, is its supposed rapid destruction by oxidation; but no apprehension is less founded than this. As however, the process of laying is carried on with mathematical precision, by which the wires are brought into the closest contact, the assemblage of wires in the form of a strand present a solid rod, which will be no more subjected to rusting than the link of a chain of the same size. Wire rigging will require no other protection but oiling or tarring once or twice a season. Where elegance is an object, black or green paint may be used. Rigging made of zincked wires and not painted would present a most elegant appearance and be exempt from rusting."

He prophetically continues:

"Iron is now gradually superseding wood in the construction of vessels. A complete revolution in shipbuilding has already commenced in England. Although very expensive at first, iron ships will prove the cheapest in the end. Are there any well founded objections to wire rigging which assumes the same relation to hemp rigging as iron ships to wooden ones?

"The attachment of wire shrouds to the sides of the vessel and to the masthead and their connection with the ratlines (which should also be of wire) can be effected by the old method; the use of wire, however will suggest some modifications better adapted to the material."

Roebling continued to advocate the substitution of wire rope for hemp in standing rigging. However, no record of

(Continued on page 104)

THE ANGLER'S FISHING CHAIR

By

LANSDELL ANDERSON

"Yachting" presents a new series on salt water fishing written by the well-known guide Lansdell Anderson, familiarly called "Bounce." These informative articles, illustrated with the author's fine action photographs, cover the sport from the viewpoint of a widely experienced guide who has specialized in big game fishing from Nova Scotia to the West Indies. We have also arranged for Mr. Anderson to reply to all inquiries from our readers regarding the various phases of the sport, boats and tackle, methods, places or seasons. [ED.]

WHENEVER several enthusiastic anglers get together, the conversation naturally turns to fishing. The odds are that fish, whether they are giant blue marlin or merely school weakfish, will be stacked around in piles like cordwood before the discussion drifts to tackle or the plans for a new fishing boat. Then the talk runs wild on everything from topside controls to bottom paint — except fishing chairs. Unless you are listening in on a couple of fishing guides engaged in the sport of talking shop, you rarely hear the subject of fishing chairs mentioned.

You are far more apt to hear a story about an amberjack or a 100-pound tuna that "almost had me all in before I finally got it up to the boat." There is little reason for a fish of that size ever giving a man a physical licking, regardless of how ineffectively he paces his efforts throughout the fight. The chances are about even that the fishing chair and harness are all wrong. Those two units are equally as important as the rod, the reel and line.

A thorough knowledge of these chairs is as valuable to the angler who charters the guide boat as to the wealthy owner of a super, special-built, 46-footer or to the sportsman whose income limits him to an able, roughly finished, 26-foot sea skiff. The latter can do a creditable job of rebuilding his old chair at remarkably low cost if he knows exactly what he is up against from the start, thus eliminating costly trial and error. The 46-footer can be equipped with the best chairs on the market if the owner's understanding of their function is well grounded. Further, their installation will be more efficiently handled. It takes more than a high price tag to make a good fishing chair. Whether selecting a charter boat for a day of sailfishing or a few weeks of big game fishing, a wise angler pays far more attention to the fighting chair than to all the shiny gadgets that may be piled aboard.

Your tackle may be able to absorb terrific punishment but, if you do not anchor it to a sturdy, well-designed fishing chair while using an efficient harness, you cannot half stress that tackle, much less take full advantage of its power, when some adverse condition, such as the presence of sharks or the gradual approach of a line squall, demands that you really go to work on a game fish.

Try this simple experiment at home. Sit on a chair with both feet flat on the floor and extend either arm straight out in front of you. A friend can grasp your hand and pull you off the chair with little effort. That illustrates the fix you are in when wearing a shoulder type harness while fighting a fish from a chair without proper bracing for your feet. Half your energy is spent just trying to stay in the fishing chair. Your weight does not help you. A good sized amberjack or a stubborn 100-pound tuna bends your back and nearly yanks out your arms.

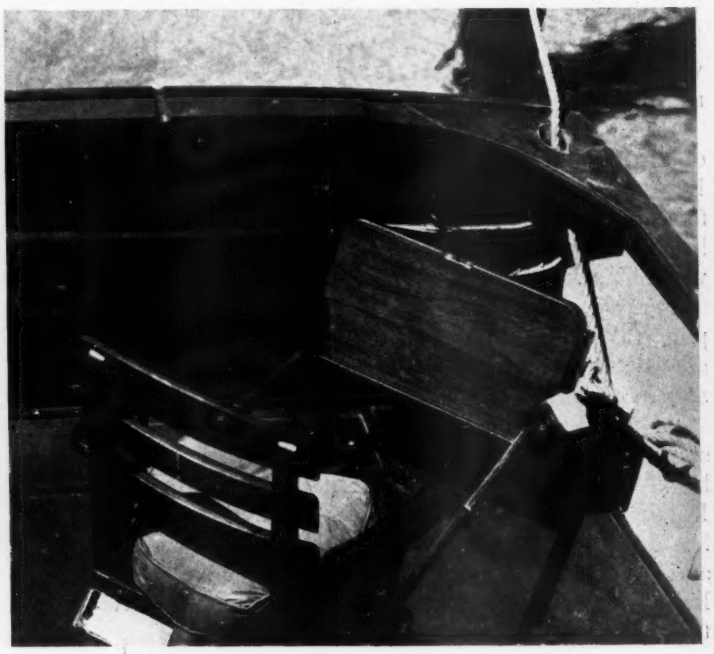
Now, sit in that same chair with outstretched legs stiffly braced against some solid object a foot or so off the floor. Let your friend grab your belt and now try to pull you off the chair. He will find it a whale of a job. That is about the position you are in when using a waist type harness while fighting a fish from a chair with proper foot bracing. Now you have the full strength of your legs and the weight of your body behind the rod and you can utilize your back, shoulders and arms to get the utmost out of your tackle. You can whip down a fish that outweighs you three to one in short order and even hold the fish in check with your legs, weight and reel drag when you take both hands off the outfit to light up a smoke during the fight.

Examine the important features incorporated in the design of proved, efficient fighting chairs before you purchase a new one or revamp the one you now have.

A narrow seat cramps the angler and is most uncomfortable. It should be wide enough for a really large man. When a slim woman takes a turn at the rod, a small boat cushion at either side will chock her in place nicely against the roll of the boat. A mahogany seat should be a minimum of $2\frac{1}{2}''$ thick and be strengthened with snugly fitted $\frac{3}{4}''$ dowels. A pair of 1" by 2" strips, screwed in place on the under side, will further add to its ability to withstand the extreme stresses which may be placed on it through gimbal, foot bracing, etc. Many guides line half the under side of their chairs with a $\frac{3}{16}''$ brass plate to tie these separate units together solidly. The all-metal seats now on the market solve this problem nicely.

The seat cushion should be about 3" thick. A glazed covering may be waterproof but it becomes unbearably hot in the sun and the angler slides all around on it. A mildewproof, khaki material serves best. The cushion should button to the chair seat. An additional cushion is sometimes used when raising a deep fish.

Several years ago, a few guides specializing in big game fishing welded one pair of the pins in their gimbal to eliminate



The fighting chair in the cockpit of the charter boat "Jersey Lightning," with its back and foot rest in normal trolling position

the lateral pivot while still retaining the vertical pivot. The experiment proved successful. They now equip their chairs with heavy butt holders fitted with one pair of large pins which allow only a vertical pivot of the wide lipped cup. This type holds the rod, which is fitted with slotted butt cap to key into the solid pin at the bottom of the cup, rigidly in place. It eliminates that annoying sidewise wobble with which the angler used to contend. Boat roll no longer bothers him even though he takes his hands off the outfit after the harness is clipped in place. Further, when fighting a fish on a lowered rod with a reasonably tight drag on the line, the fish automatically turns the chair for the angler so that he is always facing his quarry.

There is a tendency today to drop the cup several inches below the seat level and thus take advantage of the differ-

ence in leverage favoring the angler when using a longer rod butt. The cups in many of the holders manufactured today are adjustable. The same advantage can be gained with a holder having a fixed cup by fastening it to the under side of the seat. Use flat head bolts instead of relying entirely on a few screws. You will be amazed at the amount of pressure that is built up on the holder through leverage. Sportsmen and guides who have followed the tuna run off Cat Cay for the past several years know the answers. Chair breakage there used to be terrific. As long as you keep plugging offshore waters, there is always the chance that some day a couple of bolts will save a good fish for you that might crack up a chair which is not well fastened.

In a 26-foot sea skiff, the chair can be placed so that the angler can conveniently brace his feet against gunwale and transom. A wide, deep knee across each corner of the stern will ease his shift from astern to abeam when swinging with a circling fish. The same effect can be worked out in the larger cockpit of a 28- or 30-footer by constructing a fish box on one side and an ice-bait box on the other. If the inboard side of each box falls away as it rises to the top of the box, the slanting foot rest thus formed will be comfortable and efficient. The arrangement will be further improved by building a false, inside slanting transom for the third side of the foot rest. The after end of the cockpit should be clear to allow the boatman to gaff or rope a fish, so it is unwise to extend the boxes all the way aft. A pipe bend from the inboard, after corner of each box to the stern completes the three-quarter circle.

Adjustable foot bracing slung from the seat of the chair is the ideal set-up in boats over 26 feet in length. Several types are offered. All offer the variable length feature to suit the angler's leg length. A majority also have an arrangement whereby the angle of the struts can be changed, thus raising

An efficiently planned cockpit is arranged to give comfortable bracing for the angler's feet. Left, holding a stubborn deep tuna from a chair with attached, adjustable foot bracing

or lowering the footboard. Added comfort is provided in a few in which the footboard can be set on the struts at any desired angle. The man who wishes to build the bracing himself at low cost had best forget these last two features. He can easily work out the first (adjustable length) by making up a U-shaped frame of 1″ brass pipe from two 4½′ lengths (the parallel struts), two 90° elbows and an end piece (the foot rest), the length of which is determined by the width of the seat. Two parallel short lengths of pipe of larger diameter, spaced as far apart as convenient and solidly anchored in place on the under side of the seat, serve as the carriers through which this frame slides. Loose pins, passing through holes drilled in carriers and struts, effect the adjustment. Ream, pin and braze the elbows and end piece in place.

If a factory type of foot bracing combining all three features is purchased for use on your present chair, a flat head bolt in addition to the screw in each of the fittings fastened to the seat may save you a bit of disastrous breakage some day.

The chair back must be detachable or adjustable from its normal vertical position to a semi-horizontal position. With it in the tilted position, there is no chance of the angler taking a back flip to the deck if the line breaks and the added leverage eases the mate's job of swinging the chair when fighting a wild fish in a heavy sea. You can add this feature to any chair having a detachable back by brazing another pair of female ferrule fittings at a 60° angle to those already on the chair and filling in with a piece of wood.

The position of the pintle under the seat is of vital importance. Centering it under the seat leads to difficulties because the offset weight of the gimbal, foot bracing and the angler's legs, all on the same side, tend to spin the chair every time the boat rolls. If locked to resist this tendency, the pull of the fish to either side on the rod cannot automatically swing the chair. Placing the pintle as close as possible (without interference) to the gimbal tames a wildly rolling chair. The plate carrying the pintle can be slotted to allow the rod butt holder to swing freely so that the rod can be lowered to a horizontal position. If the plate is sufficiently large so that the bolts holding the gimbal and the foot bracing pass through it, so much the better.

(Continued on page 98)

UNDER THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT

By "SPUN YARN"

HOW are you making out with your New Year's resolutions? Twenty years ago I cruised Down East single-handed in a runabout equipped with an automobile motor that had been adapted but not spiritually converted to marine use. I have since come to think of that cruise as a pleasant one, all things considered, and was shocked when I came across an old letter that I had written from Bar Harbor and read this: "I'm tired tonight, as it was an off day for the motor. When I finally got it started the reverse gear threw heavy grease all over me and the boat. Then the sea coming around from Seal Harbor was worse than I enjoy being out in with a power plant that is only two jumps ahead of a general overhaul. So I've concluded I'm not as young as I used to be — say on the awful day six weeks ago that I began this cruise. When I get to Eastport, I'm going to say 'Never again.'" That, as I say, was twenty years ago, before I gave up making resolutions.

Now is the time of year when I like to boost the North American Yacht Racing Union — the only maritime union in this country that gives the boat owner an even break. But this time, instead of urging you to join the N.A.Y.R.U. for the good of racing, I'm going to suggest that you join it for your own good. Individual membership entitles you to a copy of the yearbook that contains not only Cruising Club, national, and international rules of racing but a wide variety of other information that is useful to the amateur sailor — yacht etiquette, time allowance tables, the flag code, emergency signals, appeals from important protests and so on. Officers of a yacht club member of the Union have to maintain a constant vigil to keep this invaluable volume from being snitched by covetous persons, but you may have your own copy by sending $5.00 for a year's individual membership to Ernest Stavey, Secretary, N.A.Y.R.U., 11 Broadway, New York City.

At the dinner succeeding this year's annual meeting of the Union, George Nichols spoke eloquently of the reception accorded his crew by the Finns when his Six-Metre *Goose* successfully defended the Scandinavian Gold Cup last summer. The Finns, you may remember, are the people who did America the honor of saying that "it is considered the greatest glory to beat an American opponent and the smallest defeat to lose to him." When Mr. Nichols asked the Chairman of the Regatta Committee whether there were any special instructions he received the answer: "Yacht racing is a gentleman's sport — not a war." . . . I bet old Joe Stalin, who knows nothing about either, wishes now that he had undertaken to polish off a country less skillful in both.

That wave of defeatism that has swept the United States recently seems to have engulfed the people who condone the action of the Germans in scuttling the pocket battleship *Graf Spee*. They praise her late captain for avoiding battle and thus sparing the lives of a thousand sailors. I'm rather humanitarian myself — especially when my own skin is involved — but I entertain the notion that a naval or military man begins by dedicating his life to his country and proceeds from that point to inflict the greatest damage to his country's enemy. So it has been in our naval tradition and so it was with the Germans before Stalin's pal Hitler kidded them into believing that they are a race apart. A good example of how a non-suiciding German skipper fought the last war is found in Roy Alexander's excellent book "The Cruise of the Raider *Wolf*."

Before getting off these warlike topics, I should like to refer to an announcement by the Regio Yacht Club Italiano relative to its international regattas. These, it appears, "have been postponed to the spring of 1940 owing to the present European difficulties." Chas Hall says it seems to him like understatement but I'm more interested in the implied possibility that the "European difficulties" will be over by spring. If the Regio Yacht Club Italiano has any inside dope about the war's end, will it please reply by air mail so that I can resume work on a Transatlantic Race?

I thought I had a new member of the Lee Rail Vikings until I analyzed the man's credentials and realized that he abode within the rules. Here's the situation: A friend of mine took part in a one-design race in a neighboring harbor in which the windward mark was one of a miscellaneous group of fish or oyster stakes. The first time around the course, my friend followed the leading local sailor so closely that he didn't notice the appearance or exact location of the stake they rounded. The second time around, he found himself in the lead and unable to determine which of the stakes was the proper mark. Therefore he yelled for instructions and his erstwhile leader called back: "Round any stake you like and I'll follow you." He did, and so did another local man who rounded and finished third. The race over, a fourth man who had been far back in the ruck protested that he had

(*Continued on page 108*)

John W. Stedman

Llewellyn Howland's auxiliary yawl "Escape" was designed by the Concordia Company and built by the Casey Boat Building Co., Fairhaven, Mass. She is 39' 10" in length over all, 28' 6" on the water line, 10' 0" beam and 5' 8" draft

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

Stars Return from Kiel

PERHAPS the readers of YACHTING would be interested in knowing what became of the three American Stars which were left behind in Germany at the outbreak of the war, after the 1939 World Championship series. About the middle of October, when all the skippers and crews had returned to the United States and had about given up hope of ever seeing their boats again, I received the following letter from the shipping company in Kiel (I enclose the original so that you will not think I am making up the wonderful grammar):

"We beg to inform you that we thought it now to be the best way to send all the three starboats from Kiel to Copenhagen for transport to New York and we hope that it will be possible that soon you come into the possession of the boats. We are not quite sure whether Mr. Wegeforth is still at Copenhagen and will look further personally after the transport.

"We have instructed our Copenhagen Agents also to issue the necessary Consular Invoice so that we hope that everything will be in best order."

Surprisingly enough, everything was "in best order." How they got the boats from Kiel to Copenhagen, no one knows. When we left Germany, they told us that transportation facilities would be tied up for an indefinite period and that was before the actual outbreak of hostilities. But, somehow, the boats were sent to Denmark and from there were shipped on an American freighter, the *Scanmail*, to New York. They arrived complete with trailer, mast and all equipment; and, although I am not sure of the condition of the other boats, *Spirit* did not have a scratch on her.

At the dock, everything down to the last ditty bag had to be opened for U. S. Customs inspection. I don't know whether they expected to find Nazi propaganda leaflets being smuggled into the country or what but we were so glad to see the boats again after two months that an additional delay of two hours didn't matter a bit.

C. STANLEY OGILVY

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Victor W. Kliesrath

VICTOR W. KLIESRATH, vice president of the Bendix Aviation Corporation, of South Bend, Ind., died at his Long Island home late in November. He was fifty-eight years of age.

"Vic," as he was universally known, was a noted figure in speed boat racing, having taken part in many contests and won his share of them. In 1926, driving *Rowdy*, he won the Sweepstakes Race at Detroit, being so exhausted by that 150-mile grind that he had to be lifted out of the boat. He won the Gold Cup with *Hotsy Totsy* in 1930, at Red Bank, repeating the next year at Montauk and competing in several other races for America's premier motor boat trophy. He captured the President's Cup in 1930 and took part in several contests for it.

He was the inventor of several mechanical devices used in the automotive and marine industries. He was formerly president of the Bragg-Kliesrath Corporation, later a subsidiary of the Bendix Aviation Corporation, of which he became a director in 1932.

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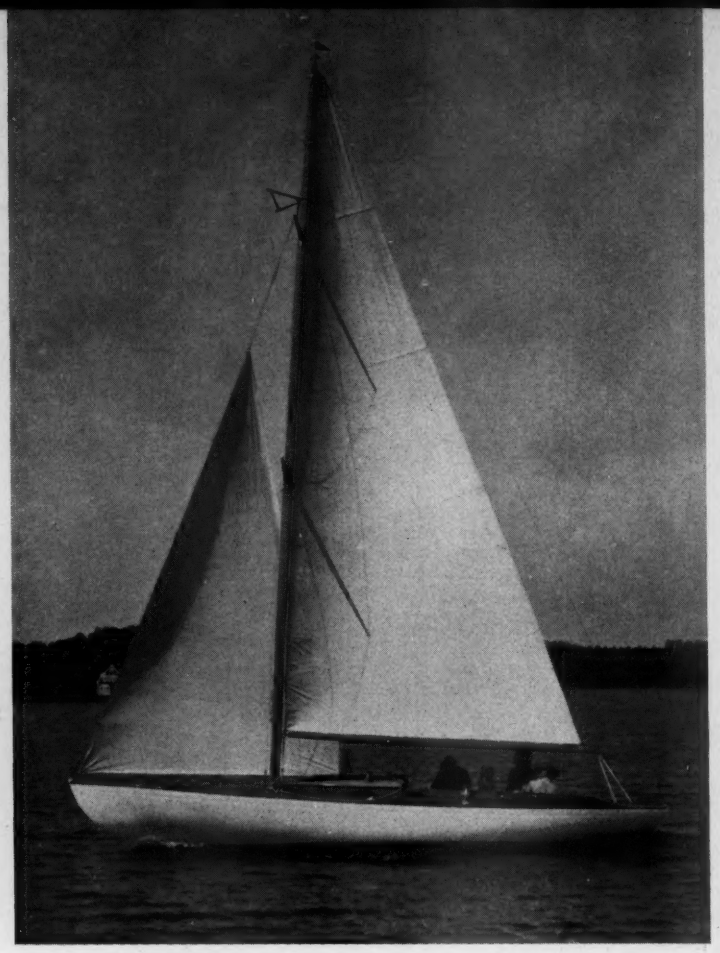
British Yachting Notes

WITH the outbreak of war, yachting in British waters came abruptly to a close. A serious aspect of the European situation, considered in its relation to the sport of yachting, is the fact that, for the time being, yacht designing has come to a complete standstill. That this should be so is, of course, inevitable but, none the less, the blow must be for some time to come a severe one to the prospects of progress in design.

The great value of experimental tank trials, as demonstrated by *Ranger*, *Vim*, *Iskareen* and other American yachts, has been definitely recognized both by British design-

Rosenfeld



Robert W. Johnson's "Good News" is the latest ocean racer. She was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., and built by Henry B. Nevins, Inc., at City Island, N. Y. Right, the new rig for the Wianno Senior Knockabout Class was designed by the Boston office of Sparkman & Stephens, Inc.

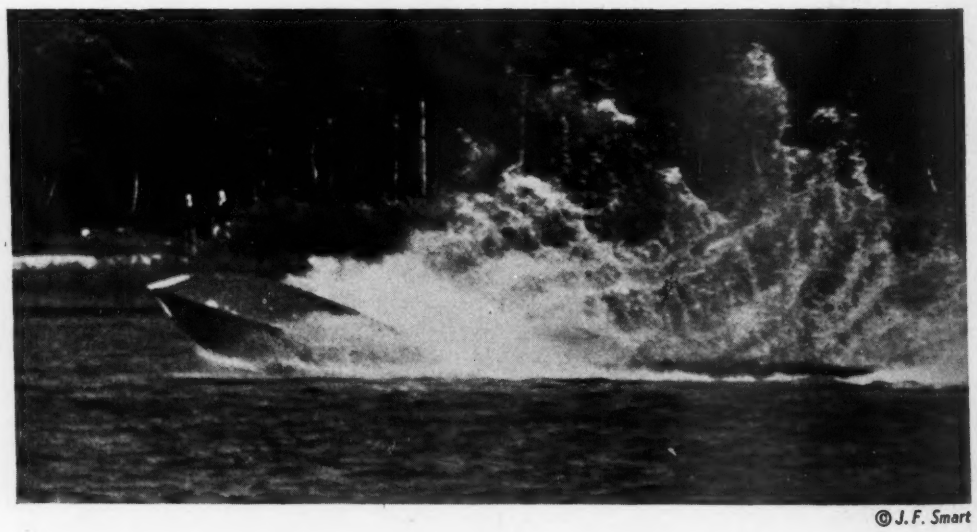
ers and yachtsmen and — thanks to the courtesy of Professor Davidson and Stevens Institute — arrangements had been practically completed which would have enabled designers to take advantage of tank testing.

I have heard the view expressed, by men who certainly have the good of yachting at heart, that it is a pity the art of yacht designing should degenerate into a mechanical procedure directed by mathematicians. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. Tank tests, by themselves, cannot produce the best design. They may not even produce a good design. They may tell an inexperienced designer which of several of his designs is the best but it does not follow that this "best" is even a good one. What they do for him is to let him know the relative values of his different designs under various conditions. In as far as it is possible, the tank gives him valuable information because it tells him what is relatively good and relatively bad in his designs. It is not, however, the inexperienced designer who should gain the greatest advantage from the tank. The greater the designer, the more valuable the tank should be to him. The supreme artist may turn out two or more designs, having the same object in view in each case, but he will not be able to decide definitely which of these will turn out to be the best nor to predict, with any degree of certainty, their relative merits under various conditions and at different speeds. It is the very fact that each design is excellent which makes the designer's task of selecting the "best" so difficult and it is then that the tank is giving its most valuable service.

Had it not been for the European situation I think there can be no doubt that the outstanding performance of *Vim*, and that of *Iskareen* under much less favorable conditions, would have had the effect of stimulating British design. Tank tests have played such an important part in the development of American yacht design that it is highly improbable that British designers would have neglected to make use of this modern short cut to success. Yachtsmen, even in war time, whether on active service or engaged on work of national importance, will be certain to watch with keen interest for developments in American design and, month by month, as time goes on they will welcome the coming of the mail which brings YACHTING with its notes on happenings in American waters.

One of the outstanding features of the past season has again been the popularity — and, I am afraid, the growing popularity — of the one-design classes. There is, of course, much to be said in their favor. They make good sport possible at a relatively moderate cost as compared with the international classes. They can be selected with the view to their suitability to local requirements and they provide an excellent means for training both in helmsmanship and crewing. Against these undoubted advantages, must be set the fact that, although the boats may be of one design, they are often not of one build, especially when low first cost has been a main consideration. Differences in build, which may be found even when the boats come from one yard, sometimes lead to trouble and unless special care is taken in the building — care which may be costly — there must always be the fear that these differences may exist. In a few classes, the risk of hull variation has been avoided as in the Redwings, built by Camper & Nicholsons to specially prepared jigs, and the Teal Class, introduced recently on the Solent, which are built to brass sectional templates. The Redwings are also one design only as to hull, as any type of sail plan is allowed, the area only being restricted.

The chief objection to this form of racing



Over she goes! The British 4-Litre hydroplane "Meeuw" capsizing in a race last summer

© J. F. Smart

W. C. Sawyer

Midwinter racing in California. The start of the P.I.C. Class in the annual Christmas Regatta of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club

is that it does little towards progress in yacht design although it must be admitted that there have been times (when class racing has tended to produce a bad type of craft) when one-design classes from the boards of good designers have been of service in giving a lead to legislators when a new class rule was in course of being adopted. For the last few seasons, the only rating classes which have been built to in anything like large numbers are the two dinghy classes (the 14-foot International and the 12-foot International), the 14-footers being expensive boats and the 12-footers restricted to a moderate price. In each case, I think there can be no doubt that, had the classes been of the one-design order, neither of them would have been nearly so popular nor have proved so outstandingly successful.

M. Heckstall-Smith

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Yonkers Corinthian Yacht Club Has Fiftieth Anniversary

THE Yonkers Corinthian Yacht Club has completed its fiftieth anniversary season, having been organized on May 28th, 1889. It occupies the original clubhouse on the Hudson River, near the foot of Arthur Street, Yonkers, N. Y.

A new class of small sail boats, to be called Yonkers Corinthian one-design 12½-foot sloops, will be inaugurated for the coming season. The chief purpose is to stimulate interest and instruct a junior class of boys and girls from ten to eighteen years of age. Plans include weekly races.

Another recent feature of the club's activities has been the creation of an associate membership for non-boat owners. In this way the "seeds are sown" for future boat owners and the other activities have been considerably enhanced. This class of membership does not carry voting power.

Newly elected officers for 1940 are: Arthur J. Van Suetendael, commodore; Dr. Benjamin F. Barnes, vice commodore; Robert Daines, secretary; William A. Sherman, treasurer.

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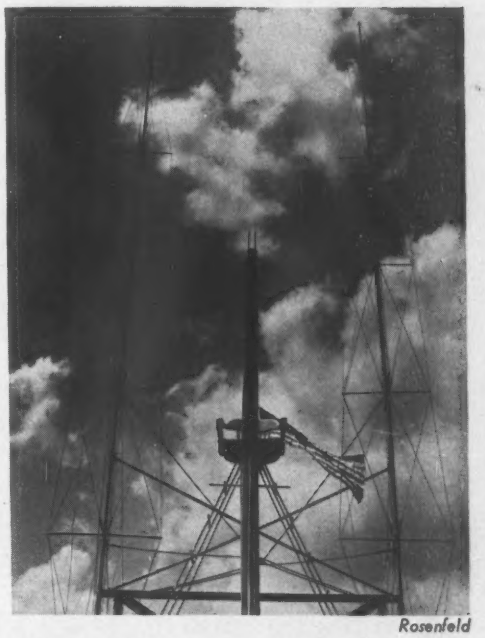
Michigan and Coast Guard Join I.C.Y.R.A.

THE Inter-Collegiate Yacht Racing Association extended its activities recently when the Michigan Sailing Club of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, and the United States Coast Guard Academy Boat Club, of New London, were elected to membership at the special meeting of the governing body held December 27th at the New York Yacht Club. The admission of these two college yacht clubs brings the enrollment of the association to a total of sixteen members.

The meeting also voted tentative acceptance of an invitation from the United States Naval Academy to hold the 1940 McMillan Cup competition in larger boats at Annapolis and, unless there is a change in the present plans, this series will be held on the Chesapeake in the half-raters and 18-foot knockabouts of the Navy on May 25th–26th. Under these plans, at least twelve colleges will be able to compete in the first McMillan Cup series held outside New England and Long Island Sound waters.

The major spring dinghy events sanctioned by the I.C.Y.R.A. were ratified at this meeting. The fourth annual I.C.Y.R.A. dinghy championships for the Henry A. Morss Memorial Trophy will be held at M.I.T., on the Charles River Basin, May 4th–5th, with the annual meeting of the association scheduled for the evening of May 4th. The Boston Dinghy Club Challenge Cup, also at M.I.T., will be sailed May 12th, preceded by the Brown Invitation Regatta on Saturday, May 11th. Brown will also conduct the New England non-member championships at Providence, on the Seekonk, April 27th–28th.

Leonard M. Fowle



Rosenfeld

For the big game angler. Looking aloft at the gear of an Elco cruiser with the latest 40-foot outriggers, cunningly designed and braced so that they are both light and strong

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West Coast Election

THE Coronado Yacht Club, of Coronado, Calif., elected Commodore C. C. Woodworth, Jr., Vice Commodore John C. Washington, Rear Commodore Paul L. Hathaway, Secretary E. D. Wellington, Treasurer Harry L. Perkins, and Directors Alonzo De Jessop and John P. Purcell.

EDITORIAL

A Real Measurement Rule for Cruising Yachts

CERTAIN changes in the rule for measuring and handicapping ocean racing yachts and cruisers were agreed upon and finally adopted by the Measurement Rules Committee of the Cruising Club of America early in January which, to our way of thinking, go a long step forward in evaluating all the factors making for speed under sail. Chiefly the work of Wells A. Lippincott, with the coöperation of the Cruising Club committee, and certain Great Lakes yachtsmen, the rule in its original form was tried out last year by the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, and whatever changes have since been incorporated are the results of a season's experience in active use. The rule as it stands is, we think, the most scientific approach to the evaluation of every speed producing factor that has yet been promulgated. That it is the "last word" as a means of handicapping yachts of varying size and type is, of course, too much to expect. We had hoped to be able to print the rule in this issue of YACHTING, but the demands of a "closing date" came before the wording of the rule could be reduced to its simplest form.

The formula of the rule is the same as that adopted in 1937, with the understanding, as far as the Cruising Club is concerned, that the formula itself would be in effect for three years, although the coefficients might be changed from time to time as experience dictated. This formula is: $.95\ (\text{Length} \pm \text{Beam} \pm \text{Draft} \pm \sqrt[3]{\text{Displacement}}\ (\text{P}) \pm \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}} \pm \text{Freeboard} - \text{I} + \text{A} + \text{C}) \times \text{Ballast-Displacement Ratio} \times \text{Propeller Factor}$.

Describing the rule as simply as it is possible to do so, it may be said that it does not attempt to control the type or design of a yacht, except as it recognizes certain elements and features that are essentially good, and uses these as the normal, or base, from which all departures are measured. For instance, there is a base beam-length ratio, a base draft, a base ballast-displacement ratio, and certain necessary controls on rig. Departures from these bases are either penalized or given a premium, depending on how the departure affects the speed. It is the first time, we believe, that these curves for penalties and premiums have been so carefully and so scientifically worked out.

The principal change in the rule is the method of measuring, or evaluating sail area. In this the aspect ratio is used as the controlling factor for the height rather than a definite limitation, the base ratio being two to one for hoist to foot. And, to make the modern overlapping head canvas pay something like the value of the actual area used, the fore triangle is measured as 120 per cent of its area instead of 85 per cent as under the present sail area rule — an additional charge of 35 per cent. This should discourage the stealing of headsail area without paying for it that has led to tremendous "guinea" jibs with no restriction. And as for the strictly cruising man who elects to carry no overlapping headsails, he is compensated by being charged only 100 per cent of the fore triangle instead of 120 per cent. Experience may show that these percentages are not enough, but they are at least a step in the proper direction.

This rule (known as the Lippincott Rule) will undoubtedly be used widely in the United States. It is already the standard in many sections. It will change the rating of most existing yachts little, except as to the effect of the measurement of fore triangles. And here it should affect all existing boats with the same rig characteristics more or less equally. Which is as it should be.

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Why Not American Design?

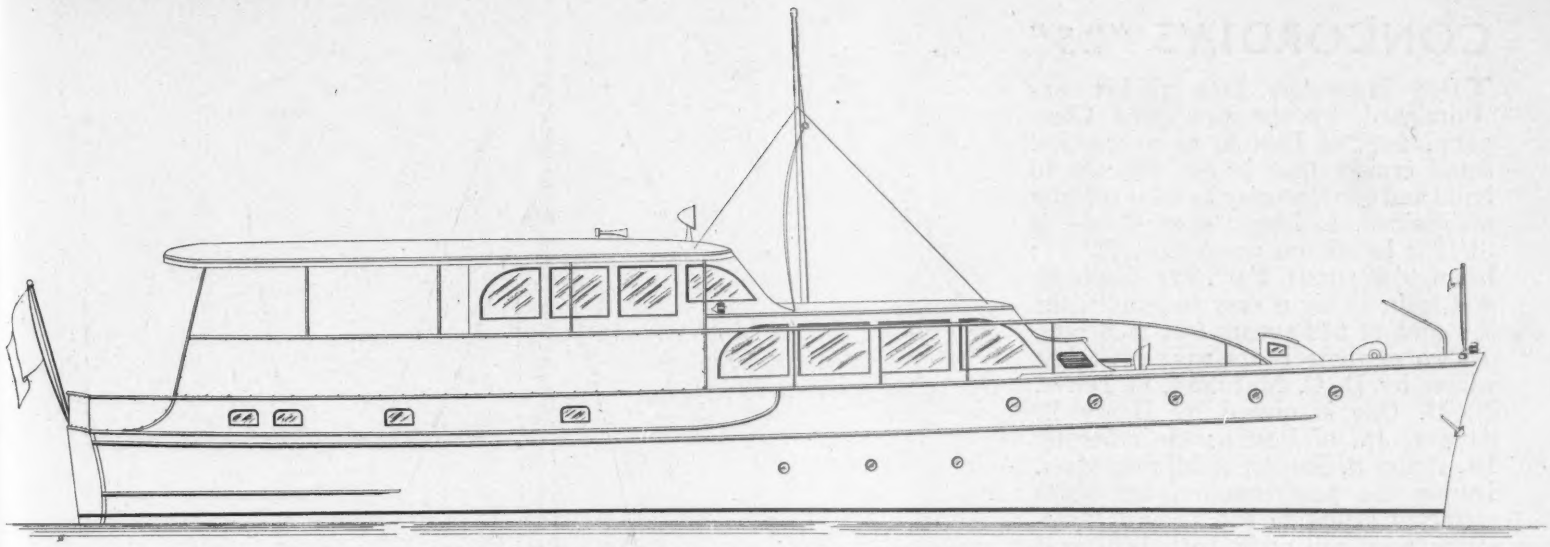
THE announcement by the Navy Department that it has placed an order in this country for 23 high speed motor torpedo boats and subchasers from designs by Hubert Scott-Paine, of England, is not pleasant news to American naval architects who have specialized in this class of work. After all, Scott-Paine's boats have been defeated whenever they have met American racing craft. Although the Navy Department explains that the boats are experimental, and are to be tried out against the 12 building from American designs, it seems hardly necessary to get 23 to find which are the faster and more satisfactory.

While it is probably true that the British Admiralty has developed this type of small craft to a greater extent than has our own Navy, we believe that American designers, builders and engine manufacturers are just as capable of meeting the needs of our Navy if given an opportunity to do so. In time of war we would have to be dependent on our own designers and builders. They should, therefore, in time of peace be given every opportunity to fulfill our Government's need.

\+ + +

Be Generous to Finland

OUR yachting friends from Finland, with whom our relations have become increasingly close during the last ten years, find their country faced with invasion and extinction. Already Helsinki, where our American Six-Metre raced last year and won the Gold Cup, as well as other cities, has been bombed and many persons killed. The people need help. Yachtsmen can help. An article on page 120 tells how this can best be done. We hope the response of Americans will be generous.



The stem has the hollow outline now popular, with the hawse pipe through it

A TWIN SCREW MOTOR YACHT FROM ANNAPOLIS

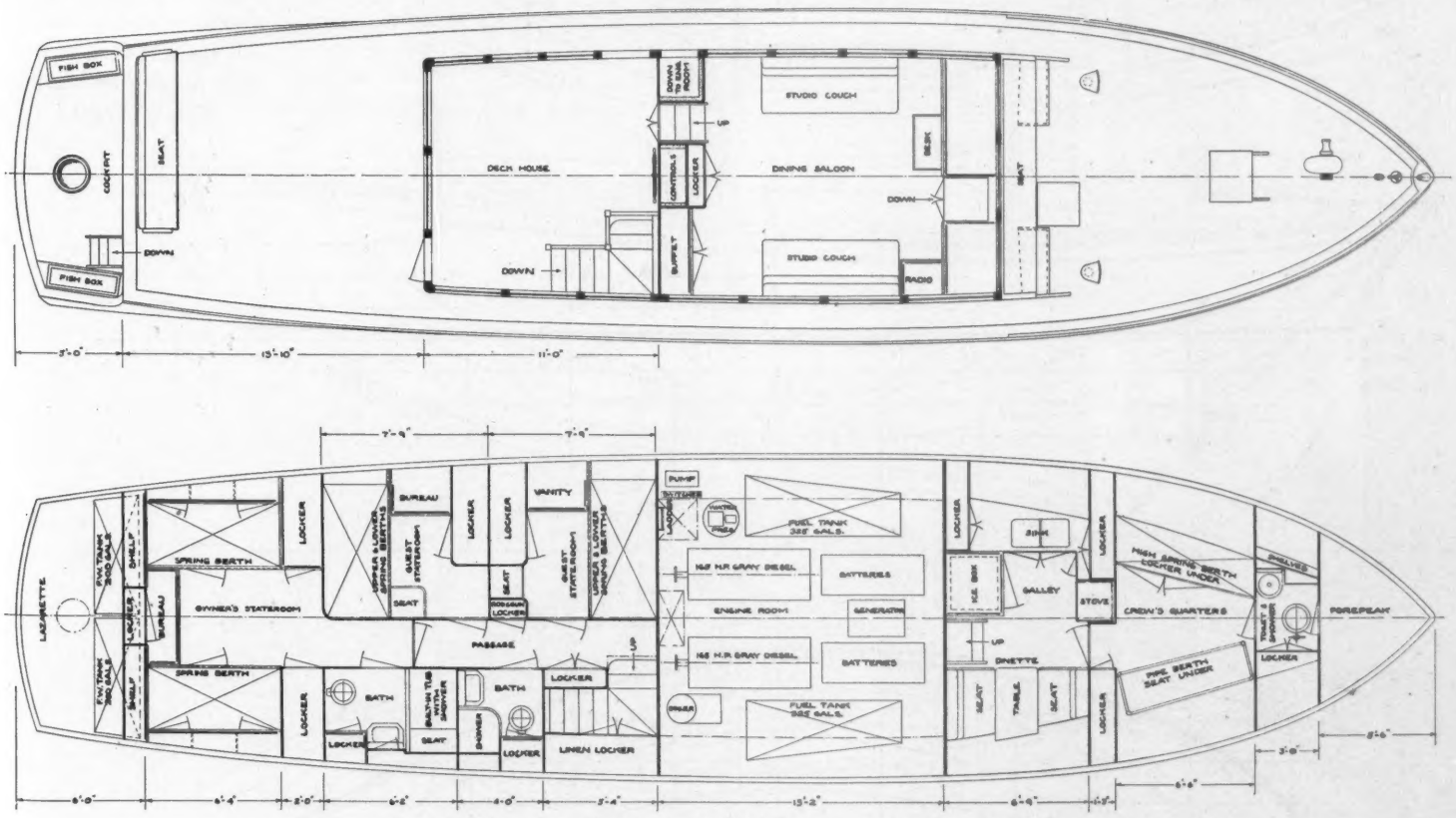
ON this page are the plans of a new twin screw cruiser now nearing completion at the Annapolis Yacht Yard from designs by Nelson and Almen, naval architects of New York, for H. H. Wiggins, of Lancaster, Pa. The new yacht is of the following principal dimensions: Length over all, 66′ 0″; beam, 15′ 2″; draft of water, 5′ 0″. In appearance, she is of the raised deck model whereas she has a continuous deck, of double planked teak, running practically the entire length of the boat. The raised deck is simulated by a heavy moulding and by paint.

Construction is high grade, the hull being double planked with white cedar and mahogany, Everdur fastened. All exterior joinerwork is of Honduras mahogany, finished bright. The interior of the dining saloon is of white mahogany while that of the deckhouse is finished in walnut. The owner's stateroom is finished in figured gum while all of the bulkheads and joinerwork in the guest staterooms are of bird's-eye maple. There are four watertight bulkheads and the yacht is insulated against sound and heat.

The main engines are a pair of 165 hp. Gray marine Diesels fitted with reduction gears. There is a Kohler 4-cylinder 32-volt lighting plant, a Lux fire extinguishing system and an oil-fired heater supplying hot running water as well as heat. Ample fuel and water supply is carried.

The dining room, below the main deck level, is roomy and has a studio couch on each side. There is no bridge, the yacht being handled from the deckhouse. Abaft the house is a wide deck and in the stern is a small cockpit, with fish boxes and other gear for the angler. A standing roof covers the deck abaft the house. Below deck, the two-man forecastle has a separate toilet room with a shower. Next aft are the galley and the engine room.

Abaft the engine room are the owner's quarters, with three double staterooms and two bathrooms. Good stowage space is provided.



The deck and cabin plans of the new 66-footer show liberal accommodations

The plans reproduced in this section are the property of the designers under whose name they appear. For further information concerning any design address the naval architect in question.

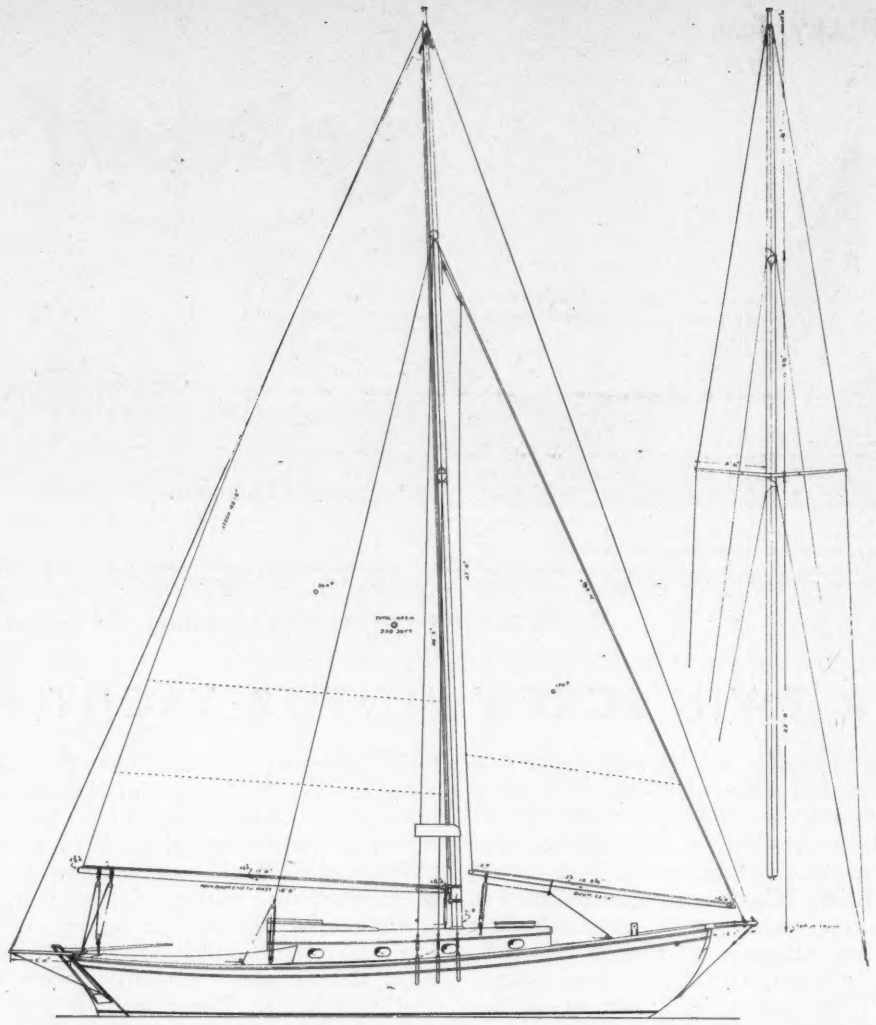
CONCORDIA'S "25"

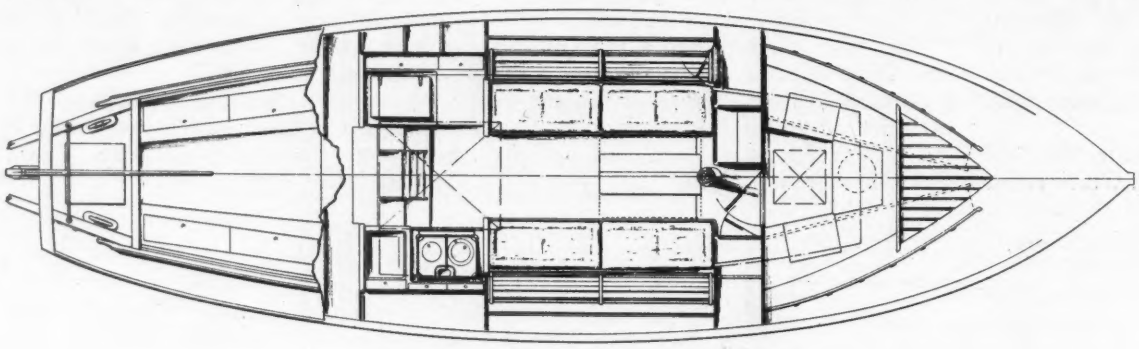
THIS interesting little packet was designed by the Concordia Company, Inc., of Boston, as a practical small cruiser that is not difficult to build and one that may be economically maintained. In length over all, she is 31′ 3″; length on water line, 25′ 0″; beam, 9′ 4″; draft, 5′ 0″. The simple jib and mainsail rig is easy to handle, the sail area of 538 square feet moderate.

Two of these boats were built last winter by D. C. McIntosh, of Dover, N. H. One is owned by Henry B. Sawyer, Jr., of Boston; the other by Dr. Henry S. Forbes, of Milton, Mass. During the past summer, the boats attracted attention and proved themselves good sailers in both light and heavy weather and comfortable cruisers, considering their size.

The deck space forward is ample and clear. The cockpit is comfortable and its seats are below deck level and have slanting backs. Below, special Concordia berths form 6′ 6″ by 28″ bunks which are out of the way yet always ready for use. The galley is carefully worked out with good stowage space, both for gear and food. The forward cabin has two folding berths.

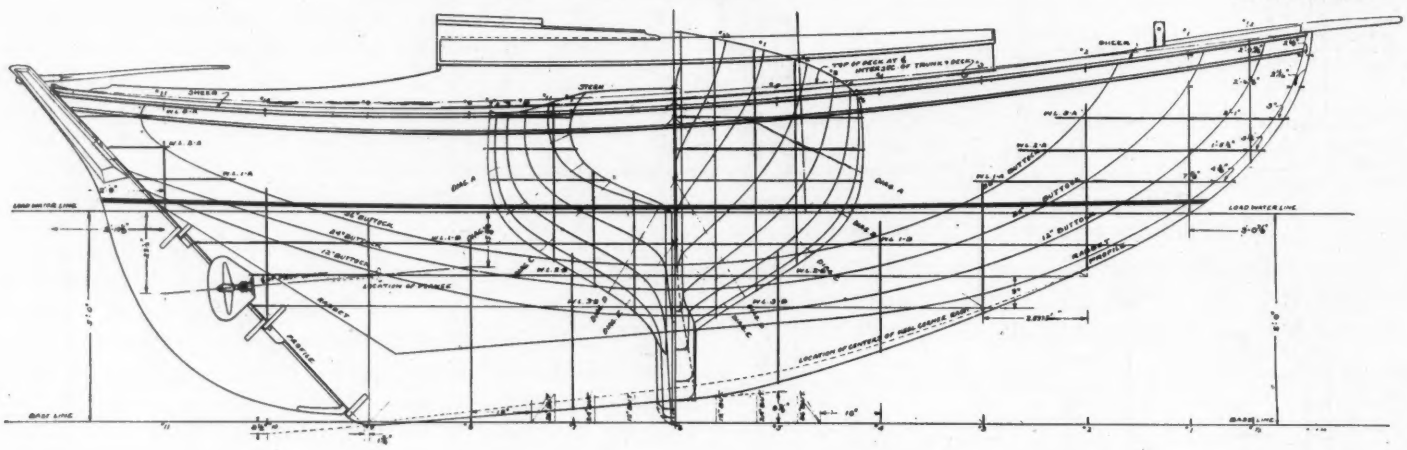
The engine is a Gray Sea Scout, located under the bridge deck where it is accessible and well ventilated.

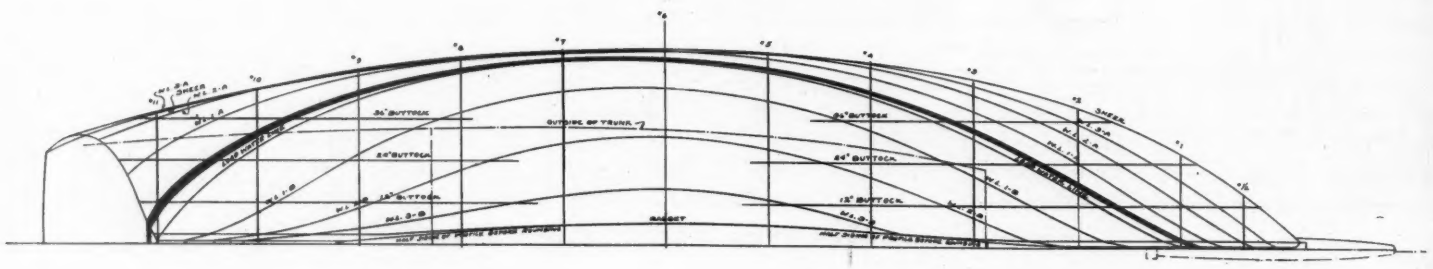




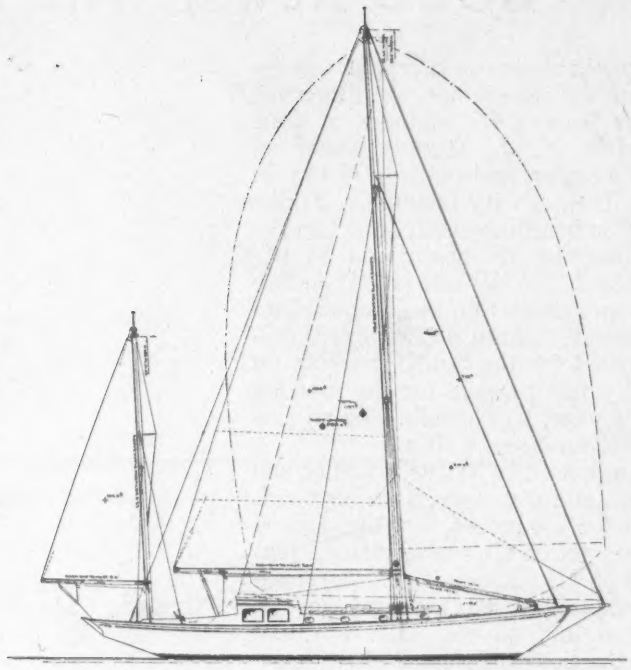
Above, sail and rigging plan of the auxiliary cruiser designed by the Concordia Co., Inc. Left, the new boat's cabin plan

Below, the sheer, half breadth and body plans of the new boat show a model that should be sea kindly, easily handled and have a fair turn of speed





The sloop rig has 789 square feet of working sail



The yawl carries 804 feet in her three lowers

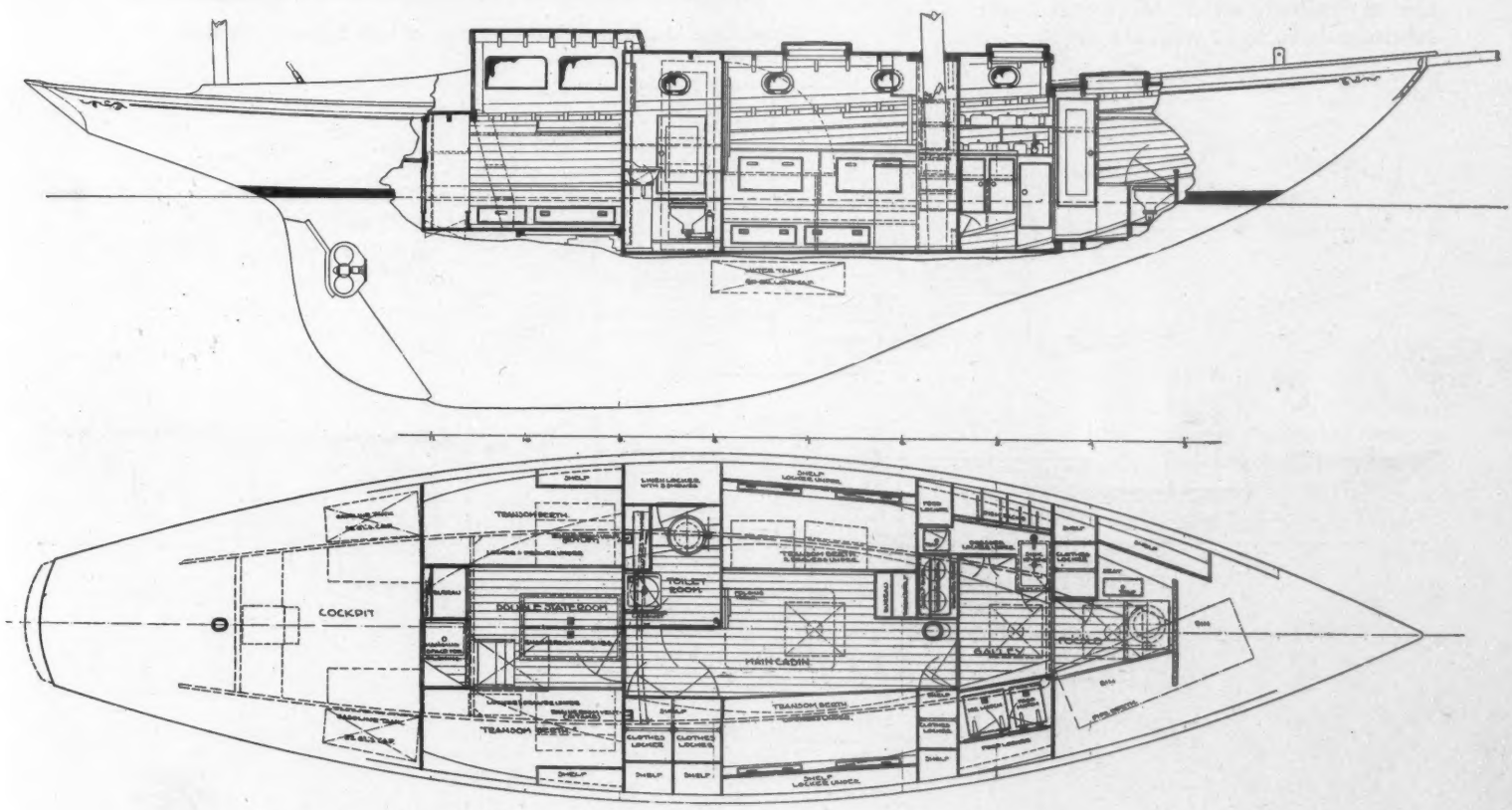
ALDEN'S "NIMROD," ONE-DESIGN SLOOP OR YAWL

BASED on the plans of the successful *Tioga Too* but scaled down in size and with a round bow in place of a clipper stern, John G. Alden has turned out a cruising yacht known as the Nimrod. The boat will be either a sloop or a yawl at the owner's option.

She is 45′ 0″ in length over all, 32′ 0″ on the water line, 11′ 1″ beam and 6′ 8″ draft. Her displacement is 26,700 pounds and she carries an iron keel of 10,860 pounds weight. Keel and framing are of white oak, outside planking of Philippine mahogany and deck and cockpit floor of teak. Interior joiner bulkheads are of Weldwood with Philippine mahogany trim.

Spars are hollow, of Sitka spruce, and the mainmast has a built-in radio antenna. The area of the three lowers of the yawl is 804 square feet and of the sloop's jib and mainsail, 789. Sails are by Ratsey & Lapthorn. The engine, located on the center line, is an Alden Gray special 4-22 with 2:1 reduction gear. Two tin-lined copper gasoline tanks hold 64 gallons total and an 80-gallon water tank is installed.

There is a large double stateroom aft and the main cabin has a transom berth each side. A toilet room adjoins the cabin. Forward are the galley, the full beam of the yacht, and a forecastle with toilet and a pipe berth.



Inboard profile and accommodation plan of the new one-design "Nimrod" by John G. Alden

"GOOD NEWS," THE LATEST OCEAN RACER

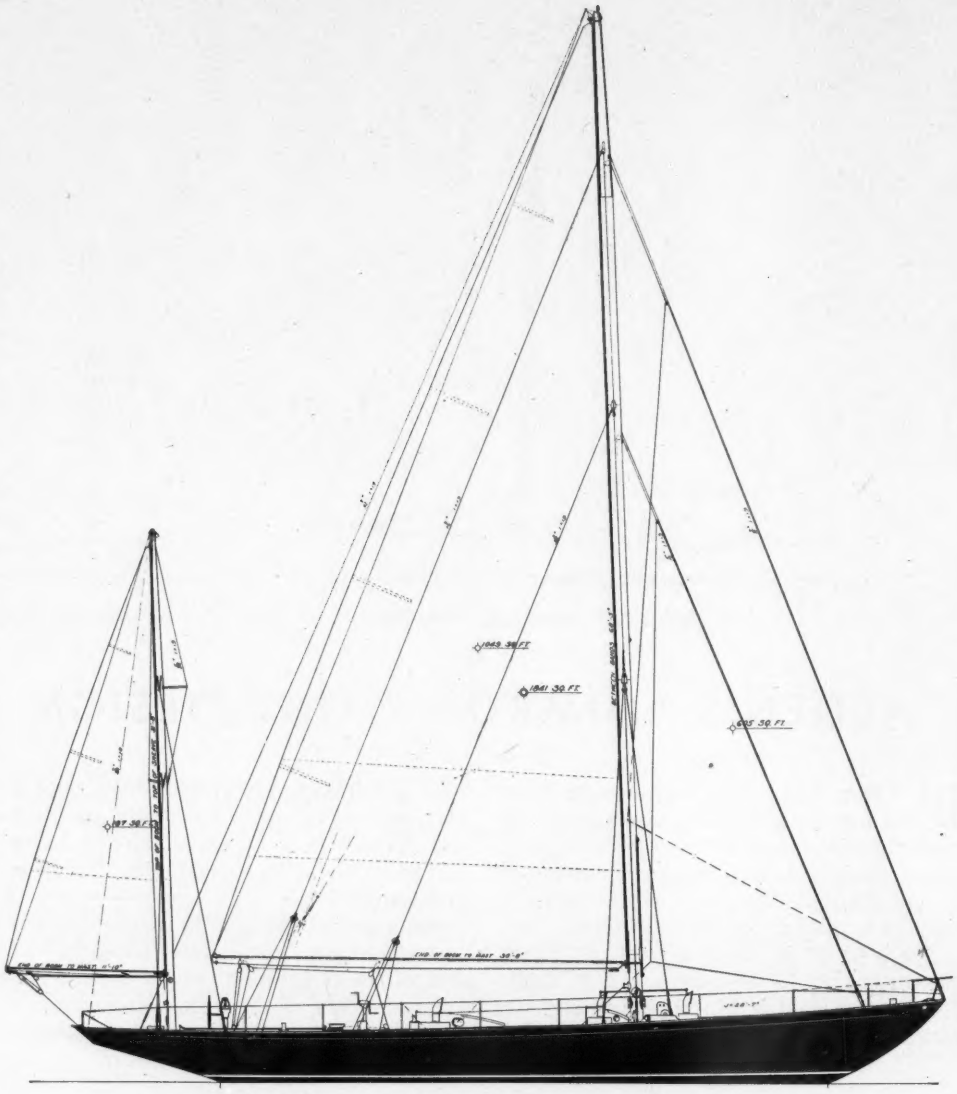
THE yacht shown on this page was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., for Robert W. Johnson, of New Brunswick, N. J., former owner of *Stormy Weather*, and built by Henry B. Nevins, Inc., of City Island, N. Y. She is 64′ 6″ in length over all, 45′ 0″ on the water line, 13′ 5″ beam and 8′ 10″ draft of hull. The sail area is 1841 square feet, as measured. She was launched on December 19th and, a few days thereafter, sailed for the South, making an unusually fast passage for the first leg of the voyage, to Norfolk. She will be in the Miami-Nassau Race.

In equipment, as well as in model, she is the out and out racer. Two big "coffee grinder" winches for the Genoa sheets are placed aft, the windlass is just forward of the mainmast and the chain locker still further aft, the binnacle is of aluminum and so on. The rail runs around the bow in pulpit form.

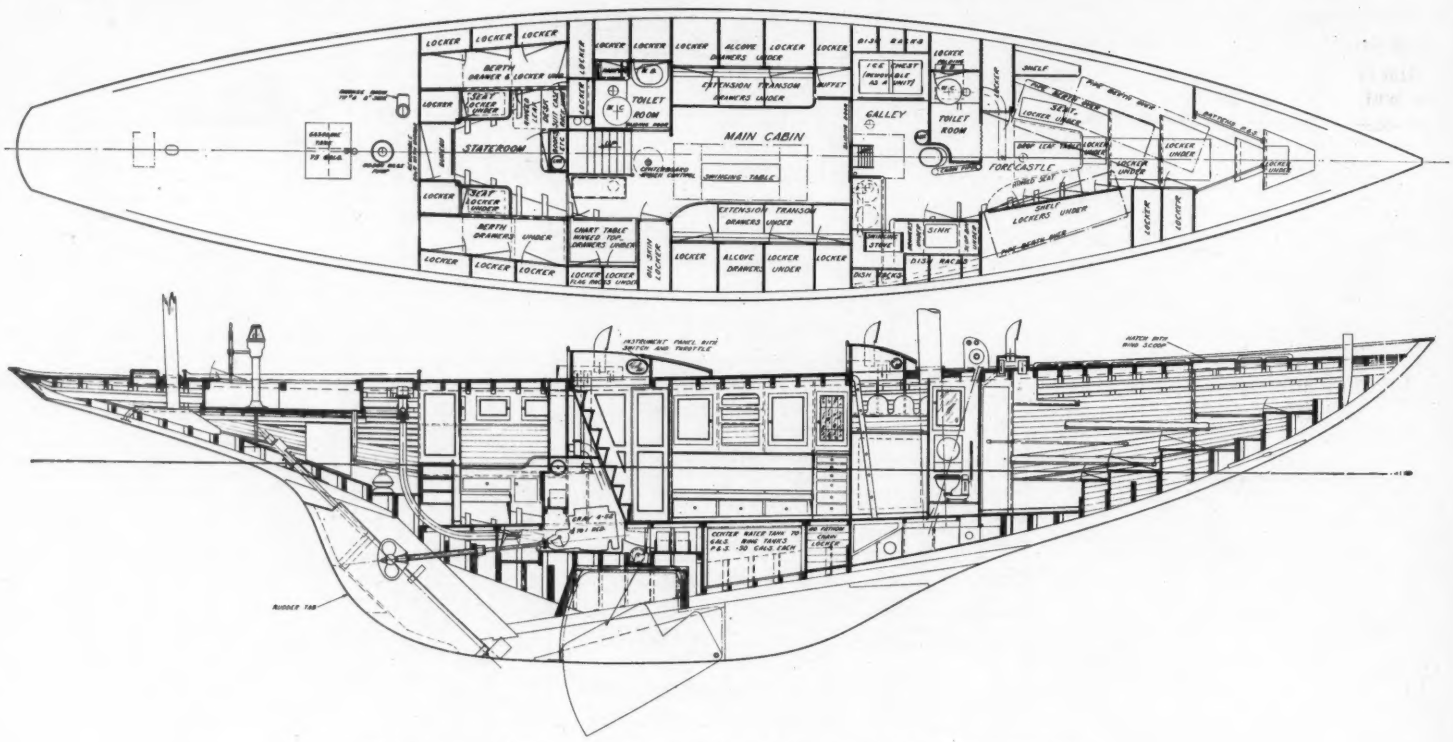
Below, she has a large forecastle with three pipe berths, and the galley clear across the ship. The main cabin is large and has an extension transom each side. Aft is a double cabin for the owner. There is a toilet room between stateroom and cabin with a chart table on the opposite side of the yacht. Plenty of lockers are fitted.

Tucked away under the companion ladder is the power plant, a Gray 4–52 engine with 1½:1 reduction gear. A 75-gallon gasoline tank is in the lazarette. The rudder has a tab on its after edge similar to that fitted in the Twelve-Metre *Vim*.

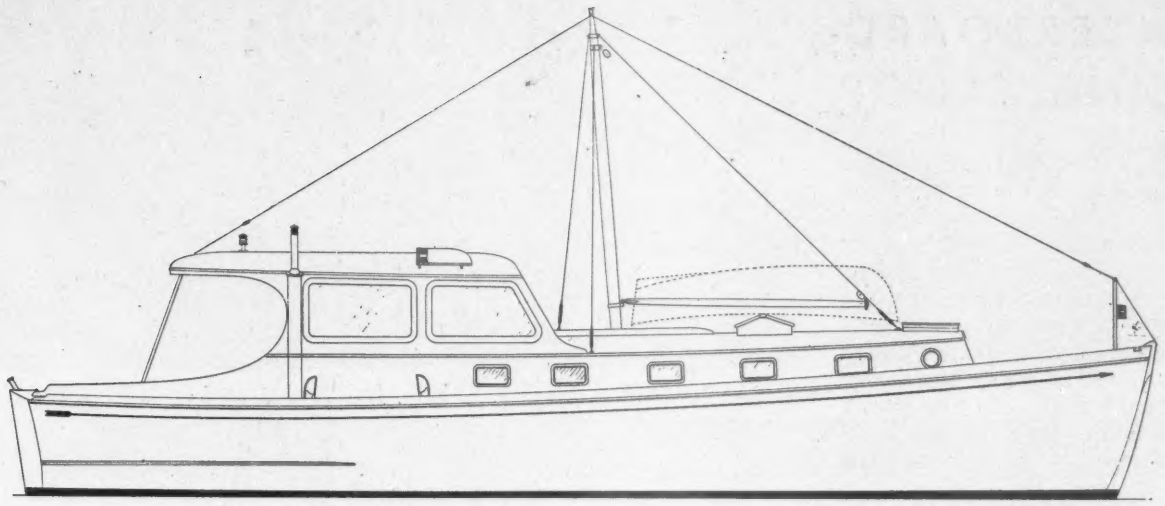
She has a duraluminum mast, the first to be stepped in an ocean racer, and a complete outfit of canvas, from storm sails to light weather kites.



"Good News" has a complete assortment of light sails and storm canvas



The accommodation plans. The centerboard is entirely below the cabin floor



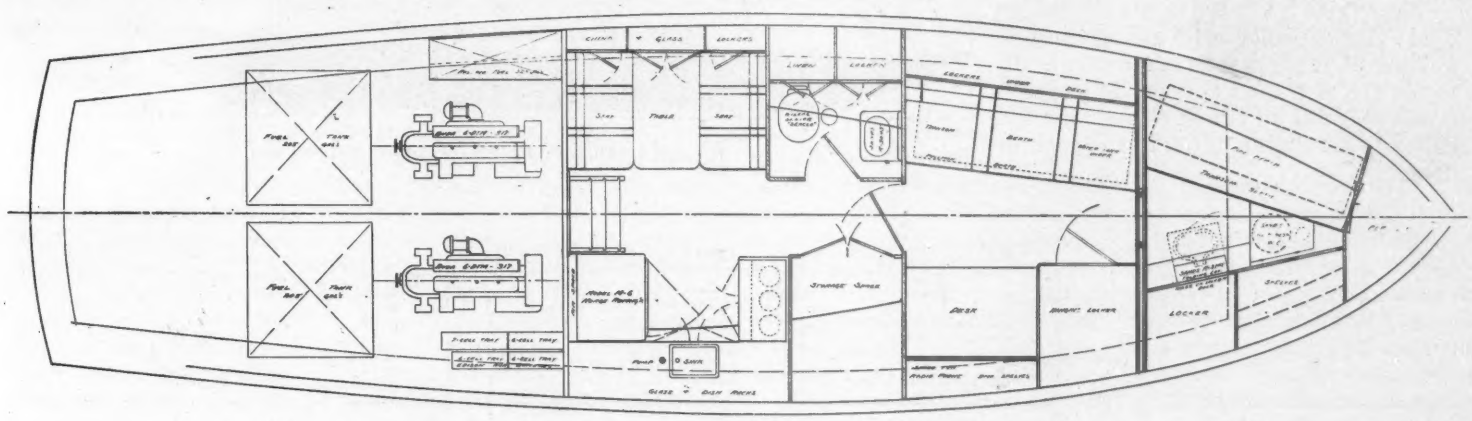
The boat has a long trunk cabin and a shelter aft. A stout mast is stepped amidships

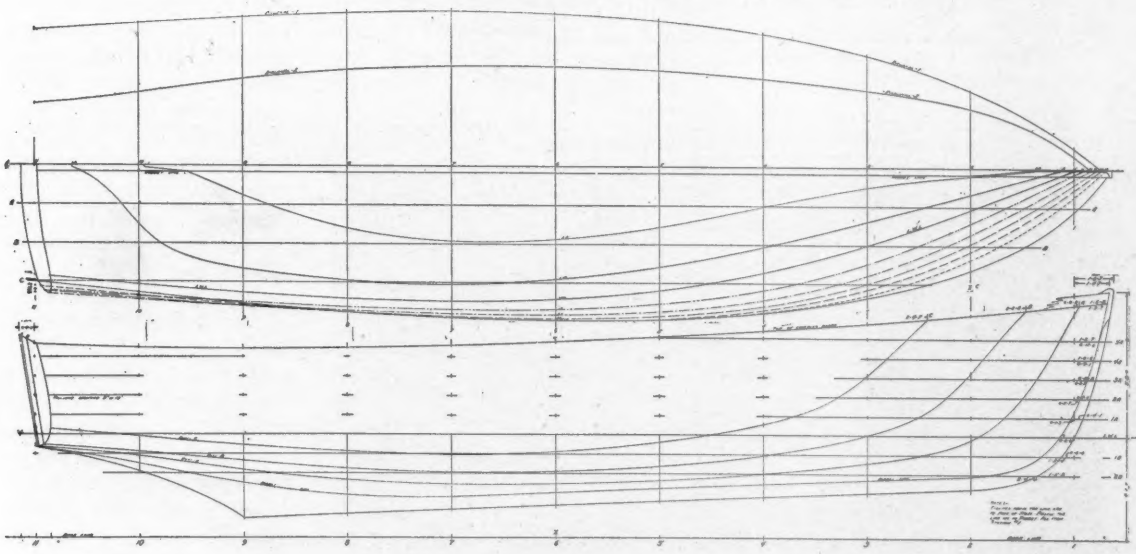
A CRUISING SPORT FISHERMAN FOR THE BAHAMAS

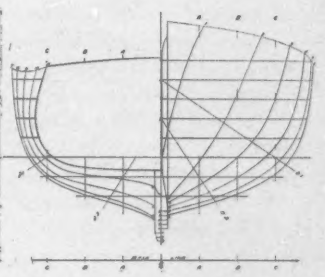
THIS yacht, designed for John E. Hutton by Wirth M. Munroe, of Coconut Grove, Florida, is now under construction at the yard of the Consolidated Boat Works, Nassau, Bahamas. She is to be used for cruising and big game fishing in the Bahamas, mainly in the vicinity of Cat Cay, Bimini and Walkers Cay. Mr. Hutton has done a good deal of big game fishing in various parts of the world, including New Zealand and Australia. Now he will try his hand in the Bahamas.

The boat is 43′ 0″ in length over all, 12′ 0″ extreme beam and 3′ 3″ draft. The lines show an easy model though she was designed more for seaworthiness than for extreme speed. She is framed with a native wood called horse flesh (*Lycaloma Sabacu*) which is abundant on Andros Island. It grows in all manner of crooks so that the grain follows the shape of the frame. It looks and works much like American walnut and has a long life, 150 years or more. Keel and planking are of long leaf yellow pine from northern Florida; trim is of African mahogany.

The power plant is a pair of Model 6-DTM-317 Buda Diesels, driving 20″ by 10″ Federal-Mogul propellers direct and giving a speed of 13 m.p.h. at 1900 r.p.m. Fuel capacity is large, over 450 gallons, as the boat will run 120 to 160 miles to the fishing grounds, fish for ten days and return to Nassau. Fresh water tank capacity is 250 gallons. An unusual feature is that the exhausts are carried up above the deckhouse.







Above, accommodation plan of the new fishing cruiser. A double bulkhead, with an emergency door, separates the forecastle from the owner's quarters. Left, the "lines"

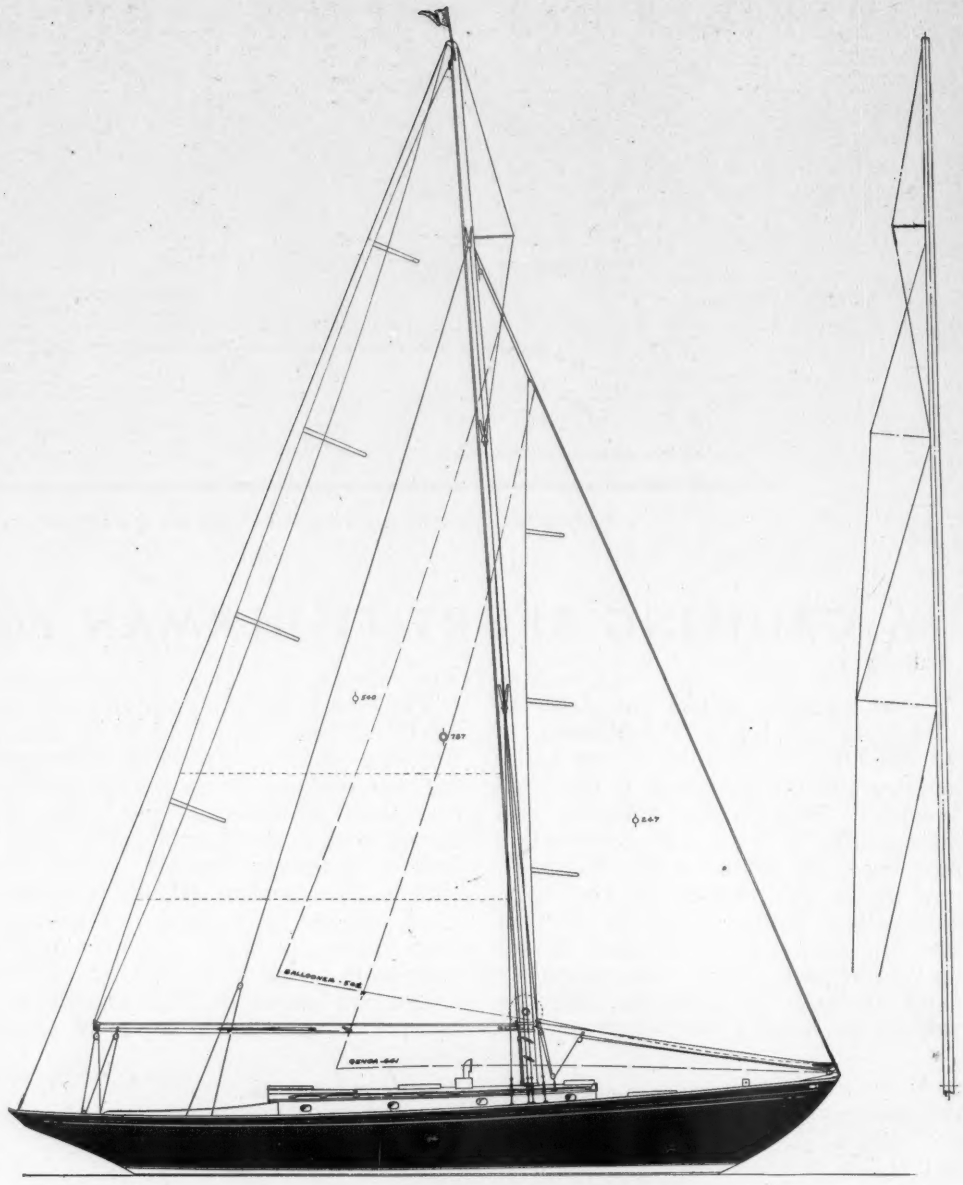
A CENTERBOARD CRUISING SLOOP

CONSTRUCTION will soon begin on this cruiser at the yard of the Hubert S. Johnson Boat and Engine Works, Bay Head, N. J. She is being built for Mr. Johnson's own use and as the first of a class of one-design cruisers from the board of Frederick C. Geiger, of Yacht Sales & Service, Inc., of Philadelphia. Compared to many auxiliaries of the same light draft, the new yacht has fine lines and every effort has been made to produce a weatherly boat with a good turn of speed.

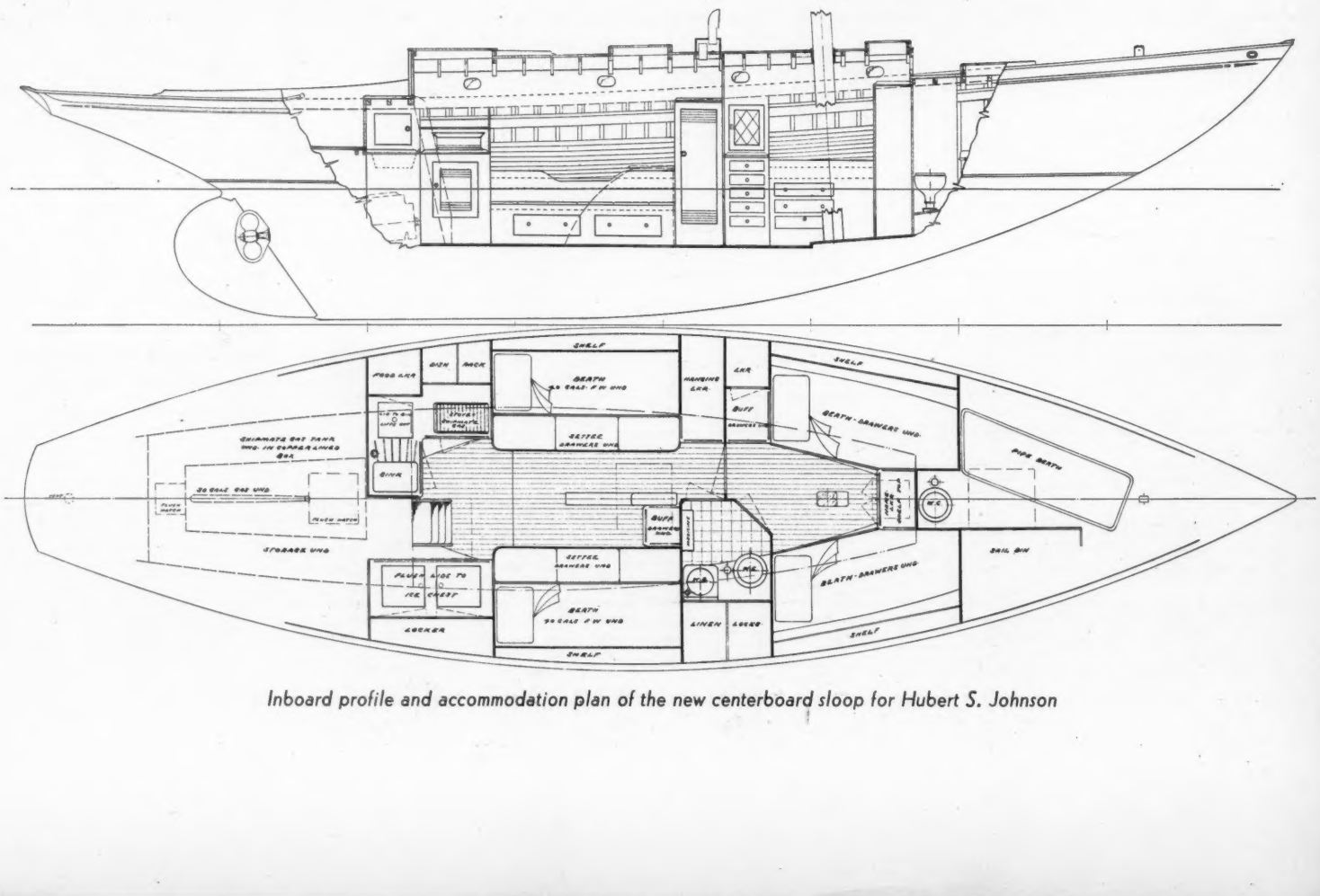
The new yacht is 43′ 2″ in length over all, 30′ 0″ on the water line, 11′ 4″ beam and 4′ 4″ draft with centerboard up. She was designed as a fast cruiser for use in shoal water and a boat that can take part in an occasional offshore race with prospects of success. Specifications call for lead keel, Philippine mahogany outside planking and Burma teak decks. Framing, keel, deadwood, etc., are of selected white oak. Fastenings throughout are of Everdur as are mast tangs and bolts. Merriman halliard reel and winches are specified.

The accommodation plan is conventional and practical, with 6′ 2″ headroom in the main cabin and 6′ 0″ in the toilet room. There is good floor room and ventilation is taken care of by ports, hatches and a trap type cowl in the top of the cabin trunk.

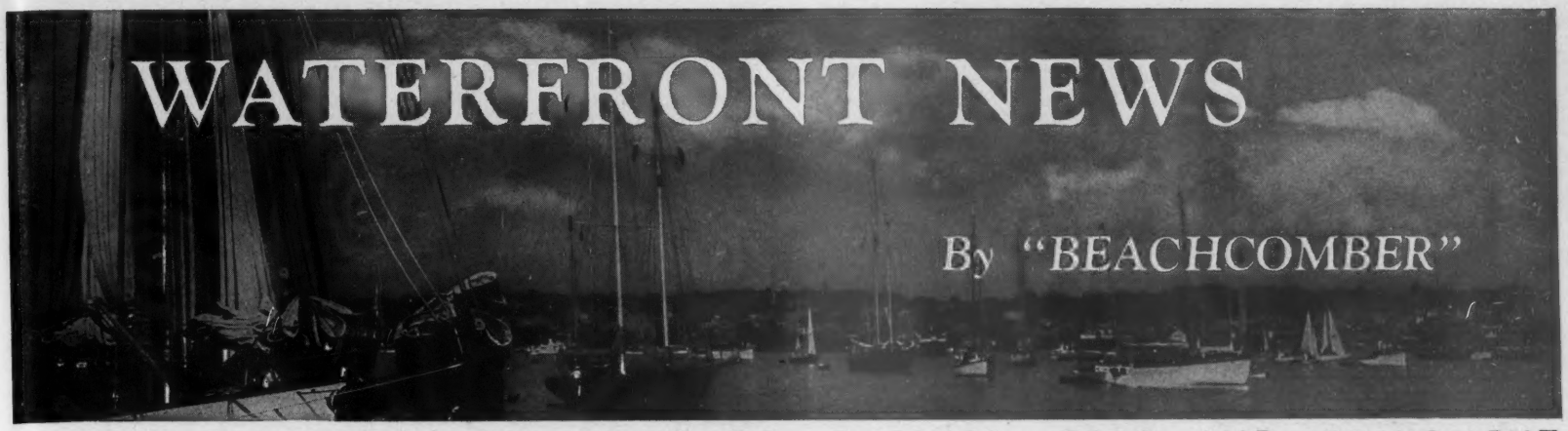
The engine is located under the bridge deck. Gas capacity is 35 gallons and 80 gallons of fresh water are carried. All tanks are of tinned copper. The engine is accessible at all times, either from the galley or through a hatch in the cockpit floor.



The sail area is 787 square feet in jib and mainsail



Inboard profile and accommodation plan of the new centerboard sloop for Hubert S. Johnson



RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN BOATS, ENGINES, GEAR AND EQUIPMENT

THE $1700 CRUISER ARRIVES—FROM MAINE

WE have done a good deal of thinking about the problem of the inexpensive cruiser during the past year. Right now there are literally thousands of people trudging through boat yards, combing through yacht brokers' lists, and writing letters to boating publications — all in search of some sort of small cruiser with headroom below, with real sleeping accommodations and with certain other minimum requirements in cruising comfort, attractiveness, and safety. With many of these people a boat is a luxury that they can ill afford, and, in fact, couldn't afford at all if it were not for being bitten by the boating bug. Some have very definite ideas on what they want, while others are willing to adapt themselves to whatever is available. But in any case, among most of the seekers of small cruisers the cost of the boat and the cost of operating it are of primary importance. They are quite willing to do all or most of their own work in order to swing the thing and are much more interested in fundamentals than frills.

During recent months we have been looking at the problem from various angles. Many of the builders of the smaller stock cruisers such as Chris-Craft, Richardson, Owens, and Elco have been giving more and more boat for the money in recent years but the minimum prices have remained about the same. The lowest price for any stock cruiser with real cruising accommodations has been somewhere between $2500 and $3000. From there on down to about $1500 there are hundreds of prospective buyers to whom the stock cruiser field has offered nothing at all. We have tracked down a half dozen or more rumors and projects on paper which were reported to offer something, but for one reason or another they have all gone up in smoke. We had just about decided that a used boat was the only solution to the problem of the cruiser buyer of moderate means when the new Marblehead "26" came along.

This boat has been developed by the Marblehead Boat Distributors which is merely another name for the Bruns, Kimball organization of New York which for years has been the distributor for Matthews and Richardson cruisers. In this capacity they have met and talked to hundreds of owners and prospective owners of small cruisers. They found that although many of these people were inquiring about used boats, they would much prefer to have a new one even if it was a bit smaller and not so sumptuously fitted out.

It might make the story more impressive to say that the builders summarized the desires and requirements of hundreds of prospective customers and then built the ideal inexpensive small cruiser, but that would be far from the truth, for small cruiser buyers (like all the others) want much more than they can possibly have without pushing the price sky high. What the builders have done with the Marblehead "26" is to provide a sturdy, heavily built hull with medium power and as much else as they could possibly work into her and still keep the price of the standard boat down to $1700.

For the design they went to Eldredge-McGinnis, Inc. of Boston, one of the best known and most successful firms of naval architects specializing in power cruisers anywhere in the country. They decided on the raised deck type as offering the greatest amount of room below at minimum cost and turned out the plans of a hull measuring 25′ 11½″ overall, 8′ 6″ beam, 2′ 9″ draft and with 6′ ½″ headroom throughout.

For a builder they went to Maine where costs are low and craftsmanship is rugged and honest, even if not always up to the standard of quality of higher priced communities.

The first of the new boats arrived in New York just after the turn of the year and we lost no time in getting downtown to see her. She certainly is husky, and though not at all fancy, offers every opportunity for the owner to take what is provided and go on from there in the way of whatever frills, gadgets, and additional conveniences the individual owner may desire.

The keel is a single length of 3″ oak, frames are 1¼″ by 1¼″ oak on 10″ centers, and the planking is 1″ Norway pine fastened with naval bronze screws. Non-corrosive metals are used in all construction and the details and sturdiness of structural members if not the joinerwork would do many a builder of more expensive cruisers proud. There are three husky longitudinal stringers on each side. Maine builders know how to plank and they have done an unusually good job on the Marblehead "26".

The layout plan shows most of the details of what there is below decks. In addition there is a medicine chest in the toilet room. Both the ice box and the dresser space in the galley are larger than usual in a 26-foot cruiser. One very important detail which the layout plan does not portray is the whopping big 6 feet and more of headroom throughout the cabin and way up into the toilet room. This means a great deal particularly around the galley and to the occupants of both the lower and the upper berths. We've never been very enthusiastic about the idea of four berths in one cabin but if it must be (as it must, here) a high raised deck is much the best way of accommodating them. The berth cushions are kapok filled and some 7″ thick. With the uppers in the "down" or seat back position the combination is unusually comfortable which more than offsets the fact that the covering material is not as luxurious looking as that found on more expensive craft.

The cockpit, almost 9 feet in length, is roomy, although with its painted wood floor and absence of seats of any kind it is rather plain. However, the space is there and it would not be much of a trick to floss it up considerably with chairs, linoleum and other do-dads. Under the cockpit floor there is a liberal amount of stowage space as well as the 50-gallon galvanized gas and water tanks. We would like to see, however, an additional hatch in the cockpit floor in order to make full use of the stowage space under it.

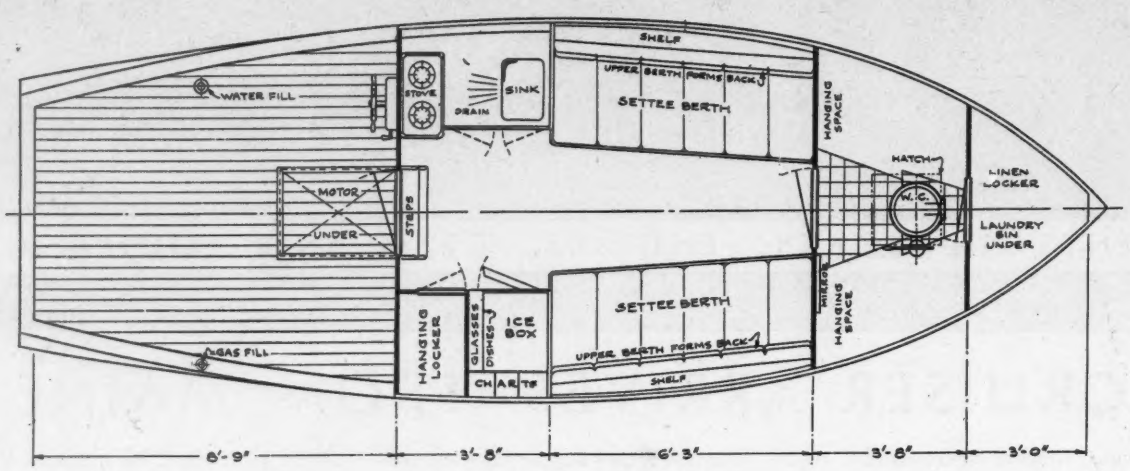
The power plant is a Van Blerck, 4–45 engine which turns up 45 hp. at 1200 r.p.m. This engine, a conversion of the Ford Model A, has made an excellent record in marine service just as it did in Ford cars. In converting the automotive transmission to marine service the engine builder has incorporated a vacuum clutch control which gives the Marblehead "26" at least one luxury item that only the finest of stock cruisers include. The Van Blerck engine gives the boat a speed of about 12 miles.

We have seen the boat only on the showroom floor so have nothing but the accompanying profile view by which to judge outward "in the

The new Marblehead "26". She has accommodations for four and is from designs by Eldredge-McGinnis, Inc.

water" appearance. Of course, she is a bit higher forward than most small stock cruisers but the raised deck type always looks higher. The unusual amount of room below, however, makes a slight sacrifice in appearance more than worth while. We have always liked the McGinnis touch in round bottom hulls and the designer has it here just as in his larger designs.

There's a bit of bright mahogany down below, in the deckhouse, and in the transom, but most of the Marblehead "26" is painted. The bottom is red, the top-sides are white up to the guard rail and gray above it, and the superstructure is white. Paint is much easier to keep up than varnish and we're all for it. If the boat were ours, we would paint over the varnished transom too.



Layout plan of the new $1700 stock cruiser

All portholes and hatches are screened and the standard equipment includes boathook, anchor and rode, bilge pump, etc., and all equipment required by law. The $1700 boat is ready to sail as is. It's not fancy but it's a real boat.

Cork floors, more power, more varnish, chrome plated hardware, etc., can be had — but you'll have to pay for them. There is a good-sized list of additional or alternative equipment and fittings of a more or less deluxe nature. The cost of each item is definite and understood beforehand. By spending a couple of hundred dollars more than the base price the owner can floss up his boat considerably. Let us emphasize once again, however, that none of these items are essential. The man whose expenditure is limited to $1700 gets a complete boat just as well as the one who decides on fancier alternatives.

BEACHCOMBER

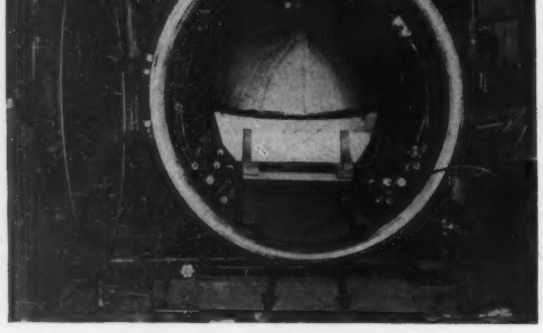
BOATS OF FUSED WOOD VENEERS: SKANEATELES HYDROLITE

JOHN BARNES, President of Skaneateles Boats, Inc., was one of the most fidgety exhibitors on deck during the first day or so of the recent Boat Show in New York. But it wasn't the big blue spinnaker on the Skaneateles Lightning that had him worried — with the aid of a blast from a couple of big electric fans the sail stood very nicely. He was wondering whether to bring the first of the new Hydrolite boats, developed by his company during recent months, over to the Show or to keep it parked in his hotel across the street. After a few private showings, however, he concluded that if he brought it to the Show his whole squad of assistants would be kept busy answering questions on the Hydrolite dinghy and would have no time at all to devote to the Lightning, Comet, etc. So the dinghy remained in comparative obscurity.

We were fortunate enough, however, to be in on the private showing and quite agree that Hydrolite has all the essentials for stopping the Show, and that its development may quite possibly have a far-reaching effect on the future of boat building. The 8-foot dinghy we saw is most attractive, thoroughly practical in design, extremely light (57 pounds) and its durability is vouched for by one of the foremost developers of plastics and glues, the Bakelite Company. As far as her lines are concerned, she was designed by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., especially for Hydrolite construction, which means, if anything, that in the lines and degree of curvature of the hull they were given a freer rein than any earlier type of construction would permit. With Hydrolite, in fact, the greater the curvature the greater the strength.

Skaneateles Hydrolite is a multiplicity of wood veneers fused together under heat and pressure with a Bakelite phenol-formaldehyde resinous glue, forming a material which has a greater strength weight ratio than steel. We've all heard a lot about waterproof plywood — Hydrolite might be described as plywood manufactured once and for all in the curved shape of a boat's hull instead of flat panels. The material is molded not bent to shape. Consequently it is free from all stress found in bent material — a point of great importance to the ultimate strength. Hydrolite hulls are produced in one solid piece with thickness and strength varied at will throughout the surface of the material. In the dinghy except for the gunwales and keel the hull has three plies of uniform thickness. In larger boats where the stress and strain of engine beds, propeller struts, mast and rigging must be provided for, Hydrolite construction would increase the number of plies locally at many other points.

The first Hydrolite boat, an 8-foot dinghy from designs by Sparkman & Stephens, Inc. It weighs less than 60 pounds, though made of mahogany



The mold on its car in the heat and pressure tank. The phenol-formaldehyde glue used is thermo-setting and once it is set can never return to liquid form

This type of boat has been possible ever since phenolic bonding materials were developed some years ago but until the most recent developments a costly male and female die would have been required and the cost of the boats would have been prohibitive. Skaneateles started over a year ago to develop Hydrolite. They started from scratch for although molded wood veneers were being used and experimented with in other fields nobody had done anything on boats. Several dead ends and various stumbling blocks were encountered but the first complete Hydrolite boat finally came off the mold a few months ago.

As finally developed the Hydrolite process of building the 8-foot dinghy is carried out as follows:

Veneers made of African and Honduras mahogany are used for all three layers of the hull. These are slice cut, 1/16″ thick. The first step at the Skaneateles plant is coating the large slabs of veneer with Bakelite phenol-formaldehyde resinous glue. This glue is in liquid form and it requires about 24 hours for the solvents to dry out. After the coating of glue has been applied (it looks very much like varnish) the slabs are stored for use sometime within the following month.

The next step is cutting the slabs of veneer to the precise shape of patterns previously made; most of these are of uniform width throughout their length but, as in plating a steel ship, some are of odd shapes and sizes. As many as twenty slabs of the 1/16″ veneer can be cut at one time.

The wooden male mold for the Hydrolite dinghy is meticulously constructed and sanded to a uniformly smooth finish. Next the strips of veneer are placed over the mold layer by layer with veneer tape being used to hold them in place pending the "cooking" process. In the dinghy seven plies are used in the keel, five plies in the gunwales, and the rest is three ply. The additional plies are inserted between the overall three plies

Left — The wooden mold and beside it a completed boat. Right — A completed hull as it comes from the mold with transom and gunwales added

and are tapered to a feather edge so that after completion there is no air space within the structure. The inner and outer layers are laid diagonally, the middle layer at 90° to them.

At this stage of the procedure a somewhat publicized similar process introduces a rubber bag into which mold and all is placed for the "cooking." By building up air or steam pressure about the bag, pressure is applied for molding. Skaneateles, however, has developed their own method and equipment and has eliminated the costly and delicate rubber bag. The mold and assembled veneer strips are placed in a large pressure tank and cooked for about 30 minutes at a temperature of some 300 to 350 degrees and at 80 to 90 pounds pressure. During this period the glue sets and once set up it can never be softened again. It permeates the very fibres of the mahogany and develops a permanent more than mechanical bond which is stronger than the wood itself. The bond is unaffected by heat (even the "cooking" temperature or hotter), moisure, gasoline, alcohol, oil and most chemicals.

In the first Hydrolite dinghy gunwales, transom, the rubstrake on the keel, and the seats were added and fastened with brass screws after the cooking process. The stem was molded in. In the future all but the seats will probably be made of veneers and molded in in a single "cooking." A particularly hard and durable Bakelite varnish finish will probably also be baked on at the same time.

This little Sparkman & Stephens dinghy with graceful curves, maximum carrying capacity for her length, and bright finished beautifully grained mahogany inside and out, unmarred by fastenings, is most attractive. Skaneateles estimates that it can be sold at about the price of standard canvas covered dinghies of the same length ($100 to $120) and that they will be in production in another month or so, certainly in time for the 1940 summer season.

However, of greater significance than the details of this first Hydrolite boat, we feel, is the fact that here is a method of boat building which offers great strength, light weight, absolute and enduring tightness, durability, adaptability to any desired shape, thickness or strength, and elimination of many conventional construction members. Hydrolite boats can be built today at costs equivalent to those of more conventional methods, and the process offers many possibilities of economy with quantity production. Who knows what the future and further progress in the Hydrolite and similar systems may bring in the way of stronger, lighter, more durable, and cheaper boats of all types and sizes.

Launches, tenders, small inboard runabouts and small sailboats would seem to offer the most fertile fields for this new type of construction, but cruisers and auxiliaries can use Hydrolite's many advantages too, provided the costs are not too high for the more limited market.

BEACHCOMBER

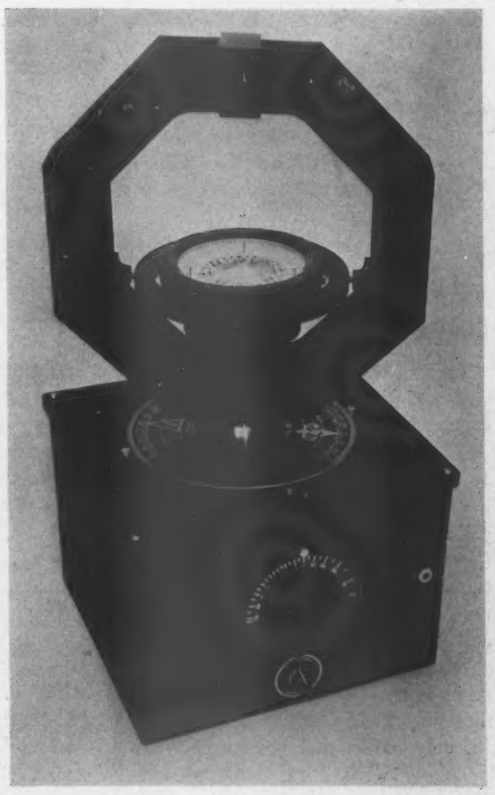
A DIRECT READING RADIO COMPASS

THE outstanding new development at the Boat Show this year was unfortunately tucked away in one of the less frequented alleyways of the maze of equipment items on the third floor. Many a Show visitor probably missed it entirely but nevertheless its reception was most enthusiastic. The item is called the Cape Cod Navigator and it is a direction finder with a new wrinkle the value of which is immediately apparent to anyone who has ever used one of the machines regardless of his technical training or his understanding of what goes on inside the compact little cases.

The Cape Cod Navigator has, in addition to the large compass rose of all direction finders, a magnetic compass specially built by Kelvin & White, which is slung within the loop and enables bearings to be taken directly. Thus, one step in the process of obtaining a bearing is completely eliminated, viz., comparing the bearing obtained on the ordinary direction finder's rose to the steering or master magnetic compass. We have often thought, and so have others with a great deal more experience with radio direction finders than we have had, that there was not much point in obtaining a bearing accurate within a degree or so with respect to the ship's heading if several times that error was to be introduced in recording the ship's heading at the moment on the magnetic compass Naturally the rougher the sea, the more difficult it is to avoid errors in this step which the Cape Cod Navigator eliminates.

We have often wondered about the possibilities of mounting a magnetic compass as part of a direction finder and from our non-technical viewpoint it seemed that the greatest difficulty would be the effect on the compass of variable electrical disturbances from the set. According to the Cape Cod engineers, however, the toughest nut to crack was keeping the compass from spoiling the efficiency of the loop.

The compass and the gimbal ring as developed by Kelvin & White consists largely of bakelite in order to eliminate any continuous metal circuit which would act as a disturbing loop within the loop. The card is of mica and even the lead counterweight on the bottom of the compass bowl is in four sections insulated from each other. The card is small for the size of the bowl and is fast moving. Turning the loop, of course, turns the compass bowl and the lubber line indicates the apparent magnetic bearing of the station being worked. The compass rose mounted on the top of the instrument merely serves as a convenient means of adding or subtracting the ship's error at that particular angle from the bow. This error is obtained by calibration, just as with any other direction finder.



The compass within the loop of the Cape Cod Navigator enables magnetic bearings to be taken directly

The loop does not affect the compass and the electrical layout of the set itself has been balanced so that the disturbing influences offset each other. The head phones have been specially selected for their non-magnetic qualities.

The power supply of the Cape Cod Navigator is obtained from self-contained batteries and both the case and the loop housing are of salt water-resistant aluminum alloy with a black wrinkle enamel finish. All coils, condensers, resistors, etc., are impregnated against moisture and every possible precaution has been taken to assure stability of adjustment. The circuit is a specially designed five-tube superheterodyne using the new low-drain tubes. The over-all height of the instrument is 21½"; the loop's diameter is 12", and the cabinet is 11½" wide by 10½" deep. The total weight is 30 pounds.

Several of these instruments were in service on yachts last season in order to provide an opportunity for any "bugs" to show up before putting them on the market. None were found. The price of the Cape Cod Navigator is $195, or without its particular feature, the compass, it can be had for $145. It is manufactured by the Cape Cod Instrument Company of Hyannis, Mass.

BEACHCOMBER

GADGETS AND GILHICKIES

NEW LAUSON AIR-COOLED FOUR CYCLE OUTBOARD

AMONG the many hours we spent at the Boat Show there was no time more interesting than that spent listening in on the comments on the new four-cycle outboard fresh from the Lauson factory. In spite of the remarkable improvements made in all outboards in recent years, difficult and tricky starting has always been a bugaboo in our opinion, and our bit of eavesdropping at the Lauson booth indicated that many another Show visitor feels the same way about it.

The ease of starting of the little air-cooled inboards whose popularity has mushroomed in the last couple of years has shown that just because an engine is small it doesn't necessarily follow that it is hard to start. The new Lauson outboard is four-cycle which means not only that it usually starts on the first spin but also that it burns pure gasoline and the messy mixing of gas and oil is avoided.

The Lauson Company is calling this little motor the Sport King. The rather bulky appearing and all-enclosing hood is of aluminum alloy and is really very light. Just as in the air-cooled inboards, vanes are attached to the flywheel and draw a stream of cooling air down through the starting

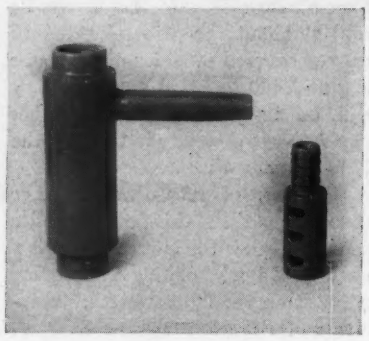
cord reel, circulate it over the cooling fins and on out through vents in the lower half of the hood.

The engine develops 2.5 hp. at 3000 r.p.m. and the piston displacement of the single cylinder is 6.1 cubic inches. The gas tank, hidden beneath the streamlined hood holds ¾ gallon which is sufficient for from 6 to 8 hours running. The weight of the Sport King is 39 pounds.

A FOOL-PROOF AUTOMATIC SELF-BAILER

SEEKERS of gadgets at the Boat Show always have a field day in the Wilcox-Crittenden booth and this year was no exception. The new items included everything from cleats to anchors, although many of them were pretty well hidden among the hundreds of older standbys of the company.

One of the best of the new gadgets we ran across there is a new bailer or pump which puts the outlet end of the engine cooling water system to work and keeps it on the job of removing bilge water as long as the engine is running. It's one of the simplest appearing gadgets we have ever seen although when you slip its innards out it is easy to see that although the principle is simple the precise design and dimensions are very important. Both ends of the bronze casting are

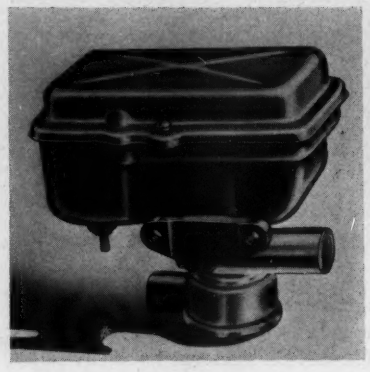


tapped for ¾" pipe, and thus are suitable for the exhaust water line (not the main exhaust line) of most small engines. The pipe nipple at the side is connected to the strainer (shown at the right of the illustration) by means of ⅝" I. D. rubber hose. The new gadget constricts the flow of exhaust water and then frees it up again in such a way that a suction is developed in the nipple and bailer hose. That is hardly a complete explanation, but it involves a well-known engineering principle and, more important, it works. There are no check valves or moving parts to stick and there is nothing to get out of order. As long as the outlet is open it sucks a real stream of water out of the bilge or, if the bilge is dry, it merely takes air. The only limitation is that the gadget must be installed above the water line to keep the sea water from backing up through it. The casting is entirely of bronze and the total cost of the two parts is $5.00. There is, of course, no operating cost.

NEW STEWART-WARNER ELECTRIC FUEL PUMP

ONE of the outstanding new accessories of the year so far is the new Stewart-Warner electric fuel pump. This pusher type pump recently adapted for marine use after a baptism in other fields goes a long way toward eliminating the disadvantages and at the same time adding to the advantages of electric fuel pumps. All the metal in the pump is brass and it delivers up to 15 gallons per hour of gasoline or Diesel fuel which should make it more than adequate for any motor up to 120 hp.

Every effort has been made to



make not only the design but also the construction of each individual pump a precision instrument. They are all sealed at the factory before being shipped out. Among the unusual features of the new pump are:

1. The pumping mechanism is separated from the pumping chamber and thus the entrance of dirt, water, or other foreign matter into the operating mechanism is prevented.

2. The contact points are sealed in a glass tube, eliminating all danger of fire from spark gap and doing away with pitting, sticking, and burning of breaker points.

3. The pumping mechanism is featured by a new frictionless armature. There are no pistons or bellows.

4. The slow-speed electro magnetic mechanism operates only in proportion to the fuel consumed. Current consumption is thus minimized.

The new Stewart-Warner electric fuel pump is available for either 6-volt or 12-volt installation.

CHAIRS OF ADMIRALTY BRONZE

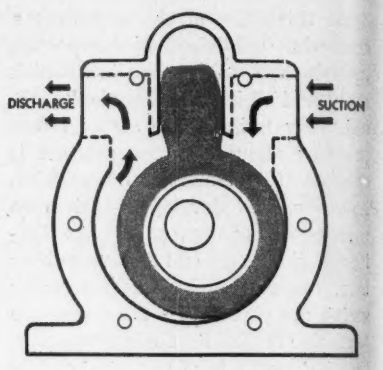
STEEL framed chairs can be compact, light, strong, and attractive but when used on deck, on yacht club porches, or anywhere else in close proximity to the water it is difficult to keep them from corroding even when chrome plated or finished with several coats of paint. As an answer to this problem Contract Sales, Inc., of 101 Park Ave., New York City has recently introduced a line of chairs, tables, etc., designed by Thomas E. Smith, and built of non-corrosive admiralty bronze tubing. All joints are welded so that there are no bolts or nuts to loosen up. Coverings are of DuPont's Fabrikoid or their new vigorously scrubbable Cavalon, or 14 oz. Navy duck. They are also made with seats and backs of 2" Firestone Latex. All seats and backs are readily removable for cleaning. The frames can be furnished in satin bronze, pewter, chrome, or baked enamel finishes.

One of the most interesting of the various types is the Yachtsleeper, a large, particularly comfortable chair which flattens out to become a portable single berth, with its Airtex seat and back as the mattress.

THE ECO MARINE PUMP

SHOAL waters with their easily stirred up sand, grit, and mud are a big bugaboo to water pumps. Very often the damage is done gradually and unknown to the owner of the boat until suddenly some part of the pump goes bad and it refuses to function. Gears, shafting or sometimes the whole pump has to be replaced and in the meantime the engine gets no cooling water.

For years owners of boats operated in shoal water have been bothered



with pump trouble and dozens of them have worked on schemes to eliminate the everlasting replacement of water pumps. The Eco pump, which made its first public appearance at the recent New York Boat Show was originally developed by a Tuckerton, N. J. yachtsman down where Barnegat Bay is at its shoalest.

Outwardly the Eco pump looks very much like a gear pump but once the face plate is removed it is obviously an entirely different proposition. Instead of gears there is an impeller made of the Dupont synthetic rubber, Neoprene. This is mounted eccentrically on the shaft and whirls about the chamber in a manner which, although it defies description, is easily understandable from the sketch. It can be turned either clockwise or counter-clockwise and develops a positive pressure at speeds of from 350 r.p.m. on up. At 1000 r.p.m. the Eco pump delivers from 6 to 8 gallons per minute and at 1800 r.p.m. the figure is 10 to 12 gallons. Sand, grit and mud are flushed right on through with the water without doing the least bit of harm. At the Show one of the tricks was to put a piece of manila twine right through the pump being demonstrated. The bearings are of a water-lubricated composition material and all the metal parts are bronze. The first Eco pump has already been in service for over two years and was on display at the Show along with the newer, more streamlined models.

The pipe connection size is ½" standard at both ends. The pump is manufactured by the Eco Engineering Company of 72 East Kinney St., Newark, N. J.

IT'S FUN-TIME DOWN SOUTH FOR ESSO MARINE SKIPPERS

NAVIGATING in Southern waters? Then toss troubles overboard and make it a *fun* trip. You left business worries back home . . . how about your vessel's innards? Do you keep listening for queer engine-noises, or fret about fuel bills? Or do you buy fuels and lubricants at Esso Marine docks exclusively, and *know* your engine is in the best hands?

Why not scuttle engine-trouble jitters for good and sink fuel and repair bills below your wallet's waterline? Let Esso Marine fuels pile up pleasure-knots for you at sea-floor cost! *Depend* on Esso Marine lubricants to prevent friction damage, help seal wide piston clearances, banish sludge.

Wherever you cruise, you'll not be far from an Esso Marine dock. Treat your craft to topnotch Esso Marine products...treat *yourself* to *Happy Cruising!*

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The Esso Marine dock identifies waterfront dealers of the following oil companies handling Esso Marine products: Standard Oil Company of New Jersey — Colonial Beacon Oil Company — Standard Oil Company of Pennsylvania — Standard Oil Company of Louisiana — Standard Oil Company (Inc. in Kentucky) — Standard Oil Company (Ohio) — Humble Oil & Refining Company — Imperial Oil, Limited (in Canada). Direct inquiries to Esso Marine, 26 Broadway, New York City.

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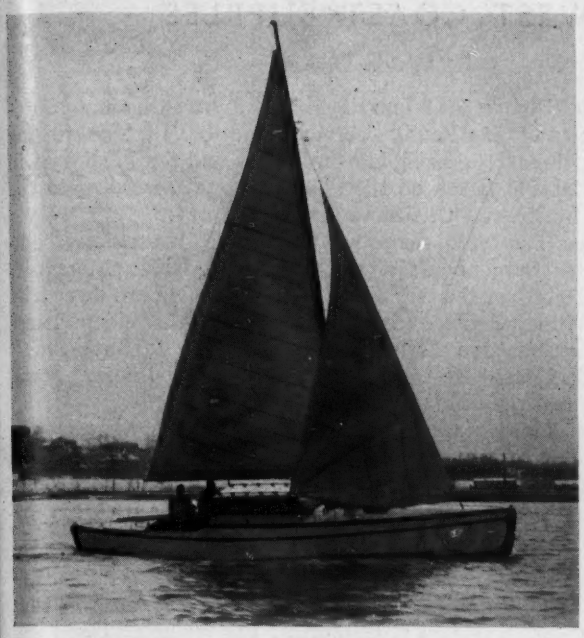
BEACHCOMBER LOOKS AT THE BOAT SHOW



The most talked of boat at the Show was the new Lawley 37-foot Huntress. She promises to be as fast as she is unconventional

THE January number of YACHTING and all the other boating publications is always so full of the Boat Show that comes February it might seem time to call a halt and talk about something else for a change. However, in spite of the tons of publicity material with which YACHTING'S office is deluged in the month of December we've never been able to get a very clear idea of what the new trends are until the Show itself comes off. The public's reaction, an even more important factor, must naturally await the Show.

In the large stock cruisers we noted no particularly significant developments. The hull forms all seem to be the same as have been used for several years with the trend to finer, more luxurious, and more convenient interiors continuing. There's plenty of eye appeal, more practicability and even some individuality. There's a marked trend this year to more paint and less varnish with a welcome departure from plain gloss whites in the interior. Some of the blues chosen as alternatives strike us as a little too boudoirish but most of the off-white colors are quite attractive.

In the smaller stock cruisers such as Richardson, Owens, Baltzer, Chris-Craft and the smaller Elcos, although the prices are about the same as in the past, dozens of little improvements and conveniences make them a lot better boats for the money. The dangerous tendency, noted during the last three years, for the helmsman's position to move farther and farther away from continually narrowing windshields seems to have been halted and in the case of the Owens cruiser, at least, to have reversed itself. For this many an owner will be thankful on dark, rainy nights in years to come.

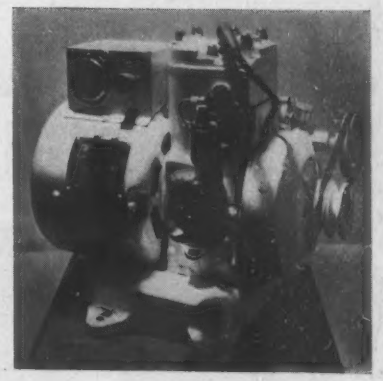
The Lawley boats, the mushrooming "110" class racer, and the long, lanky 37-foot sloop were by all odds the greatest provokers of curiosity and interest in the Show. Stretched out on the Show floor the 24-foot, all plywood "110" looked like a lot of boat for the money, and with some interesting moving pictures alongside her there could be no doubt that she is fast. Many people object to the "110's" unconventional appearance but the fact that over seventy of them have been sold in a little over three months is a lot more significant to us. The people who still buy and sail small boats want speed, life, and "feel." We have an idea they want them more now than ever before.

The 47-foot mast of the "110's" big sister, the Huntress (named for Ray Hunt who conceived this new type), was just 15 inches too tall to permit stepping, with the result that at least one of the Lawley men had to devote himself exclusively to the task of telling people that she really is a sailboat and not a submarine. The fact that the mast steps on deck on what looks like an adjustable stem fitting only made this fellow's job tougher. Wise cracks were a dime a dozen around the Huntress. Nevertheless most of the thousands who climbed aboard her during the course of the week were astounded at the amount of room in her toothpick-like hull. Her few frames and the fact that her sides are vertical are, of course, responsible for this. Many did not approve of her at all but there seemed to be almost as many others with a love of speed and performance in their blood who preferred to visualize her slicing out to windward with all competition hull down astern. There's no question but that the Huntress will be extremely fast, and we, like scores of others, are itching to get a sail on her to see just how fast she is and whether her speed is at a sacrifice of seakeeping ability, dryness, and other desirable features. Whether the new Lawley boats are the start of a whole new trend in design is yet to be seen, but they certainly are unusual.

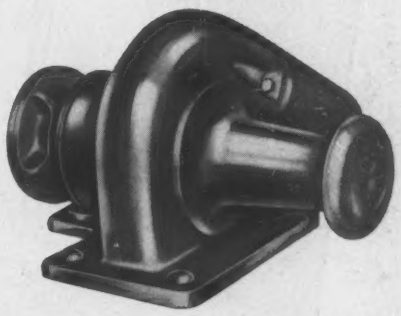
Upon the second floor of the Show where the motor makers hold forth, the talk was largely of the new models (described in the Show section of the January number of YACHTING), of automatic temperature regulators in the cooling systems, and of new engines producing more power with less weight. The manufacturers of the little air-cooled engines which made their Show debut last year were back again, although their booths were not jammed with thousands of the idly curious as they were a year ago. Buda, Briggs & Stratton, Lauson, and Wisconsin reported greatly increased substantial interest and a steady succession of visits from exuberantly satisfied owners of the little engines. All three of these leading manufacturers came out at the Show with gear or gear and chain reverse and reduction gears. A year ago it looked to us as if transmissions of any kind would be superfluous on most of the little boats using the air-cooled engines, but customers seem to think otherwise so the engine builders have obliged.

One of the most interesting items in the power line which appeared at the Show without forewarning was a little 500-watt water-cooled generating plant exhibited by Universal. This little outfit operates at the conservative figure of 1800 r.p.m., occupies less than two cubic feet of space, and weighs only 76 pounds. It is applicable to either 6, 12, or 32 volt systems and is started electrically through the generator by a push button. There's also an emergency rope starting pulley which can also be used to drive a blower, or a bilge pump, etc.

As usual the third floor of the Show was well stocked with gadgets, accessories, and just about everything imaginable. After several days of drifting about, prying under, and eavesdropping we concluded that the most significant thing on the whole floor was the greatly increased interest in direction finders and radio telephones. The half dozen or more manufacturers of this equipment represented at the Show all reported volume of interest and orders beyond their fondest dreams. These instruments have caught hold within the last year and are now taken for granted by a great many persons who formerly regarded them as mysterious luxuries to be indulged in only by the wealthiest and most technical of yachtsmen. The manufacturers too are coming down to earth a bit and admitting that a good direction finder and a good radio receiver can be combined. Western Electric introduced a new instrument which when connected to part of the circuit of their telephone receiver (or any other set where the connection is physically possible) makes a direction finder of the combination. Edward J. Grady of Boston, eastern representative for the Fisher Research Laboratories of Palo Alto, California, reported a great deal of interest in the Fisher Standard Radio Pilot which combines a direction finder with a broadcast, ship-to-shore, Coast Guard, and shortwave band receiver.



Above — Universal's new 500-watt water-cooled generating set which weighs only 76 pounds. Below — the National Electric Company's new Atlas windlass weighs only 85 pounds but handles anchors up to 125 pounds

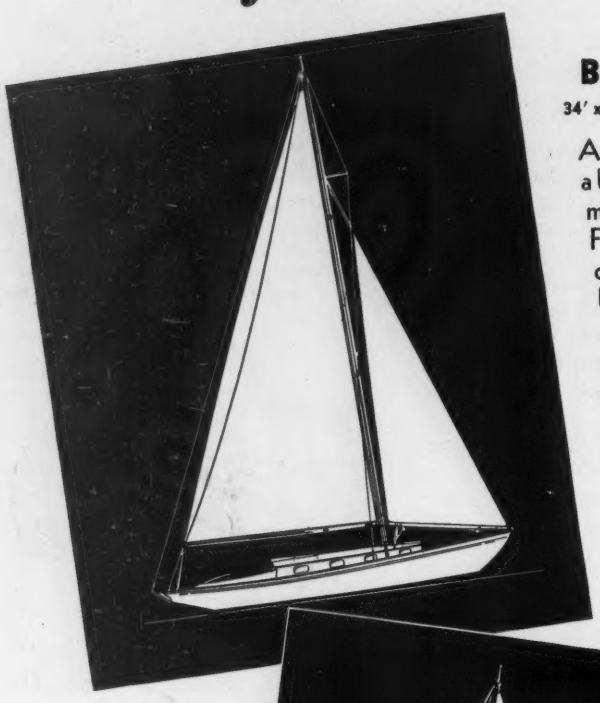


"Porthole" Chamberlain's new Constant Cook range for coal, kerosene, or oil firing was the most talked-of single gadget at the Show. This was described in detail in the Waterfront News section of YACHTING for last June. Since then it has lain dormant but it got under way with a bang at the Show and by the end of the week Chamberlain's pockets were stuffed with orders and a Florida-bound yachtsman was waiting at the door for the stove on the Show floor.

Those who really poked into things in the Wilcox, Crittenden booth discovered that this company has recently taken over the distribution of the Danforth anchor, the latest addition to the lightweight anchor field.

Warwick Tompkins with the 60-pound Danforth anchor which he uses on his well-known 85-foot schooner "Wander Bird"

Two *Entirely New* ALDEN AUXILIARIES *for 1940*



BARNACLE

34′ x 23′ 4″ x 8′ 5″ x 5′ 4″

An easily driven able hull with modern sloop rig. Full headroom, double cabin, four berths, galley and enclosed toilet room.

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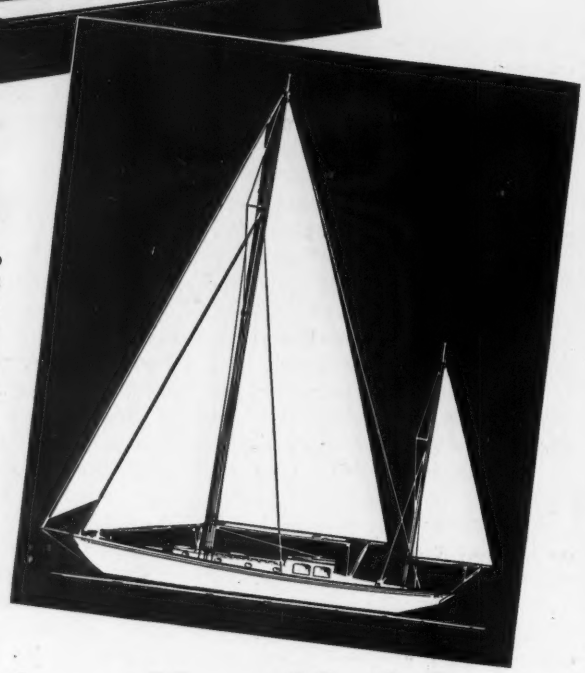

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News from Yachting Centers

WEST COAST BUBBLES

By Waldo Drake

NINE sloop classes will race all four days of the fourteenth annual Mid-Winter Regatta off San Pedro, February 22nd to 25th. The cruising classes will be out three days, being idle on Friday, and the small fry will be in action off Cabrillo Beach on the two final days, according to the program released by Regatta Chairman Arthur L. Ferry.

For the first time, Ten-Metre sloops will participate, due to the circumstance of Don Ayres' *Branta* being joined this month by three sisters from the one-design "Tens" on the Atlantic Coast. The boats are owned by Pierpont Davis, Wesley Smith and Edmund Locke. Other sloop classes on the program include the Eight-Metres, California "Thirty-twos," Six-Metres, Pacific Coast One-Designs, Rhodes "Thirty-threes," Stars, Pacific Interclubs and the California Cruising Class.

This year the race week is being sponsored for the first time by the Southern California Y.A. The California Y.C. will be host club and the San Pedro station of the Los Angeles Y.C. will be headquarters, unofficially, for the participants.

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To be sailed in alternate years, when there is no Trans-Pacific race to Honolulu, the Los Angeles Y.C. has established a 330-mile cruising race around the eight Channel Islands of California. The inaugural event will be started from San Pedro at 6:00 p.m. next July 3rd. The Ocean Racing Rule will apply to the several divisions.

The first leg will be a 120-mile windward thrash up the San Pedro and Santa Barbara Channels to Richardson Rock, thence a run down to Pyramid Head, southern extremity of San Clemente Island, and a reach home to San Pedro.

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Commodore Russell Simmons nursed his California Y.C. flagship *Ay Ay Ay* through feather-soft zephyrs so handily at Newport-Balboa that she won all three of the Six-Metre events in the annual Christmas Regatta on December 30th and 31st.

Second honors were taken by John Swigart's *Ripples*, followed by Don Edler's *Caprice*, William Slater's *Lanai* and Emerson Spear's *Rebel*.

Other winning and placing boats in the various classes were:

"PC's." *Malolo*, George Bangs, and *Aloha*, Smith.

Rhodes "Thirty-threes." *Nimbus*, Ted Braun, and *Firefly*, William Remington.

Stars. *Scout*, Myron Lehman, and *Stormy*, G. F. Baxter.

"PIC's." *Challenge*, George Fleitz, and *Atalanta*, Kenneth Pier.

Albatross Class. *Peda*, Everett Morris, and *Monk*, Taylor.

Falcons. *Jocko*, Boyd, and *No Name*, Evans.

Flatties. *Windrider*, Norman Meager, and *Spree Gal*, Richard Tovell.

National One-Designs. *Valiant*, Dolby, and *Glamour Girl*, Allen.

Snipes. *Grey Goose*, Fred Schenck, and *Shady Too*, F. Schwander.

Performance Handicap. *Blue Jay*, Erwin Jones, and *Allura*, Percy Brewer.

\+ + +

Bubbles. . . . Roy Owens, of Beverly Hills, has purchased, from the Don Lee estate, the 144-foot steel Diesel yacht *Melodie*. She was built by the Craig yards at Long Beach in 1920 as *Edythe* and was later George Whittell's *Elia*. . . . Exigencies of the European war have halted the world cruise of the venerable 46-foot Norwegian ketch *Oscar Tybring*, which tarried at San Pedro last summer. Her youthful owner-skipper, Robert K. Robertson, has been ordered to duty with the Norwegian air force and has suspended the cruise at Honolulu. . . . The war has also caused Fred Lewis, of Balboa, to abandon his eastward world cruise in his new 135-foot Diesel yacht *Stranger*. Instead, he and Mrs. Lewis will take the boat to their privately-owned Coal Island, near Victoria, in February. . . . William A. Bartholomae, Jr., of Los Angeles and Balboa, who lost his 140-foot steel cruiser *Paragon* in the gale last September when she went aground at the Newport-Balboa entrance, has bought the 53-foot cruising cutter *Senta*, of San Francisco. . . . Lou Fageol's new displacement racer *So Long* easily won the Pacific Motor Boat Trophy with an average speed of 61.943 m.p.h. for the three heats. Robert Baird's *Miss Encino* was second, followed by Dudley Valentine's *Miss Hollywood* and Arthur Bobrick's defending *El Torbellino*. . . . 1940 flag officers of the California Y.C.: Commodore Charles A. Paige, Vice Commodore Douglas Radford and Rear Commodore J. J. Jakosky. Los Angeles Y.C.: Commodore Howard Wright, Vice Commodore Emerson Spear, Rear Commodore Ray Person.

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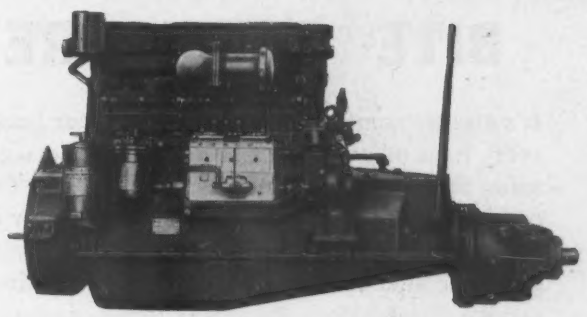
THE "House Flag" of The Buda Company displays an important message—"*Backed By Over 13 Years of Diesel Marine Experience.*" Think what this experience means in terms of proved Diesel Engine design, development and actual operation. Resulting from these valuable years of experience are exclusive Buda-Lanova advantages that mean quiet operation and economical, trouble-free service for boat owners all over the world. Advantages of "*Low Pressure*" combustion, reducing shock to pistons, rods and crankshaft. These are some of the important features you get when you power or repower your boat with Buda-Lanova 4-cycle Diesels. Consider *all* these facts before you buy *any* engine. They mean greater satisfaction, more boating pleasure, and positive dependability. Write for literature showing the complete range of sizes, from 20 to 232 H.P.



Illustrated directly above is the six-cylinder Buda-Lanova Diesel Model 6-DTM-468, with 4¼" bore, 5½" stroke, 468 cu. in. displacement.

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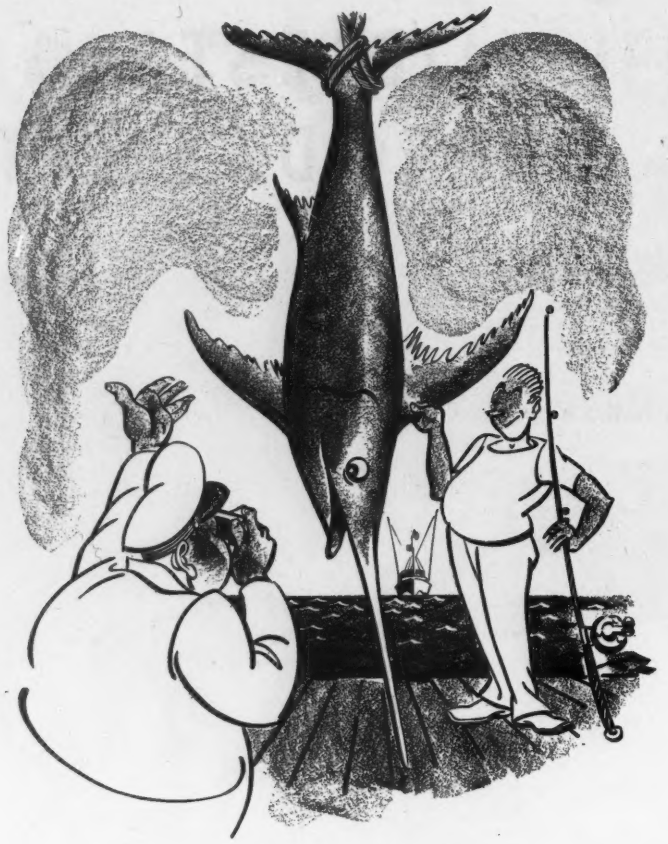

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MASSACHUSETTS BAY FLASHES

By Ed Earle

ANNUAL elections and the turning-to of all hands in charting 1940 courses featured the past month's winter activity in this section. Edwin Ginn, of the Beverly Y.C., owner of the *Pilgrim*, was elected president of the International Thirty-Square-Metre Association. He succeeds Commodore Daniel E. Watson, of the Corinthian Y.C., at the helm of the fleet, which has grown to top racing stature in the past eleven years. James T. Connolly, Jr., of the Eastern Y.C., owner of *Valiant*, second series winner at Marblehead, was made vice president. E. Sohier Welch succeeds to the post of secretary-treasurer.

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Secretary-treasurer Charles Graf was elevated to the presidency of the Massachusetts Bay Indian Marconi Class Association, numerically the largest one-design fleet in the Bay, at a record turnout meeting held at the South Boston Y.C. Retiring president Herbert Allbright, of the Squantum Y.C., was elected to fill the berth vacated by Graf. The 21-foot over all Centerboard Class, which is now over the 75-boat mark, has been the backbone of the interclub racing in Boston Harbor. The Inter-Club Trophy, the major prize, was awarded to Harry Colburn, owner of *Mohawk*, hailing from the Squantum Y.C. Announcement was made of the new William Chamberlain Memorial Trophy that goes to the club from which the Inter-Club champion hails.

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The Squantum Y.C., which celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year, has put up a challenge cup for the Indians. Secretary Allbright will offer a prize to be known as the "Ma" Allbright Trophy for the Indian Class boat showing the greatest improvement during the season. It was voted to make the final interclub season race compulsory for all hands in 1940.

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A group of yachtsmen from Lake Quanapowitt, Wakefield, joined the Indian Association. The freshwater Indians will have E. Leroy Frost's *Kismit*, the first Indian Class champion; Wentworth D. Taber's *Kewanee;* Perry Farwell's *Quanopowitt* and also a new Indian building by Reid, of Winthrop, for Harry Dodge. George Rolt, who turned out the sensational *Hard-A-Lee*, is building a fast looking job for John E. Dexter, of Squantum.

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Commodore Robert W. Cumming retires after 14 years at the helm of the Beverly Y.C., to the regret of all yachtsmen who have ever raced at Marion. The annual election held in Boston saw Henry R. Shepley succeeding Commodore Cumming. The other officers are: Vice Commodore, Parker Converse; secretary, W. Fitch Ingersoll; treasurer, Thomas N. Dabney.

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Commodore Daniel E. Watson was reëlected to the helm of the Corinthian Y.C. The other officers include Vice Commodore Frederick J. Shepard, Jr., Rear Commodore Harry N. Bloomfield, Secretary Hosmer Ayer Johnson and Treasurer Richard D. Seamans. The veteran and efficient secretary, John P. Squire, retires after years of painstaking service and becomes an honorary member.

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The Eastern Y.C. reëlected its officers, Commodore B. Devereux Barker, Vice Commodore Malcolm W. Greenough, Rear Commodore Henry A. Morss, Jr., Secretary Morgan H. Harris, Jr., and Treasurer Stephen W. Sleeper. J. R. C. McBeath is chairman of the race committee.

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There was a record turnout for the annual meeting of the South Boston Y.C. with Commodore Thomas Moroney staying at the helm of the organization. The other officers include Vice Commodore Albert F. Ott, Rear Commodore Thomas Watson, Secretary J. Francis Moloney, Treasurer Francis Farrell.

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A new 17′ 9″ over all keel one-design class, from the designs of the Boston office of Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., has made its debut. K. Aage Neilsen reported a smart performance in a stiff, wintry breeze.

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Among the sales going through the office of John G. Alden are the 90-foot over all houseboat *North Star*, to D. Spencer Berger, of New Haven, Conn.; the 40-foot over all auxiliary sloop *Nimbus* to Stephen Wheatland, of Bangor, Me., and the 56-foot over all auxiliary cutter *Susan Prentice Reed* to Frederic J. Dion, of Salem. Mr. Alden reports the sale of five new 36-foot Coastwise Cruisers and two new Malabar Juniors.

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70' 5" x 59' 4" x 18' 3" x 9'
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Ketch SANTA CRUZ
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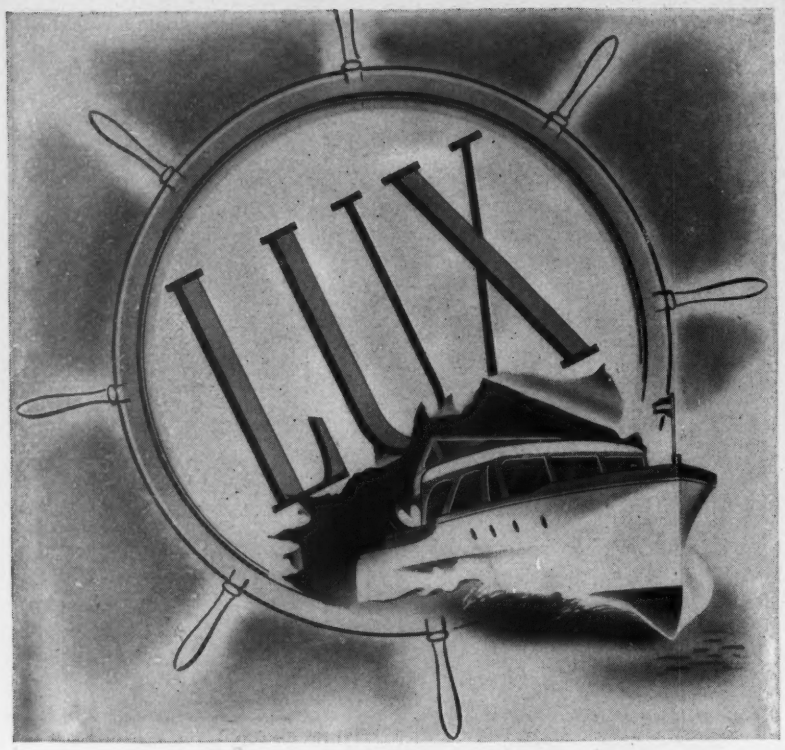

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SOUND WAVES

By Lee Scuppers

FIVE clubs and a fleet of the Star Class form the nucleus of the Eastern Long Island Yachting Association, organized recently to promote interest in interclub racing and cruising among clubs with stations on Peconic and Gardiner's Bays. A special organizing committee, which has been working since last autumn under the leadership of James M. Heatherton, former commodore at Shelter Island, rounded up the following clubs: Orient Y.C., Southold Y.C., Devon Y.C., Shelter Island Y.C., Old Cove Y.C. and the Peconic-Gardiner's Bay fleet of the Star Class.

Representatives of this group chose Franklin J. Robinson, Jr., commodore of Southold, as their president; Commodore Raymond Mount, of Orient, first vice president; Gorham Godwin, of Devon, second vice president; J. Grant Harrison, of Old Cove, secretary; Harold Dearborn, of Shelter Island, treasurer; Theodore Brigham, of Shelter Island, racing committee chairman, and Charles F. Hansel, chairman of the cruising committee.

Some time before the summer rolls around, the association hopes to decide on a one-design class for interclub racing.

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Several owners of the little cruising sloops known as Dunham and Stadel "Twenty-fours" are considering the organization of a class for formal racing under the Y.R.A. banner next summer. Five of these boats are already owned at Sound clubs and five more are being built for Sound owners by Joel Johnson, of Fairfield, Conn.

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The big news emanating from the annual meeting of the New York Y.C. was not the reëlection of Commodore E. Townsend Irvin and the other flag officers, George E. Roosevelt, vice commodore, and Gerard B. Lambert, rear commodore. It was the appointment of an entirely new race committee headed by no less an accomplished racing skipper than Robert B. Meyer. His associates will be Innis O'Rourke, another old hand with tiller or sheet, and William Greenough, former fleet captain of the club.

Colgate Hoyt, a veteran yachtsman, was elected secretary to succeed George Nichols, who took the position temporarily after the death of George A. Cormack last year. DeCoursey Fales again will serve as treasurer.

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The Herreshoff S Class, which numbered thirteen boats on the Sound last summer, may reach the twenty mark this season. None of the former Seawanhaka fleet which was purchased by its present owners a year ago is for sale, but J. W. Benfield, chairman of the class, has been scouting Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Maine shipyards for the purpose of lining up yachts for half a dozen prospective members of the group.

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The yachting department of the New York A.C. has reëlected Louis A. Kissling, commodore; W. H. Varley, vice commodore; Matthew Hiller, Jr., rear commodore; Edward J. McNamara, secretary, and August Stolz, treasurer. Fred Horenburger, perennial chairman of the regatta committee, has set July 13th as the date for the thirty-fifth annual Block Island Race.

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Larchmont Y.C. has drafted Rudolph J. Schaefer, owner of the successful cruising-racing yawl *Edlu*, as commodore for 1940, thus returning that amiable sailorman to the office he held for two terms a few seasons back. LeRoy Clark, owner of the International One-Design Class sloop *Imp*, is the new vice commodore and H. Prescott Wells, owner of the ocean-racing yawl *Golden Eye*, is rear commodore. Alex Gest succeeds Jack Dickerson as chairman of the regatta committee.

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Dr. Douglass P. Babbidge, who heads the Huntington Y.C. special race committee, already has begun drumming up entries for the Huntington overnight race on August 24th. Says he: "We are going to comb clubs from Marblehead to the Chesapeake to try to give this race an intersectional aspect." In addition to the regular prizes for Class A (40 to 65 feet over all) and Class B (25 to 40 feet), Huntington will reward the first boat to finish in any recognized cruising class such as the Week-Enders, Coastwise, Bounty, Malabar, Juniors, and such.

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Rope Yarns. . . . Hercules B. Atkin, for years a top flight Star Class skipper at the western end of the Sound, has been transferred to Manila for business reasons and has taken *Jubilee* along. . . . Frederick L. Reid, Stamford yachtsman, yacht broker and commander of the Stamford

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Power Squadron, died suddenly in Miami, January 10th. He was head of the Miami office of Tams, Inc. . . . David Stearns, of the City Island Y.C., has bought the schooner *Grey Gull II*, which has been at the eastern end of the island for the last two years. . . . The new Rhodes-designed, Scott-built Bounty Class may blossom out as a one-design racing group. Half a dozen owners already have been lined up to make the effort. . . . Indian Harbor has obtained A.P.B.A. approval of its August 17th–18th dates for the Gold Cup speed boat regatta in Northport. . . . Harry Jackson has promised to lead the Lloyd's Harbor fleet out of its rendezvous for maneuvers incident to the Gold Cup show. . . . Philip J. Roosevelt of Seawanhaka, has been reëlected president of the North American Y.R.U. . . . R.O.H. (Dick) Hill, chairman of the Coastwise Cruiser Class, will serve again in 1940 with James Northrup, secretary-treasurer, and Carl Hildebrand, Harold M. Scott, Northam Warren, Jr. and Harold McNulty, members of the governing committee. . . . Arthur Middleton, rear commodore of the Port Washington Y.C., has been reëlected chief commander of the U. S. Power Squadrons. . . . Herman Whiton's *Star Wagon* and George Nichols' *Goose* will go to the West Coast for the Six-Metre races at Los Angeles, February 22nd–25th. . . . Robert W. Fraser, the Victory Class bell ringer, will serve another term as commodore of the Manhasset Bay Y.C.

FLORIDA TRADE WINDS

By Vivyan Hall

THE last report of the United States Engineers, covering yacht traffic down the intracoastal waterway shows an 18 per cent increase over last year, the largest December, and a fall total which has doubled in the last four years.

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On New Year's Day, the Biscayne Bay Y.C. had its 54th annual flag raising. Landing just in time for the ceremonies were the Henry Howards' *Alice*, of Newport, with Major General Benoit of the Canadian Army aboard, and the Sidney Herreshoffs' *Lang Syne*, from Bristol. The club's Sunburn regatta will be held February 20th to 24th, inclusive, with races for the B One-Design, D and X Class dinghies and the Lightning Class.

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On January 7th, a fleet of 227 cruisers turned out for the review inaugurating Miami's fifth fishing tournament which will run through April 14th. They were more than an hour passing the flagship which this year was the U.S.S. *Lea*.

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The new Lauderdale Y.C. has placed a rush order for a fleet of Class X Frostbite dinghies and is laying out a course on the broad open water in front of the club grounds where dinghy owners among the visiting yachts are invited to join in racing. Dr. E. C. Brenner has received his new 38-foot Wheeler *Nedanna* which was picked up by the S.S. *Munargo* in New York and launched in southern waters a few days later. A similar cruise down was made by the Elco "30" which Herbert W. Warden, of Miami Beach, bought through the Gregory Boat Co.

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On New Year's Day, Fort Myers held a regatta to celebrate the opening of the municipal yacht basin on the Caloosahatchee River. The feature race for 91-cubic-inch hydroplanes brought a victory for J. D. McIntyre's new *Happy Warrior*, from St. Petersburg, over T. R. Chatfield's world record holding *Scoundrel*, of Danbury, Conn. Tommy Gore, Miami, took three firsts to lead the Class C outboard hydroplanes, followed by Ralph Hagood, Orlando, and Clyde Hall, Tampa. Bob Brake, Tampa, led the ten starters in the outboard runabouts with Gore second and Harry Curry, Miami, third. The free-for-all for inboard runabouts was won by Frank C. Alderman, of Fort Myers, from Harry Offutt, St. Petersburg. Officials William Skinner and Barney Gugel, from Tampa, were a big help to the local committee which included Alderman, Ronald Halgrim, Parker Holt, and James Kelly.

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A number of new boats have been added to the fleet of the St. Petersburg Y.C. Oscar DeLano has a new 31-foot Chris-Craft cruiser named *Norvad*. Herman Ladish's 42-footer *Madam Berthe* was just shipped down from the North. Cyrus Mackey has a new Chris-Craft and Clarence Fraker a new Richardson. C. C. Giles, a member from Bradenton, also has a newly acquired 46-foot cruiser and Charles Hunt has ordered one of the Lightning Class sloops. Headed by Commodore Coit's *Corky C*, the power division made a week-end cruise January 6th up the Little Manatee River. These cruises are particularly appealing to the non-racing members and their families.

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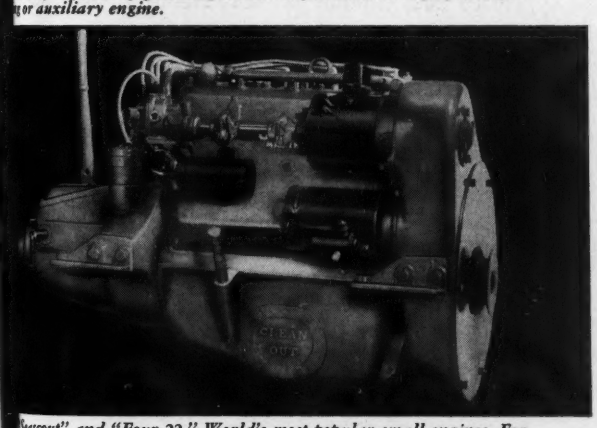

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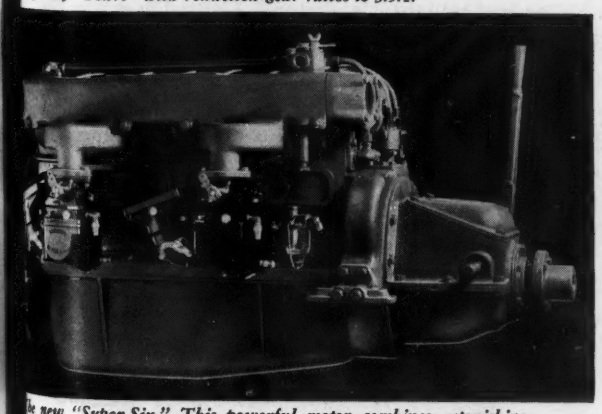

he new "Super-Six." This powerful motor combines astonishing alloh with remarkable smoothness and compactness. Piston dis- lacement 330 cu. in. Weight, 975 lbs. 145 h.p. Both rotations. Reduc- on Gears. Ratios 1.5:1 to 3.5:1. 12 other "Sixes", 51–160 h.p., and "Eights", 160 and 170 h.p.

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3. Because 150,000 Gray Marine Motors in service today at an average maintenance cost of 50¢ per cylinder per year back up the statement heard everywhere that Gray builds the best marine engines.

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Gray's new "Two" is only 43½" long overall, weight 1350 lbs. 55 h.p. at 2,000 r.p.m. Fires 2,000 times per minute at 1,000 r.p.m. (the same as a four-cycle "Four.") Ideal for cruisers from 26' to 35'. Has the power for workboats and auxiliaries. Fresh water cooling is standard.

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	Cu. In.	*H.p.*	*Lbs.*	*Price*
Light Four	69	7–16	330	$275
Sea Scout Four	91	9–37	375	325
Four–22	112	12–45	410	375
Four–40	140	15–55	510	440
Four–52	162	18–57	540	475
Six–51	200	20–71	650	515
Six–71	218	22–84	665	575
Six–91	244	24–100	799	660
Six–101	290	30–110	985	745
Six–121	330	36–124	1015	845
Super–Six	330	40–145	990	895
Six–105	383	30–101	1250	1100
Super–Eight	372	40–160	1275	1250

GRAY Phantom Engines for Runabouts and High Speed Work

Four–45	91	45	340	$365
Four–62	140	62	435	415
Four–75	162	75	460	465
Four–86	162	86	465	500
Six–90	218	90	625	495
Six–103	218	103	630	545
Six–125	244	125	730	645
Fireball 6–140	244	140	730	850
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Fireball 6–160	244	160	740	950
Eight–175	372	175	1250	1175

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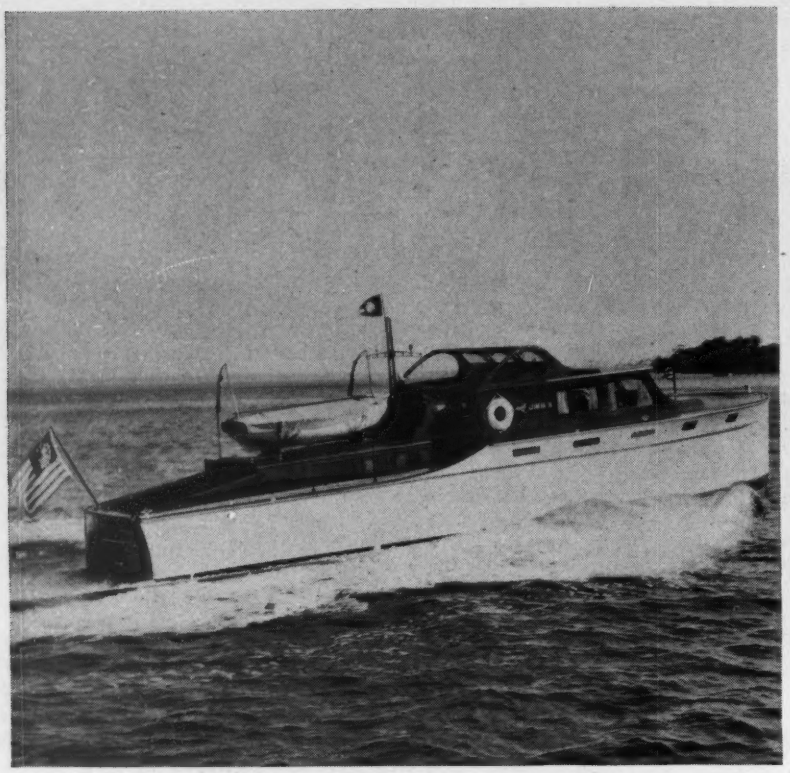

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NARRAGANSETT BAY GOSSIP

By Jeff Davis

SAID last month I'd tell about what happened at the annual meeting of the Taunton Y.C., the first one for about 20 years. Once upon a time, before the World War, the Taunton Y.C. was one of the active organizations, not exactly on Narragansett Bay, but the Taunton River runs into Mount Hope Bay and Mount Hope Bay is a tributary of Narragansett Bay, so a little thing like the Rhode Island-Massachusetts boundary line didn't mean anything to the yachting fraternity. Taunton "belonged."

Then the club eased out of what the war left of the picture — never disbanded, but membership dropped to almost nothing. Clubhouse given up, it became a case of suspended animation. A half dozen of the old members saved the charter and the flag and that was about all, except some $400 deposited to the club's account in a local bank. About a year ago, that $400 had grown to about $700. The treasurer and two or three of the other old-timers got together and agreed that, if they could get 25 men together, they'd make a new start. Twenty-five was easy. During the summer, they had a couple of club cruises and some scrub races. Membership increased. When the club had its meeting and dinner December 15th, there were 61 on the roll.

Temporary officers who had been serving during the summer were re-elected, as follows: Commodore, Stephen H. Rhodes; vice commodore, Bion L. Pierce; rear commodore, Winthrop E. Tinkham; secretary, George H. Robinson; treasurer, Elmer Noyes. The club has taken a ten-year lease of a site with about 100 feet frontage on the Whitmarsh Wharf, also known as Lane's Landing, at South Dighton, where there are 12 feet at low water, and has authorized a committee to begin building a clubhouse immediately.

\+ + +

Watch Hill Y.C. officers recently elected are: Commodore, Geoffrey L. Moore; vice commodore, Daniel F. Larkin, Jr.; rear commodore, Nelson W. Pickering; secretary-treasurer, John S. Sullivan; race committee chairman, Linwood Johnson; house committee chairman, Daniel F. Larkin. Walter Herrick was appointed fleet captain and Dr. Henry L. Johnson fleet surgeon.

\+ + +

The Narragansett Bay Power Squadron has elected Dwight L. Wyman, commander; Dr. Terrell E. Cobb, vice commander; and Harry Leach, secretary and treasurer.

\+ + +

Walton Hubbard, of Los Angeles, is said to be responsible for the jib-headed rig on the Dyer Dink shown in the Anchorage display at the Motor Boat Show. Some of those West Coasters wanted it, so Walton sent Bill Dyer an order for a dozen and Bill had one made for himself. Of course, under the present rules of the class, a Dyer Dink with a jib-headed rig isn't the one-design boat that's recognized but, as long as all the boats in a fleet have it, it's all right for their home racing.

\+ + +

Commodore Walter M. Kendall, of the Rhode Island Y.C., has appointed Dr. W. H. Potter fleet captain, Dr. Victor E. Conrad fleet surgeon, and Prof. Leighton T. Bohl chairman of the race committee.

\+ + +

The Waterman's Lake Y.C., the only fresh water yacht club in Rhode Island, has elected Charles Grittman commodore; Harry Kent, vice commodore; Raymond Smedly, secretary; James Angell, treasurer; Henry Davis and Norman Nugent to act with the officers as the board of governors; Edmond Menoche, fleet captain and Henry Becker, chairman of the race committee.

\+ + +

Doug Paton has sold his 30-foot twin screw Chris-Craft *Olympic III* to Peter Arpin, of Moosup, Conn. She will be kept at Wickford next season. He has also sold one of the 25-foot Chris-Craft cruisers to Dr. George T. Holt who will use her for fishing trips out of Wakefield and Point Judith.

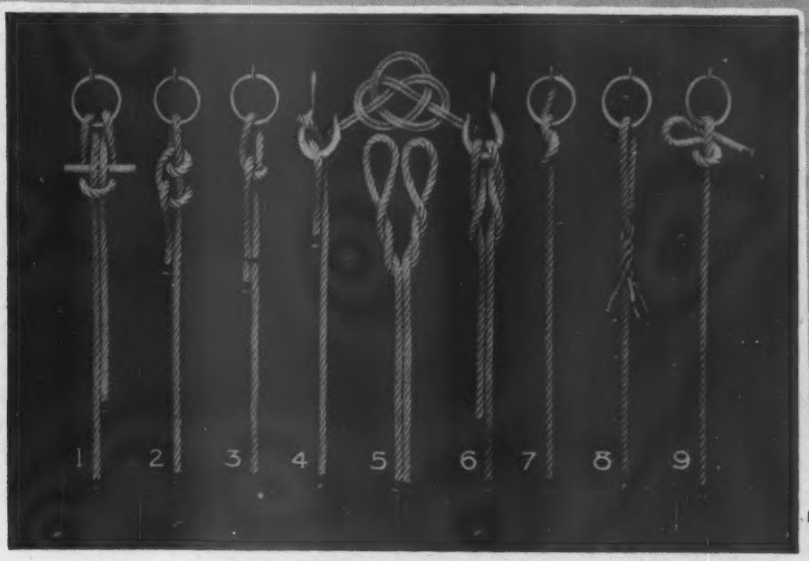
\+ + +

The Anchorage agency has sold a new 29-foot custom sportsman Chris-Craft, powered with a pair of 130 hp. engines and good for 35 m.p.h., to Gideon Numsen Steiff, of Baltimore, for summer use at Weekapaug. She will be named *Chrogi III*.

\+ + +

The Narragansett Bay Fleet of the I.S.C.Y.R.A. has elected Dick Alexander, of Newport, fleet captain; Gordon Colwell, of Apponaug, fleet lieutenant; and Jeff Davis, of Providence, secretary and treasurer.

Can you name these hitches and ties?



HITCHES AND TIES

1. Lark's Head with Toggle
2. Two Half Hitches
3. Half Hitch
4. Blackwall Hitch
5. Catspaw (Tying)
6. Catspaw (Finished)
7. Capstan Knot
8. Eye Splice
9. Slippery Hitch

INFORMATION that can well save you money! Get "Rope For The Boatman," a 32-page booklet *free* to everyone interested in boats and their good looks, safety, and economical upkeep. It's packed with information on the use of ropes for both sailing and power craft. The "Hints on the Care of Rope" section alone is loaded with facts to save you many a rope replacement cost! Use the coupon below. Your own, personal copy of this limited edition will be mailed to you without charge.

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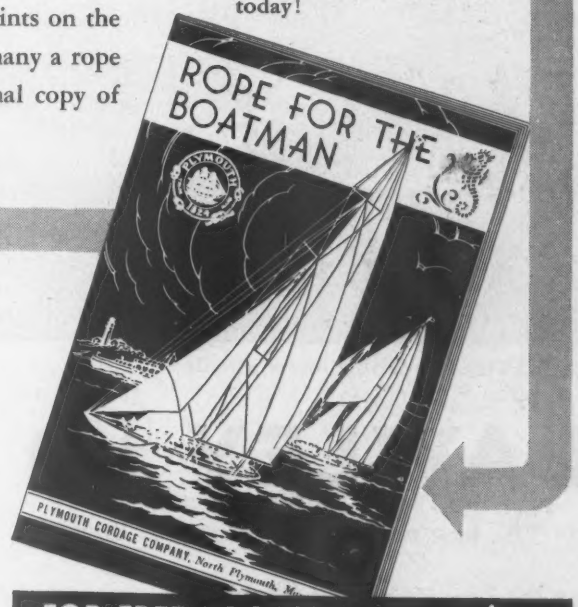

Watch your moorings!

This Spring—beware the boring crustacean, Limnoria lignorum, long known as a destroyer of wooden wharf piling but only recently recognized as causing rope damage! Plymouth has developed specially treated mooring lines to resist this menace, as well as the ship worm (Teredo navalis) and marine organisms of numberless types. Read about the "Cop-Painted" mooring lines in your copy of "Rope for the Boatman". It's waiting to be sent to you, if you'll act before our supply runs out.

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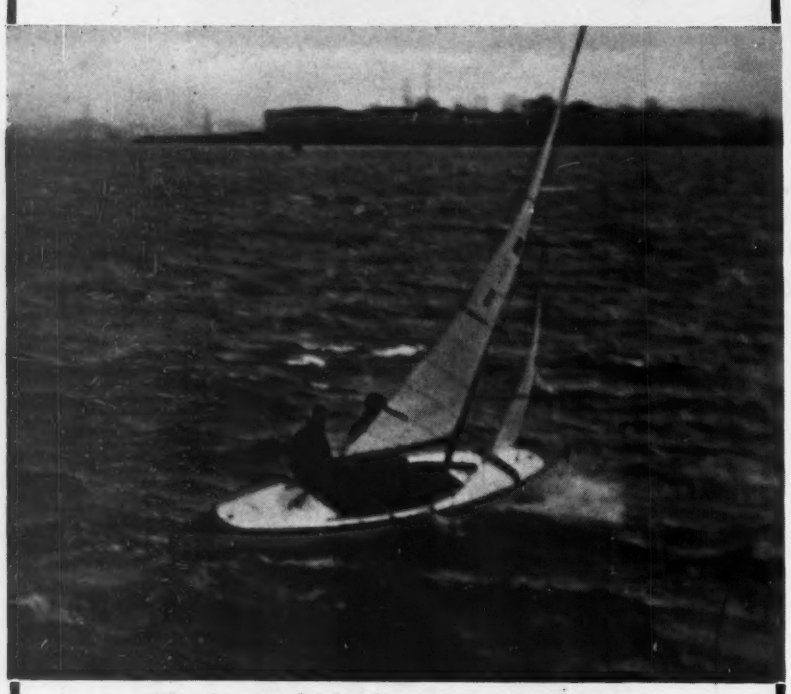

Lawley 110 driving into a 35-mile nor'easter

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BOSTON (NEPONSET) MASS

Verner Z. Reed, Jr., of Newport, has sold his Herreshoff Seafarer Class sloop *Rockette* to a Boston yachtsman and is having a new *Rockette*, an auxiliary yawl, designed by Art Shuman, built to replace her.

\+ + +

Thomas J. Sullivan, Jr., of Providence, has bought the 32-foot cruiser *Madge* from a member of the Savin Hill Y.C., at Dorchester.

NEWS FROM MAINE

By Elizabeth Cooper

WHILE Maine is frozen in for the next month or so, and yachting activity is at a standstill, this is a good opportunity to report on the Maine exhibitors and points of special interest to Maine yachtsmen at the New York Motor Boat Show.

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John G. Alden reports that Goudy & Stevens, in East Boothbay, have just been given a contract for one of his "Off Soundings" yawls. She will be 42′ over all, 30′ water line, with a 10′ 6″ beam and a draft of 6′ 10″. She is for a well-known Providence yachtsman for use in Buzzards Bay.

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The old and nationally known Hyde Propeller Company, of Bath, had its usual booth where all the standard and special makes of Hyde bronze propellers were shown.

\+ + +

At the booth of the Thomas Laughlin Company, of Portland, there were a number of new and interesting fittings. The improved "Rangeley Rowlock," which locks in the oar, is proving of particular interest to boat liveries and camps that hire boats since the oars cannot be lost. The safety wire rope clip that holds the dead end as efficiently as the tension side of the rope is especially good for emergency repairs to shrouds or stays, and reduces wear on wire rope. The ingenious "Mariner's Steerer" locks the rudder into position without any pressure on the wheel, doing away with all necessity for lashing.

\+ + +

Boston Boat & Engine Company had in its exhibit a number of craft under 20 feet, designated as "Maine Coast Boats." Of rugged and able design and construction, these craft are planked with State of Maine white pine. A number of the 16½-foot "Town Class" are already racing during the season at Southport, Rockland and Boothbay Harbor, as are the 17-foot "Downeasters" in Casco Bay. A number of new features have been put to use this season, such as reinforced transoms for outboard motors, tracks and slides for mast and boom, a new type traveller and other refinements.

\+ + +

Albert Frost, Chris-Craft representative for the State of Maine, was making his annual visit to the Show. He reports the sale of the following boats to local yachtsmen: A 29-foot express cruiser, powered with two 130 hp. engines which give her a speed of about 34 m.p.h. She will be used in Casco Bay during the coming season. A 25-foot semi-enclosed cruiser, to be used in Casco Bay as a commuter between Westport and Portland; a 19-foot runabout powered with a 130 hp. engine giving her a speed of 40 m.p.h., for use on Sebago Lake. Mr. Frost has also sold a 27-foot runabout to Charles Chaplin of Bar Harbor. She will be delivered early in July.

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Old Town Canoes & Boats had in their exhibit, beside canoes, outboards and equipment, their 13½-foot lapstrake centerboard sloop. This able little craft has already proved popular in Maine.

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Edgerton B. Sawtelle of Maine Engineering & Navigation, Inc., of Portland, had his new gadgets for course and position plotting set up in his part of the General Communications booth.

\+ + +

The Marblehead Boat Corporation, of Biddeford, is building a new, popular-priced 26-foot cruiser, designed by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., of Boston. Two of these are on exhibition at the New York showroom of Bruns, Kimball & Co., Inc., and three are in Maine. She is 25′ 11½″ over all and has 8′ 6″ beam, a draft of 2′ 8″ and 6′ 6″ headroom. She is powered with a Van Blerck 4-45 engine with vacuum clutch control, giving her a speed of 12 miles. Of sturdy construction, she is spacious and comfortable below decks and sleeps four.

REEF POINTS FROM EASTERN CONNECTICUT

By Cap Stan

IF you happened to drop into the Motor Boat Show in Grand Central Palace along about the middle of Show Week, you were pretty sure to run up against a whole crowd of people from various Eastern Connecticut bailiwicks. At least, that's what happened to this type pounder. Among those encountered in various and sundry booths, pushing this and that boat or gadget, were: Tom Willetts, Art Libby, Whit and Helen Kenyon, Hervey Stockder, Whit Stueck, Ross Perkins and Sam Wetherill, from Essex; Wes Jenks, from Hartford. Among showgoers themselves we encountered Billy Dodge and Blunt White, Ed Rice and Major Bill Smyth, from Mystic; W. L. Jencks, from New London; Curt Alvord and J. R. Kennedy, of Hartford; C. R. Hinchcliff, from New Britain; Commodore Colin F. Soule, of the Niantic Y.C.; and all three of the flag officers-elect of the Essex Y.C., Al Stanford, Dunbar Hinrichs and Chet Bowles.

Other Essexites roaming the aisles included former Mayor Tom MacWhinney, Herb Carpenter, Mort Tiley and Mort, Jr., Walter Rowe, and a couple of others whom we've forgotten for the moment. Lou Moody, Commodore of the Thames Y.C., dropped in from Groton; Jack and Bibby Mills, from Essex; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Cleef, from Pine Orchard; H. G. Burton, Darien; R. Vogel, Niantic; and several more.

\+ + +

There doesn't seem to be much custom yacht building this winter, yet here and there you run across a bit of activity. Down at Essex, Ross Perkins is planking up a 35-foot Warner-designed cutter for spring delivery to an unnamed client; at Deep River, Stanton Tiffany is putting on the finishing touches to a husky 36-foot yawl of his own design; and the West Mystic Shipyard is well along on the six International 14-foot dinghies they are building for the Coast Guard Academy at New London.

John A. Cellers, of Hamden, has ordered a 37-foot Chris-Craft Sports Fisherman from Ross Perkins, of Essex.

\+ + +

The nominating committee of the Essex Y.C. has recommended a fine slate of officers for the coming year and, by the time this gets into print, the annual election of January 20th will be a thing of the past and the following officers will have ordered their new uniforms and insignia: Commodore, Alfred N. Stanford; vice commodore, Dunbar M. Hinrichs; rear commodore, Chester Bowles; secretary, Hervey L. Stockder.

\+ + +

Bill (Glitter Glaze) Gould and Betty Gould have joined the Essexites who prefer to live afloat in the winter as well as during the summer. They are keeping house aboard the 65-foot schooner *Lascar*.

\+ + +

At the Essex Boat Works, Cap Neilsen and Colin Campbell are making fine progress reconditioning the 56-foot Elco cruiser *Pris-Ell*, damaged in the Big Blow of September, 1938.

CHESAPEAKE BAY ACTIVITIES

By Bugeye Bill

AFTER nearly a month's delay, sailing enthusiasts in Washington opened their frostbite series on the Potomac River off Alexandria, Va., the middle of last month. A small but hardy group, taking advantage of facilities offered by the Old Dominion Boat Club, sailed the first of a round robin series that is expected to carry over into March.

Frostbiters are sailing the new Penguin Class dinghies, 11½-footers designed by Phil Rhodes. Twelve of the boats have been built in that region since last summer.

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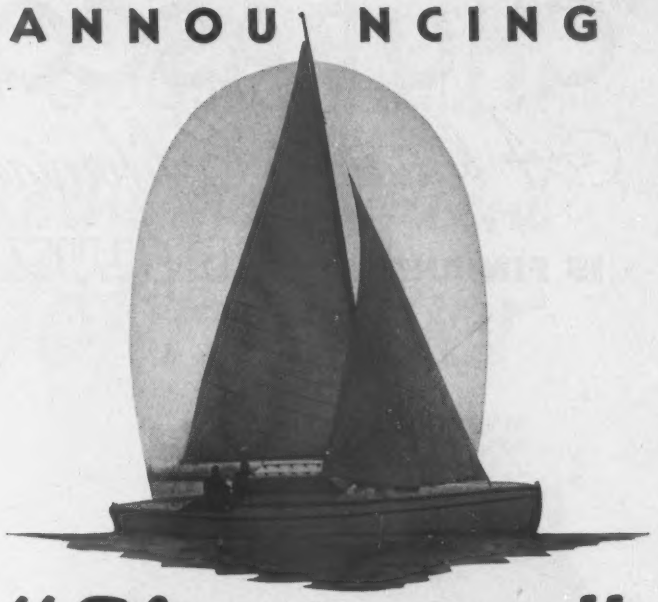
The annual meeting of Region 4 of the A.P.B.A. was held last month in Washington at the National Press Club, and officers and directors named for the year. Dr. G. Bache Gill, commodore of Washington's Corinthian Y.C., was reëlected regional chairman, with William German of the Maryland Y.C., Baltimore, vice chairman, and Maurice G. Long, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Named, in addition to the officers, to the board of directors were: T. F. Calleran, Havre de Grace Y.C.; H. W. Holt, North East Y.C.; Henry H. Holt, Hampton Y.C.; James Ellison, West Point Aquatic Assn.; William S. Collins, Chester River Y. and C.C.; James Mullen, Virginia P.B.A.; William Mills, Miles River Y.C.; William Simmons, Cambridge Y.C.

Power boatmen made application for 1940 racing dates in the region, pending, of course, the approval of the A.P.B.A. Racing Commission.

ANNOUNCING



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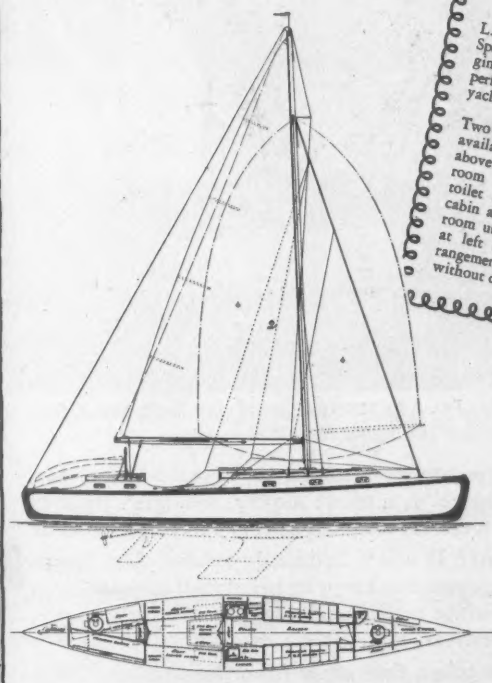

L.O.A. 37′. Sail area — 360 sq. ft. Speed under power, (16 H.P. engine) 8¼ knots (9.7 m.p.h.). Sail performance equals best racing yachts of similar size.

Two different arrangements are available. Boat photographed above has roomy forward stateroom with sitting headroom, toilet and clothes locker, main cabin and galley with full headroom under the dog house. Plan at left shows double cabin arrangement with more space, but without dog house.

"Huntress" may be inspected at our plant. You are invited to call or write and make an appointment for demonstration.

If your requirements call for no compromise but *top honors* in *speed, rough water ability, stiffness, cruising comfort* and fine *workmanship* you may search far without finding them as well embodied as in "Huntress."

Prices, in the water *ready to cruise*, including sails, start at $3200.

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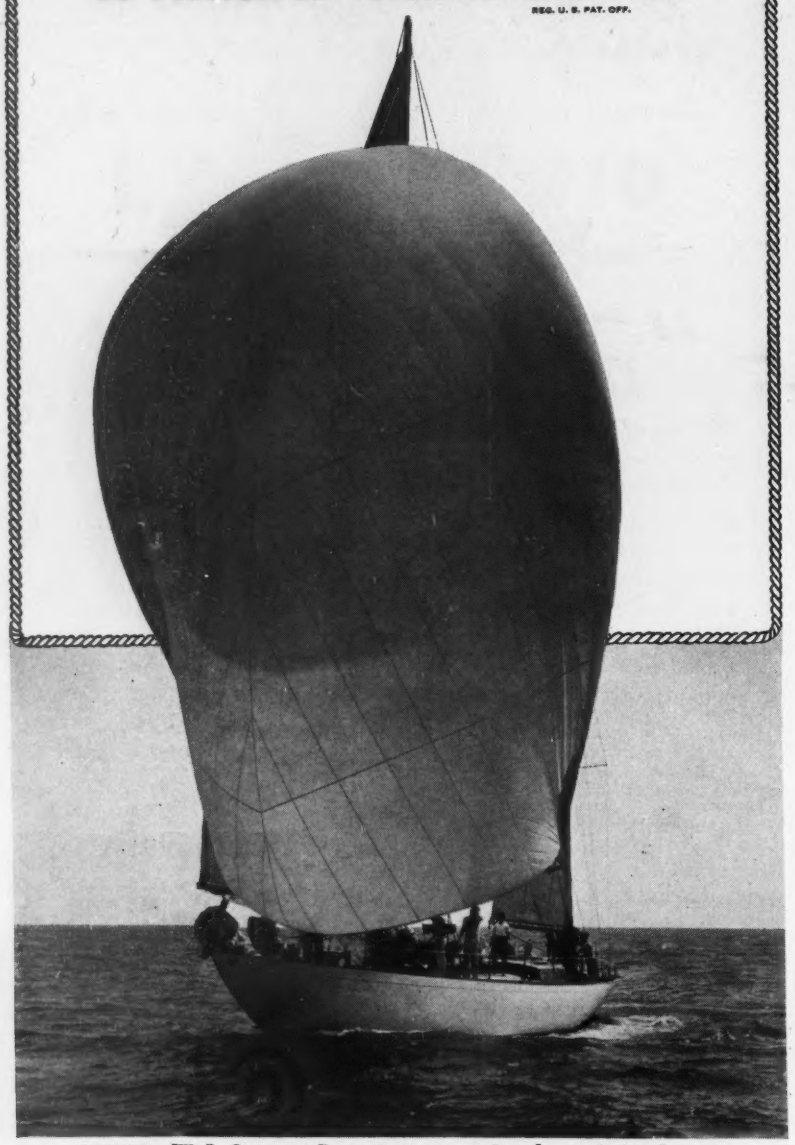

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Buster Wilford was recently elected captain of the Eastern Shore's Star fleet. Mason Shehan, who has taken up aviation with Uncle Sam after several years of cleaning up in the class in this area, was elected vice captain. Bob Gibson retains his post as secretary.

+ + +

No one was more surprised and pleased than the recipients of the Good Sportsman Trophy which Judge Prentice Edrington of the Capital Y.C., Washington, donates each year to the skipper and crew of a boat racing in the Potomac River Sailing Association series, who show "true sporting spirit" during the sailing year. Awarded at the association's annual dinner, the trophy was presented to Reid A. Dunn, owner of the Snipe *Rebel*, and his wife Isabel, who is crew. Judge Edrington decided that the Dunns' 200-mile motor trip each week-end from Richmond, where they live, was worthy of the prize. They keep their boat in Washington during the racing season and commute week-ends for the spring and fall series.

+ + +

Ice boating, a rarity in this section, came to the front at the Sparrows Point Y.C., near Baltimore, last month when a small group of sailors opened a round robin series of races. Racing on Back River, the group included Les Wright, Bud Beavin, Ernest Liskey, Roger Gintling and Wiki McNiel.

+ + +

A high point plaque for Bay cruising boats has been added to the list of trophies in custody of the Chesapeake Bay Y.R.A. Anonymously donated, it will be placed in competition for the coming year. . . . Oxford Ship Yards, on the Eastern Shore, is building eight 26-foot training surf boats for the U. S. Coast Guard. The yard is also completing two new Stars, one of them for Frank Baur, of Philadelphia, as well as converting a Delaware River oyster boat for a yachtsman. . . . The Capital Y.C., Washington, last month reëlected E. Hillman Willis, commodore. Other officers are: Richard S. Doyle, vice commodore; Daniel H. Fowler, secretary and treasurer; Col. H. H. Jacobs, measurer, and R. Clyde Cruit, Dr. Albert E. Pagan and E. P. Henderson, directors.

LAKE ONTARIO NOTES

By W. Peck Farley

THE annual meeting of the governors of the Central N.Y.Y.A. was held recently at Auburn. Sampson Smith was reëlected president for the coming year. The dates of August 22nd to 24th were set for the 1940 regatta, to be held on Lake Cayuga, off Ithaca, N. Y., under the auspices of the Cayuga Y.C.

+ + +

Commodore Van Voorhis, of the Rochester Y.C., has just sent out word to the club membership that, contrary to the understanding of most of the club members, there still exists in the L.Y.R.A. an individual paid membership list. There is a nominal fee of $1.00 per year which entitles the member to receive all circulars of the L.Y.R.A. when issued, to attend all meetings of both the association and the council, but does not entitle the member to vote at the meetings unless he is a club delegate.

C. T. ("Bo") Depuy has purchased from F. D. Everett, of Rye, N. Y., the Sparkman & Stephens Cruisailer *Gray Ghost*.

Commodore Van Voorhis has ordered a South Coast Hubbard Star and will join the Lake Ontario American fleet. Judge Van Voorhis is an able racing skipper. His last boat was the Eight-Metre *Cayuga*.

This coming season, the Rochester Y.C. will see more activity in the Star Class than ever before. There will probably be five additions to the fleet. With the Twelfth District Championship Races to be sailed off the port, great interest will center in the Star Class.

The Coast Guard Reserve held an interesting organization meeting at Red Cross House. Lieut. Com. Wood was the guest and speaker of the evening. Fine moving pictures of Coast Guard activities were shown and the following were elected to office for the local organization: Commander, C. T. Depuy; vice commander, Harold Field; secretary, J. W. Sheehy.

+ + +

Alan Parker, of the Youngstown club, has chartered the Six-Metre *Erne* for his 16-year-old daughter to sail this coming summer. We all wish "Jo" Parker the best of luck and hope that this will start many of the younger girls in the racing game. The Six-Metre *Mist* has been sold to Roberts, of the Olcott Y.C.

+ + +

Floyd Reeves and Laurence Brown, of the Onondaga Y.C., have started a fleet of Lightnings at that club. It is reported that the Delta Y.C. will

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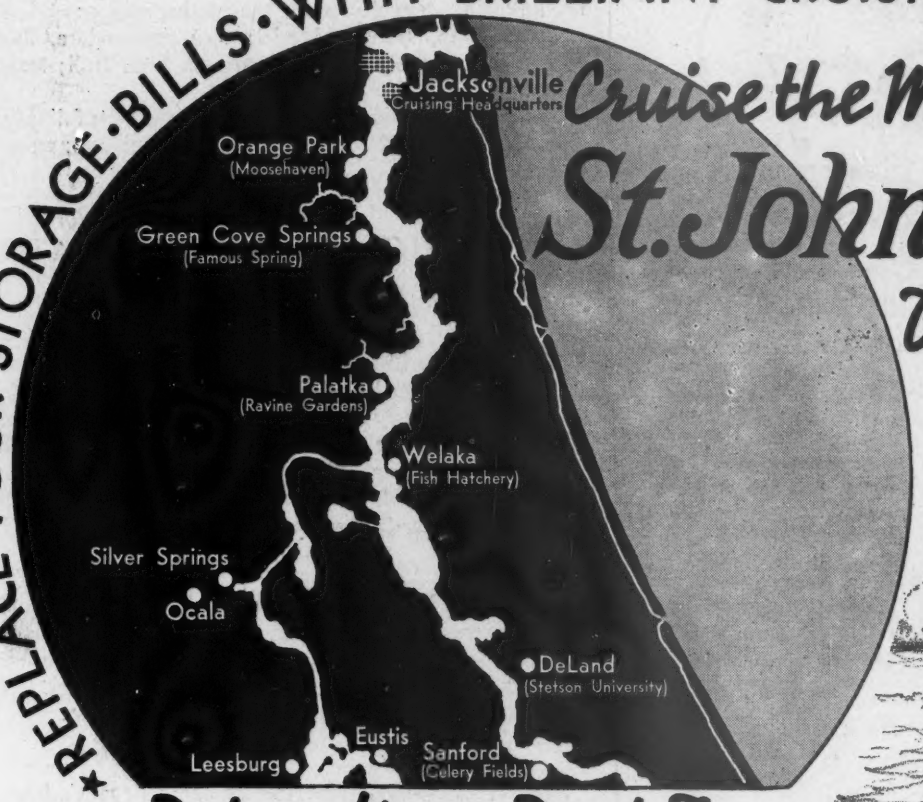

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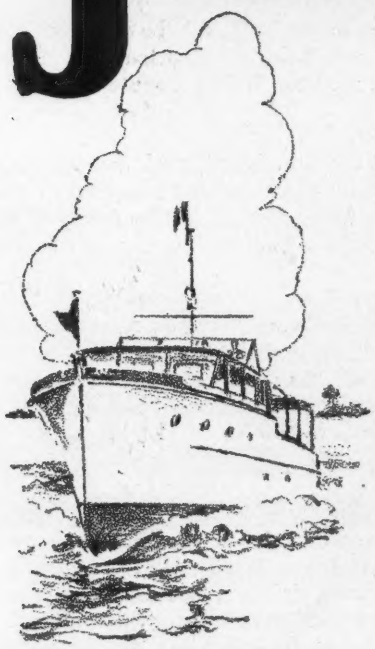

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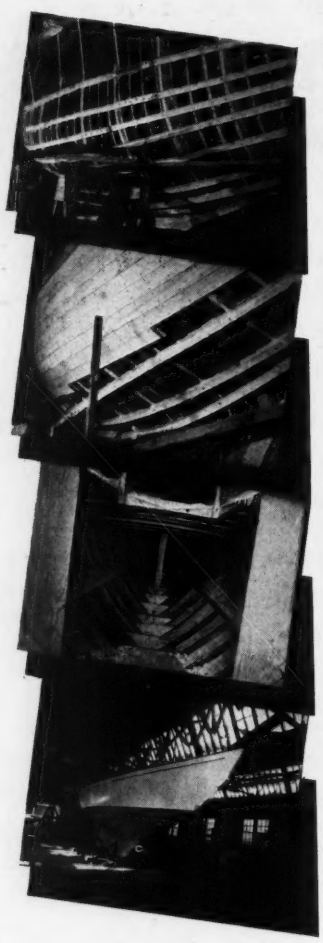

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have eleven Lightnings at the starting line in 1940. One of the top-notchers in the Comet Class, Delros Humphrey, has been converted to the Lightnings. Delros won the Central N.Y.Y.A. Comet championship.

\+ + +

At the annual meeting of the Payne Beach Y.C., held late in December, the following were elected for the coming season:

Commodore, Ranton Wedel; vice commodore, Jack Baumer; rear commodore, James Minges; secretary, Fred Hall; treasurer, Chester C. Champion, Jr.

The Comet division of the club appointed the following: Fleet Captain, Robert Jeffers; fleet surgeon, Dr. M. J. Culhane; measurer, R. Norman Clement.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CAT'S-PAWS

By Ray Krantz

FOUR yachts will augment the fleet of the Portland Y.C. in 1940. Dr. Theodore Adams has already taken delivery of *Alcalde*, a 40-foot bridge deck cruiser formerly owned by H. H. Hazelwood, of Olympia. Vern Gooley will be the owner of a new 32-foot sport fishing boat now being constructed by Walter Howell, and W. G. Elliott, port captain of the Portland Y.C., is having a 32-foot sedan cruiser built at Portland. The fourth new boat is a 20-foot Class B boat, being built by Frank Greenman for Fred Cookman.

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The Astoria Y.C. is headed this year by Commodore Parker J. Woods. Other officers are: Tim Dejong, vice commodore; M. E. Fahler, rear commodore; W. H. Dole, fleet captain; Allan Staffanson, secretary; and the directors include T. B. Cook, Joseph M. Dyer, Jack Reed, Alex Gilbert, Warren Lovell, Eldred Branch and Walter Schuler.

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Sales of Chris-Craft reported by Jerry Bryant's Motor Boat Marina, Inc., at Seattle, late in 1939, were: 15½-foot de luxe runabouts, to Robert Deacon and Allen P. Ott; 25-foot de luxe enclosed cruisers to A. J. Christensen and Ray Lee; a 25-foot clipper cruiser to Leonard Sperring; a 25-foot de luxe cruiser to F. E. Matthias; a 22-foot utility boat de luxe to James F. Hodges; 30-foot enclosed cruisers to W. G. P. Allen, E. G. Adams and Edward White; and a 33-foot double cabin cruiser to F. P. Hixon, II.

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R. E. Standfield, of Vancouver, B. C., is to be the owner of a new 28-foot V-bottom sedan cruiser now being constructed from designs by Edwin Monk, Seattle, at the K. M. Boat Works, Vancouver.

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Nearing completion at the Grandy shipyard, Seattle, early in January, was a new 33-foot boat which will have rather unusual use — catching fish for animal feed for a fox farm on Kodiak Island, Alaska. The owner is Jacob Johnson, of Kodiak. The boat will have a 70 hp. Kermath.

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The 68-foot twin screw Diesel yacht *Gryphon*, recently brought to Seattle from the Atlantic Coast, is the latest addition to the sizable yachts of the Seattle fleet. Owned by Paul Pigott, she was moored at the Jensen Motor Boat Corp. yard for alterations and overhaul. The boat has twin 150 hp. Cummins Diesels. *Gryphon* was built in 1931 at Macatawa, Mich.

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Cat's-Paws. . . . S. Valbert's new 31-foot Monk-designed auxiliary cutter was launched December 17th at the Seattle Boat Works. Roy Smythe, president of Seattle Boat Works, will inaugurate in 1940 a high speed water taxi service, using six Gar Wood runabouts; the firm already has one 22- and one 26-foot Gar Wood boat for this service. . . . Dr. H. A. Wise's new Monk-designed motor-sailer was due for launching late in January at Edison Vocational School's boatbuilding plant, Seattle, where V. C. McCloskey's new 38-foot cruiser was being planked early in January. Yachtsmen planning to cruise in British Columbia waters in 1940 should communicate with the Canadian Naval Service at Esquimalt, B. C., for information regarding new regulations. . . R. J. Kimbel, Shelton, Wash., has a new 17-foot runabout with Gray Fireball engine, built by W. W. Chambers of Hoodsport, Wash. . . . Dr. A. B. Ford, Seattle, has purchased a Trimmership "49" from Mike Shain's shipyard, the engine to be a 105 hp. Chrysler with 2:1 angle-reduction drive. . . . Ted Clarke's new 26-foot Hanson-designed gaff cutter is nearing completion at the Tregoning yard, Seattle, and a 40-foot cruiser for a Seattle owner is now being planked.

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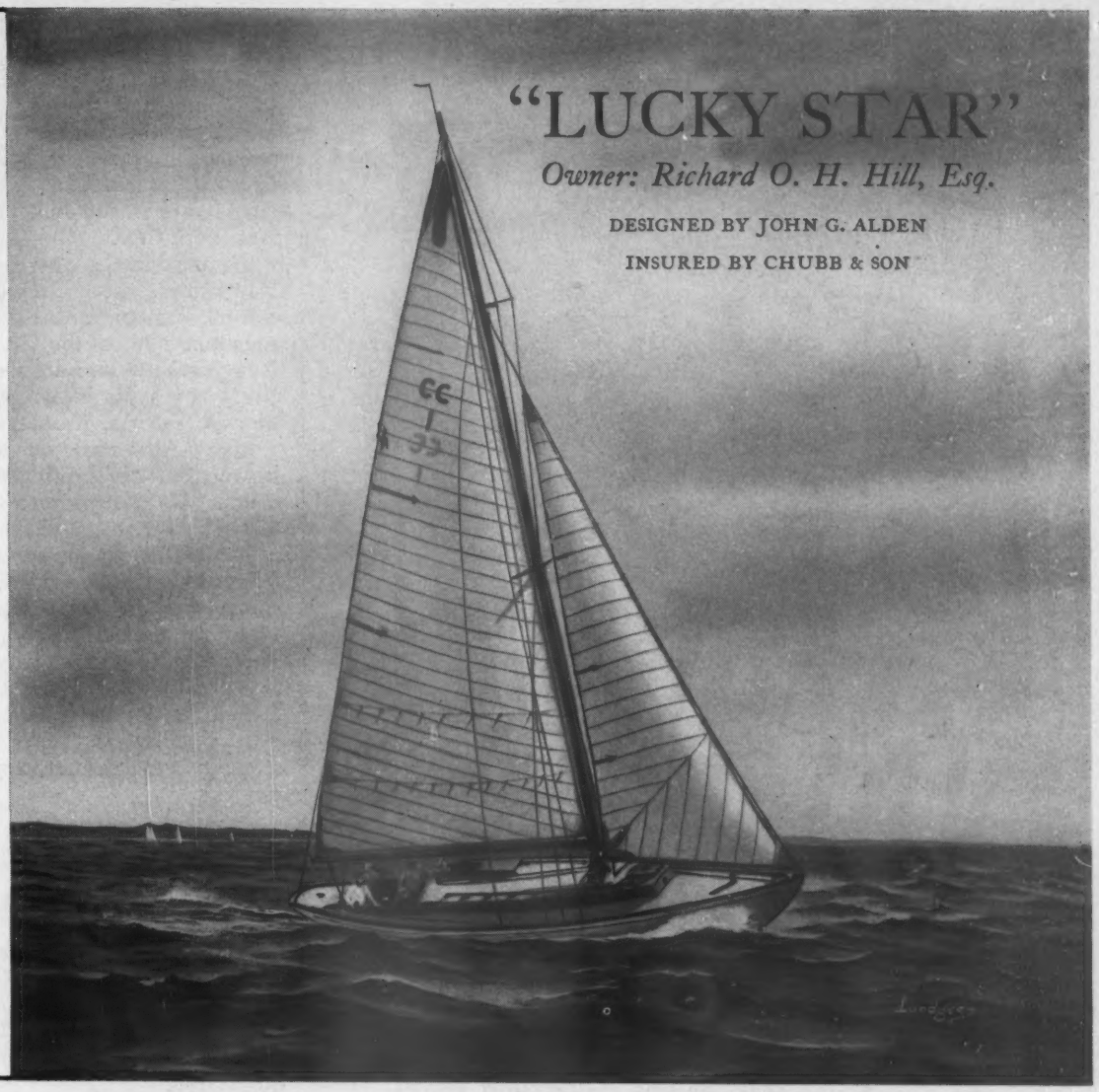
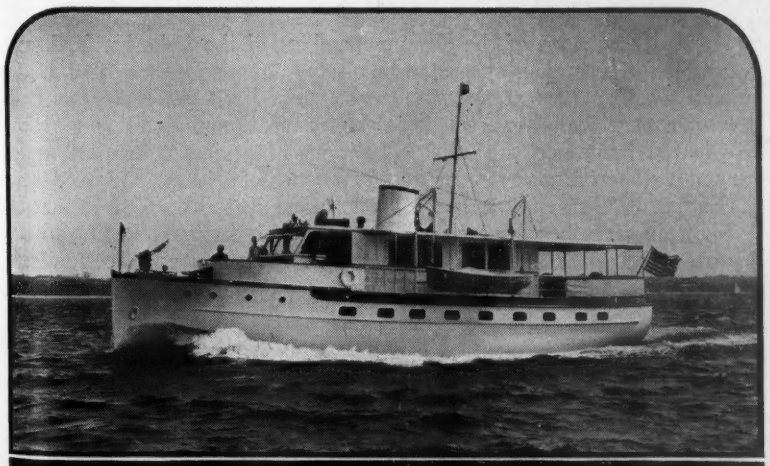
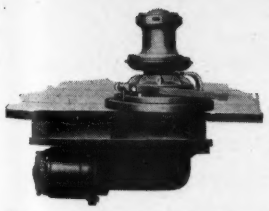




A-E-CO Windlass for HALAIA lightens work, accents appearance



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Other models under construction: 40, 54, 66 and 70 foot

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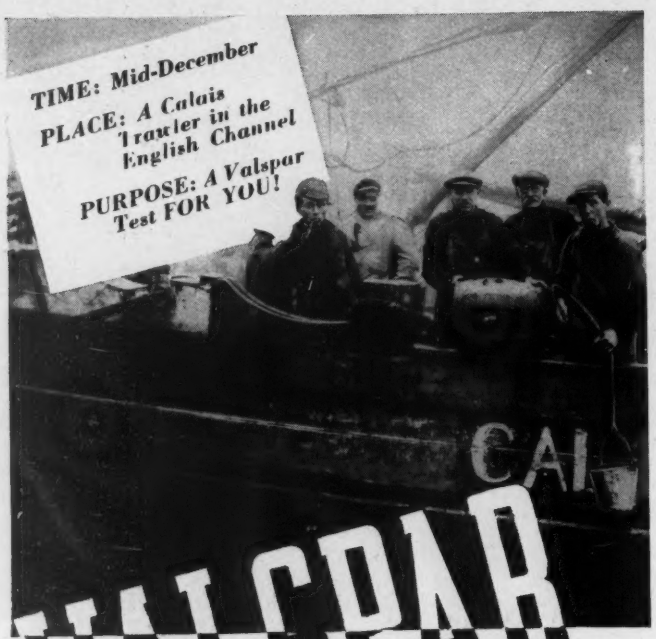

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UNITED STATES POWER SQUADRONS

SATURDAY, January 15th, 1940, was a big day in the annals of the United States Power Squadrons, for not only did it see a well attended meeting of the members of the board of governors (which included commanders of most of the local squadrons), the annual meeting of delegates from each squadron, the election of officers, but also, as a final wind-up, a large reception and dinner dance. All these took place at the Hotel Astor, New York City.

The organization now has 4380 members and the forty-ninth squadron, New Orleans, was chartered at the morning meeting of the board, making a total of seventeen new squadrons within the last year. The various squadrons now dot the Atlantic Coast and adjacent waters from Boston to Newport News and are well distributed on the Great Lakes. Comparatively new units have been established at Miami and St. Petersburg, Florida; Tacoma, Washington; and Oxnard, Cal.

Many of the squadrons conduct elementary classes in towns near their headquarters. It is estimated that over 7500 are participating in the elementary piloting courses given by the squadrons this winter with another 3000 or more in the advanced courses.

The officers chosen for this year, all of whom were reëlected, are as follows: Chief Commander, Arthur Middleton of New York City; vice commander, William K. Anderson, of Detroit; rear commanders, H. R. Philbrick, Hartford, Conn.; M. L. Martus, Waterbury, Conn.; W. M. Finkenauer, New York City; A. J. Oliver, Cleveland; C. J. Kappelmann, Brooklyn; W. R. Boehme, Baltimore; F. R. Shumway, Rochester; Lee S. Nelson,Toledo; and Charles S. West, St. Petersburg, Florida. Lt. Com. F. K. Gundlach and Edwin A. Jimenis, both of New York, were reëlected secretary and treasurer, respectively.

THE SOUTH SHORE OF LAKE ERIE

By John G. Robinson

THE near-zero temperature that struck the south shore of Lake Erie the day before the end of the year came just a few days too late to stop Woody Oswald and Carl Barnett of the Sandusky Sailing Club, for these two hardy sailors had their Christmas sail, ice or no ice. After breaking the ice to clear water, they had a good sail — and that sets a record for Sandusky Bay.

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Frank Herbst, one of the charter members of the Lakeside Y.C. and treasurer for several years past, was elected commodore for 1940 at the annual meeting, held at the clubhouse, December 21st. Harry C. Ball, 1939 secretary, was advanced to the post of vice commodore, with Arthur Mellick, rear commodore; Frank Maxon, fleet captain; H. Bennett, secretary and Robert Bradley, treasurer. The board of trustees will be: Harry C. Ball, Paul Gartland, Arthur Mellick, Oscar Netschke, George Schaef.

Eighteen club members tried the examination for membership in the United States Coast Guard Reserve and seventeen were successful. This is a sufficient number to form a flotilla.

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With Rocky River frozen from bank to bank, the Cleveland Y.C. is a lonely place these days. However, within the club itself there is plenty of activity of a social nature. Fred Best and Niles Hammink have placed orders for new Comets with Larsen Bros., of Cleveland. The new boats will incorporate all the latest trends. Bud Hoeffler has sold his Comet *Joe* to James Parks, Jr., of the Rocky River fleet.

An informal organization of active racing men, members of South Shore yacht clubs, headed by Larry James and Sonny Winton of the Cleveland Y.C.; Lester Sears, of Mentor Harbor; Paul Gartland, of Lakeside; Andrew Schaefer, of Erie; Bill Iden, of Vermilion and Don Trimmer, of Lorain, staged a successful dinner and meeting in Cleveland, January 19th, with Ernest Ratsey, of City Island, N. Y., as the guest speaker. Mr. Ratsey furnished a wealth of information on the latest trends in sails with particular pointers on sail area and racing ratings.

Robert T. Morrow, of the Cleveland Y.C., has sold his auxiliary ketch *Idella* to Franklin Leiphart, of the Lakeside Y.C.

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Sheldon Towson, of the Cleveland Y.C., was elected commander of the Cleveland Power Squadron at the annual meeting, held at the Lake Shore Hotel, Lakewood, January 2nd. Walter Pritchard was elected lieutenant commander with R. W. G. Wilson, first lieutenant; Al Mastics, second lieutenant and C. W. Stage, secretary.

The New Year finds the Cleveland Power Squadron with a large membership and active classes working in Elementary, Advanced Piloting, Junior Navigator and Navigator grades.

GREBE'S SMART 57-FOOTER

AGAIN TOPS THE FIELD FOR 1940!

THERE's greater value than ever built into the new 1940 GREBE line of semi-custom built cruisers. The 57-footer featured above includes two or three staterooms (optional), large airy deckhouse, built-in tile finish showers, separate crew's quarters, soundproofed compartments, with Diesel power. Interiors are exquisitely finished and embody all latest improvements. This "57", like all GREBE boats, is an excellent sea boat for extended offshore cruising.

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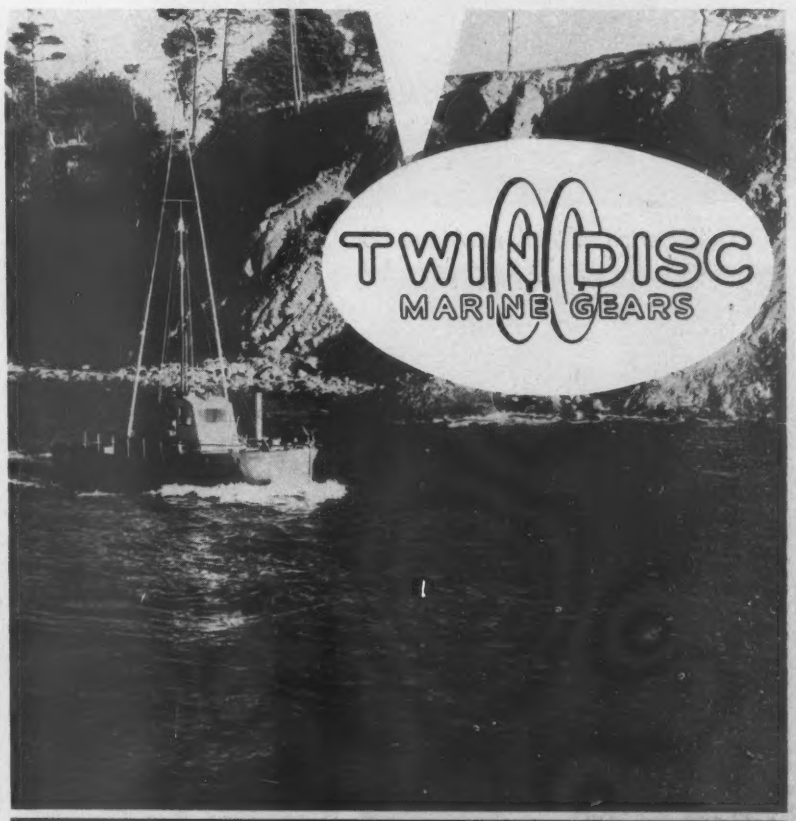
The 7-line troller, "Doreen," owned by Mr. O. Aaker, Fort Bragg, Calif. 39'6" x 11'2" x 4'6", 9 tons net. Wheel size, 26" x 28". Speed, 8 mph. Her Caterpillar Diesel is Twin Disc equipped.



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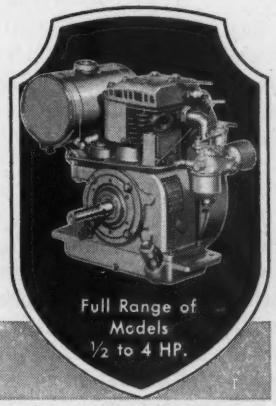

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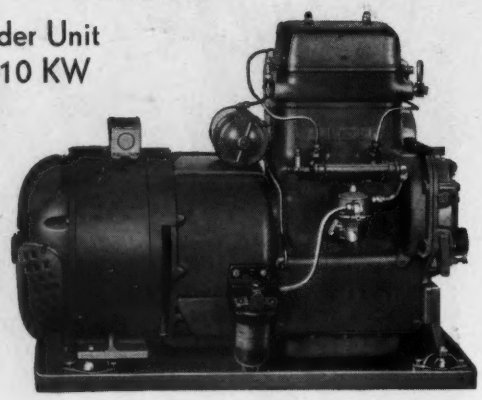

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Boat and Engine Works
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The Johnson-Geiger "43" Centerboard Sloop is an outstanding racing-cruising auxiliary. Dimensions: 43' 1" x 30' x 11' x 4' 4".

The Vermilion Power Squadron held its first class in elementary navigation on January 7th at the Lorain Y.C., with 25 students taking the course under Lieut. Commander Paul H. Mitchell. Ten members of last year's class are taking the Advanced Pilot course.

Yachtsmen who are located in neighboring towns west of Cleveland and who would like to attend these classes may communicate with Dr. C. W. Carrick, Oberlin, O., secretary of the Vermilion Power Squadron.

LAKE MICHIGAN NEWS

By Jeannette Oates

SLATED to head the Great Lakes Cruising Club for 1940 are: Wells A. Lippincott, commodore; Logan T. McMenemy, vice commodore; Frank V. Busch, rear commodore; Donald Currier, secretary; Harold F. Wood, treasurer, and William Tyrrell, judge advocate. Ken Ball is the retiring commodore. The new first flag officer, commodore of the Chicago Y.C. in 1938, is the man who solved the dilemma of rating yachts equitably. This problem, tackled a few seasons ago and perseveringly studied, has reached a solution satisfactory to all concerned. The Cruising Club and N.A.Y.R.U. have given official sanction to the rule.

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The Annual Boat and Sports Show in Chicago, February 3rd to 11th, was scheduled to surpass the previous ten shows, according to Hubbard H. Erickson, manager. The New York Boat Show set the keynote of optimism.

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Heading the M. & M. Y.C. for the next year will be Fritz DuBrucq, commodore, succeeding Dr. H. L. Jorgenson; Dr. L. E. Nelson, vice commodore; Dr. J. C. Scully, rear commodore, and Jim Converse, secretary and treasurer.

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The reorganized and newly named Wilmette Y.C., formerly the North Shore Boat Club, held a "winter cruise" at the Lake Shore A.C. January 27th. . . . The Chicago Corinthian Y.C. held its annual dinner dance at the Belmont Hotel on Tuesday, January 16th. . . .

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The copper ale tankards, given by Commodore Milton Friend, of the Columbia Y.C., to the outstanding dinghy sailors for the season, went to Stan Thal, Tom Connery, Mildred Masek and Bill Ware.

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Barbara, formerly owned by John Booth, of the Royal Canadian Y.C., will be brought from her home port of Buffalo to Chicago by Aaron Ross, her new owner.

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Laurel-seeking at Havana, Cuba, is Harry Nye with his crew, Walter Etzbach. The Star *Gale* is competing for the Mid-Winter Challenge Trophy of Cuba and the Bacardi Cup. The latter trophy was won by *Gale* in 1938.

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The Michigan Sailing Club, numbering some 35 students at the University of Michigan, has joined the Intercollegiate Y.R.A. The boys sail dinghies and follow an itinerant racing schedule that includes competition on the East Coast, in Ohio and Illinois.

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The Lake Michigan Y.A. is sponsoring a repeat course in celestial navigation at Northwestern University this year.

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A Great Lakes Cruising Club member who will take his cruising seriously for the next few months is Dr. R. Robinson Duff, charter member and former director of the lakes Cruising Club. He is bound for Japan, China, the Dutch Indies, Australia and the South Seas. When he returns, he will show many feet of colored film.

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New Star fleet secretaries for the coming year are: John T. Pirie, II, Wilmette fleet, and Dr. Stanley Fahlstrom, Southern Lake Michigan. An interesting new trophy, to be known as the Poinsettia Trophy, donated anonymously, will provide competition for those who take part but do not qualify for prizes in the Jackson Park Spring Regatta, the Sterling Morton Regatta and Sheridan Shore Race Week. Sheridan Shore Race Week will be used for final eliminations.

COMET COMMENTS

By Malcolm D. Lamborne, Jr.

DR. JOHN EIMAN, perennial president of the Comet Class Y.R.A., last month began his seventh year in that capacity, following elections at the annual meeting in New York City. Its most ardent booster, Dr. Eiman, was reëlected along with a slate that duplicated last year's officers with but two exceptions. Those resuming their regular duties were: D. Verner Smythe, Fairfield, Conn., executive vice president; Rodney T. Bonsall, Philadelphia, Pa., secretary; Dr. Wilbur H. Haines, Philadelphia, treasurer; Clayton E. Jenkins, Philadelphia, chief measurer, and Herbert L. Stone and M. D. Lamborne, Jr., members of the Executive Committee.

Nine regional vice presidents also were elected. They were: William Neilson, Boston; Edward K. Merrill, Riverton, N. J.; John J. Fernandes, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles B. Cooper, Syracuse, N. Y.; Col. H. H. Jacobs, Washington; R. Hammond Gibson, Easton, Md.; O. Crosby Keller, Toledo, Ohio; Commodore Luis Santaella, San Juan, Puerto Rico, and Smythe.

Perhaps the next most important piece of business at this meeting was announcement of the site for the 1940 class nationals. The bid of the Yachting Division of the Huntington Crescent Club of Huntington, L. I., was chosen, and the dates set at September 6th, 7th and 8th. The Race Committee, whose job it will be to see that all clicks well, was reported. They are Stone and Dr. Eiman as honorary chairmen; Smythe, chairman; Col. Jacobs, secretary; Dr. Haines, Fernandes, Keller, Santaella, Bonsall, Jenkins, Paul G. Tomalin, James E. Gould, L. Corrin Strong and Joseph W. Watkins.

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The hard working chairman of the High Point Trophy Committee, Charles Fox, Jr., announced the winner of that prize. He is Mac Lee Henney, Leatherlips Y.C. skipper, of Columbus, Ohio. His score of 1723¼ was high for 1939. Little less than 11 points behind was John Helwig, from the Green Pond Sailing Club in New Jersey, holding up the honor of the East. But in the very next tabulation the scene shifts out to the Mississippi River where W. W. Stephens, of Alton Lake, Mo., was high with 1703 points. Only three tallies behind Stephens was Hudson Wilson, champion of the Cayuga Lake fleet at Ithaca, N. Y. Following next were: Charles Allaire, Red Bank, N. J.; Lynn Hendrickson, Barnegat Bay, N. J.; Crosby Keller, Toledo; Ed Merrill, Riverton; Arnold Saks, Point Pleasant, N. Y., and Jim Speer, Oxford, Md.

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An enthusiastic group of nearly thirty persons, including ten Comet skippers, sailed late last month on the S.S. *Coamo* from New York for the second annual regatta in San Juan, Puerto Rico, which will be held the first week-end of this month. Ten boats, two more than last winter, join with the island's fleet of 18 Comets in competing for the Don Q Perpetual Trophy. Those entering boats from the States are: Ward H. Bright, Kenneth Bright and T. D. Moore, all of Wildwood, N. J.; Walter Simmons and Dr. Eiman, of Philadelphia; Jeffrey Nichol, Princess Bay, N. Y.; Charles Allaire, Red Bank, N. J.; Dr. Anthony J. Leitner, Perth Amboy, N. J.; R. Mac Henry, Lakewood, Ohio, and your correspondent.

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Increased Comet activity is noted in the Jersey lake regions. Plans are now being made by fleets at Green Pond, Lake Hopatcong, Lake Mohawk and Greenwood Lake for a series of inter-fleet races to be held at clubs of each group during the coming summer. Fleet Captain C. Leverich Brett, of Hopatcong, expects a sailing fleet of about 18 Comets next season, while Captain H. L. Post, of Green Pond, predicts at least 12 boats.

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Burton Wright, who had much to do with the running of last year's successful open Comet regatta at Seaside Park, N. J., was reëlected commodore of the Barnegat Bay Y.R.A. Burt is one of the charter members of the Barnegat Bay Comet fleet and owns Comet No. 62.

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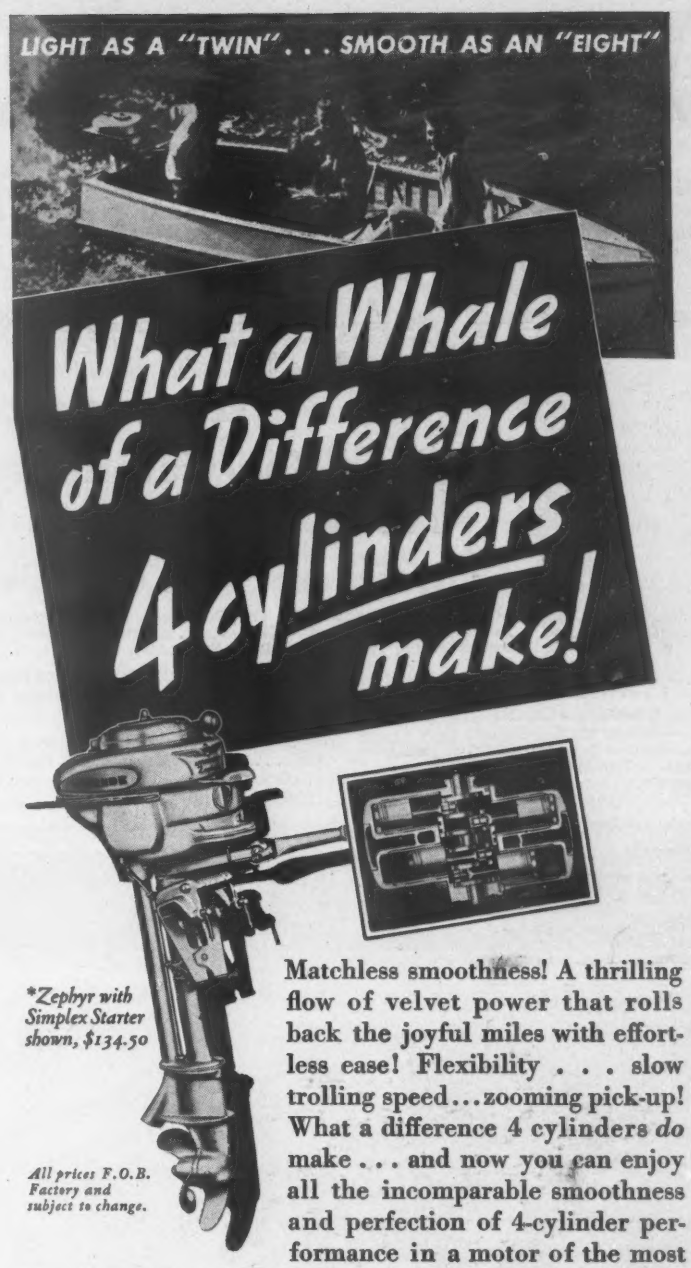
Several Potomac River Comet skippers have joined with Washington sailors in a frostbite series, racing Class B dinghies. . . . Julius Van Hoven has been elected captain of the Huntington Y.C. fleet on Long Island, and Raymond Bull is secretary. . . . Secretary Bonsall, in his annual report, revealed that chartered Comet fleets during 1939 had increased from 48 to 62, and registered boats had jumped to 1,595. . . . This latter figure represents a 30 per cent increase over the previous year. . . . Indicative of growing Comet interest in Massachusetts is the report that Tufts College, at Medford, is considering the design for collegiate racing.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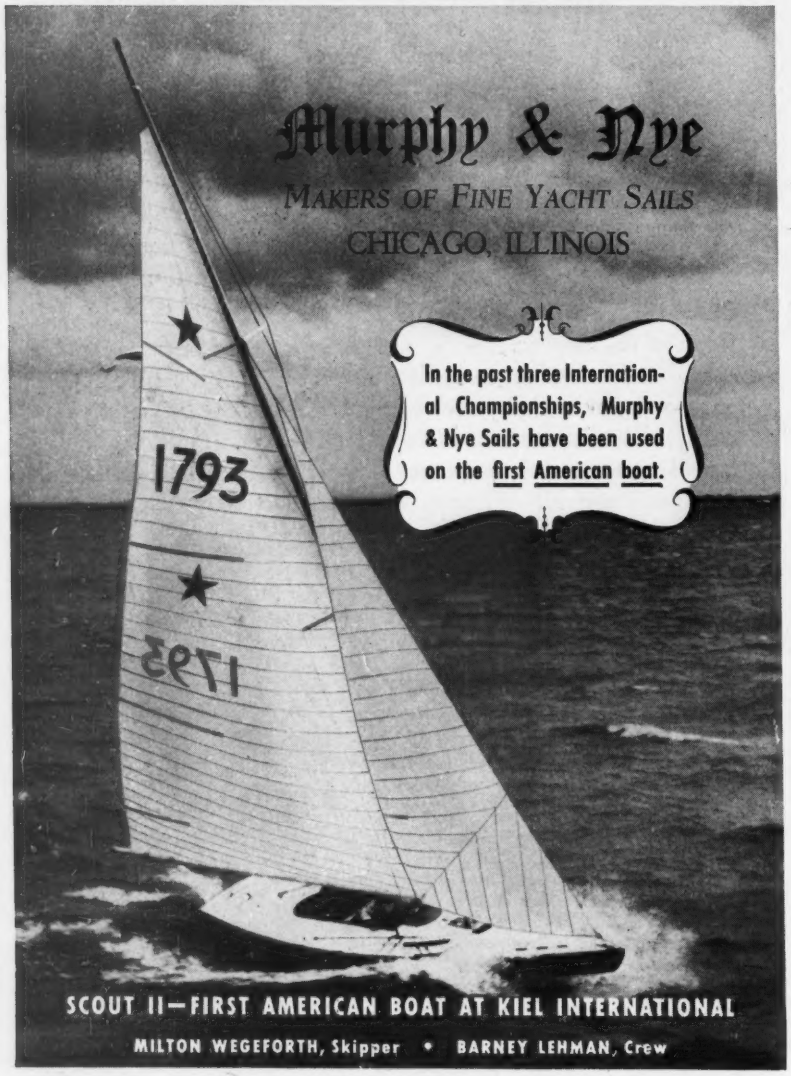
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The Angler's Fishing Chair

(Continued from page 59)

Many factory chairs are supplied with hollow cone housings which fasten to the deck. Most big game fishing guides rely on a 2½" diameter pipe for a chair post. One end slips through a deck plate and keys into a deep flange (usually reamed out and fitted with a crosswise pin to receive the slotted pipe end) screwed to a 2" by 6" plank fastened to the keel. In using this arrangement, the pintle, which pivots in the post, should be about 8" long. The brake to snub aimless chair swinging can be worked out in a number of ways. The simplest method is to make four lateral saw cuts, each 4" deep, in the top of the post, thus making eight narrow slots. A heavy hose clamp will pinch the sections in against the pintle until the desired pressure is obtained.

You may have the finest chair in the world but it is not worth the powder to blow it out of the boat if the post is not seated in the proper place in the cockpit. Briefly, if you rely on just one main fighting chair, the seat should be high enough to allow the angler to drop his rod to a horizontal position. It must be placed far enough from the stern so that the boatman can reach out and grab the leader at the rod tip while the rod is fairly low and yet be close enough to the stern so that the fishing line will clear the corners on a swing to abeam without having to hold the rod too low.

If you prefer to keep two fighting chairs in constant use, you will find it difficult to swing both chairs with attached foot bracing within the gunwales in the average 38-footer and may thus decide to let the foot rest frames swing over the stern and gunwale. This arrangement requires pretty high seats and has a few other disadvantages. Many charter boats carry two chairs when reef fishing or using light tackle and replace these with one chair, centered, when big game fishing.

The "Mystery" of the "Mary Celeste"

(Continued from page 34)

Knowing what the duty of each man would be, it is comparatively easy to reconstruct the scene with the evidence which we have. The boat was launched on the port side. The captain got his wife and daughter into the boat and left them in charge of Mr. Richardson with one sailor in the boat while the captain went for his chronometer, sextant, *Nautical Almanac* and the ship's papers.

Mr. Gilling with one sailor would be getting the peak halliard ready to use as a tow rope. Another sailor would tend the painter of the boat and a fourth sailor would be at the wheel. The cook gathered up what cooked food he had on hand and some canned goods.

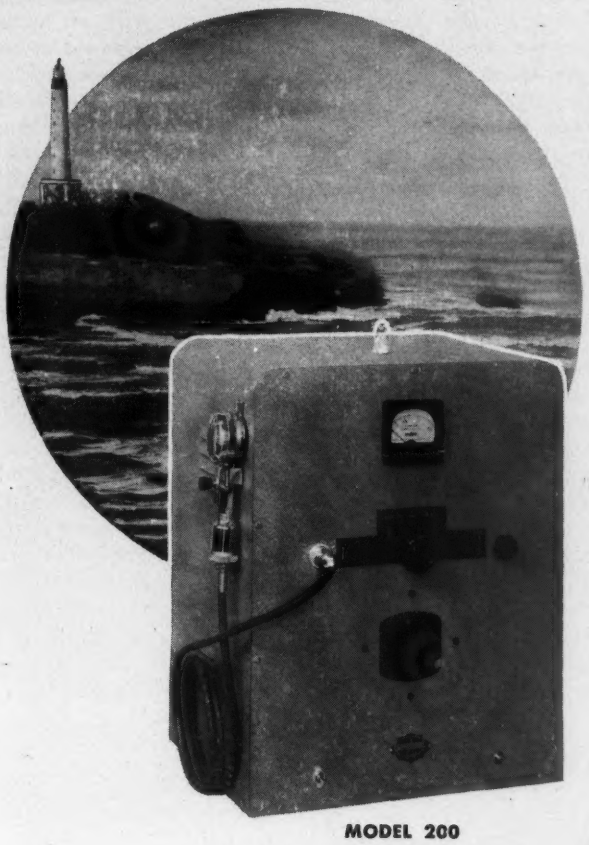
There is some evidence of haste in the act of leaving the vessel. The sailors left their pipes. The main staysail was not furled. The wheel was left loose. The binnacle was displaced and the compass broken, probably in a clumsy attempt to get the compass quickly.

It may well have been that just at that time came an explosion which might have accounted for the fore hatch being upside down on deck, as found. It was currently reported at the time that the captain left his watch and money in his desk and that money was found in the sailors' chests by the salvors — probably small sums of money if any, and the captain's watch probably became a keepsake for somebody. These articles do not appear in the court record and are not mentioned in the memorandum of personal effects which Mr. Sprague, the American Consul, submitted.

Whatever happened, it is evident that the boat with ten people in her left the vessel and that the peak halliard was taken as a tow line and as a means of bringing the boat back to the *Mary Celeste* in case no explosion or fire had destroyed the vessel. Probably a fresh northerly wind sprang up, filled the squaresails and the vessel gathered way quickly. The peak halliard, made fast at the usual place on the gaff, would be brought at an acute angle across the bulwarks at the gangway. With the heavy boat standing still at the end, I do not wonder that the halliard parted. This would tally exactly with the evidence given in court that "the peak halliard was broken and gone." This fact was impressed upon the sailors as they had to get up a coil of rope from the lazarette and reeve off a new peak halliard before they could set the mainsail.

When the tow rope parted, these people were left in an open boat on the ocean as the brig sailed away from them. The wind that took the vessel away may have caused sea enough to wreck them. They perished — let us hope quickly. Nothing has appeared in all these sixty-seven years to tell us of their end. What we know and can surmise from the facts has been told here.

The sword with the cross of Navarre on the hilt, which "Frederick Solly Flood, Esquire, Advo-



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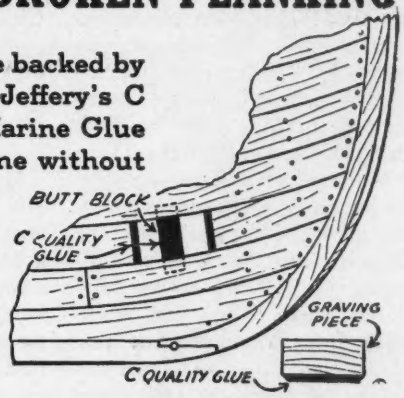

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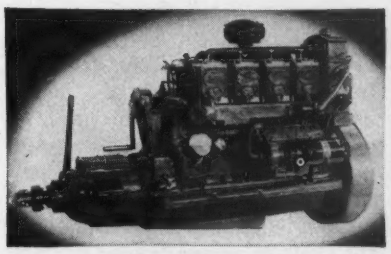

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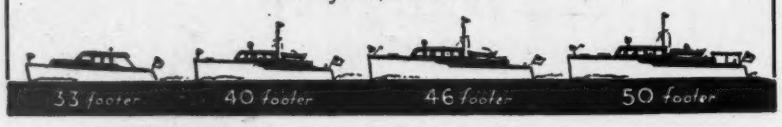

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cate, and Proctor for the Queen in Her Office of Admiralty" at Gibraltar sought to prove had been used for some nefarious purpose, was not listed by the American Consul among the effects of Captain Briggs. It remained on board the *Mary Celeste* until after a subsequent voyage when George Orr took it home with him to Rerton, N. B. I am told that the sword is still in the family of Captain Orr, at Rerton.

The *Mary Celeste* was built at Spencer Island and registered at Parrsboro, N. S., as the *Amazon*, a single-deck vessel with cabin and forward house on deck, a half-brig rig with a large single topsail. The first captain died three days after he took command. A year later, in 1862, she was at Marseilles, France, and a painting of the vessel was made. This picture is now owned by Mr. R. Lester Dewis, of West Advocate, N. S.

In 1867 the *Amazon* was wrecked in Glace Bay, Newfoundland. As Glace Bay was prohibited by the insurance people and the cost of refloating seemed to be excessive, the owners abandoned her to the salvors. The brig was finally floated, sold to American owners, taken to an American port, an upper deck was added, the forward house raised to stand on the upper deck, a lower topsail yard was added, dividing the topsail. The name was changed to *Mary Celeste* and she was given American registry. The above changes had increased her tonnage measurement from 198.42 to 268 tons.

Captain Briggs bought this vessel in the fall of 1872, and you have read the story of his disaster.

In the following two or three years, the *Mary Celeste* made various voyages and finally was loaded with a cargo of doubtful value on which excessive insurance had been placed. The vessel was wrecked on the coast of Haiti under suspicious circumstances. The insurers refused to pay and charged the captain with *barratry*. For various reasons, the trial was postponed. Two years passed and the captain died, not having been brought to trial.

Fun at Five Fathoms

(Continued from page 30)

craneman rigged a block on the center of the barge's stern. The steel wire cable of the drag line ran over this and this cable was shackled by us to the short sling of chain or wire, bent on the cannon. The drag line snaked that two-ton item across the coral cliffs; fish exploded in rainbow clouds, returning to pounce on the myriad of live coral worms broken out during this crashing, bruising ride across the reefs. There was a sort of nightmare unreality watching this action through a water glass. First, you'd see the cable grow taut as a bowstring, snapping up clutches of sea fans here and there. Then, like some creature from Mars, the big gun would catapult into vision from the shadows, turn end up and surge vertically from the bottom. Thud, and it hit the lower edge of the big barge.

"Derrick out!" the Commodore would shout then, and the expert craneman would boom the gun muzzle up, away from the barge. Then the biggest cannon you ever saw would leap out of the water — purple sea fans waving, water cascading off the coral growths. Then boom around until she lay safely on the skids in proper fashion to trim the barge. We'll never forget the thrill of that first gun!

Then everyone would fall to work with hammers, chipping off big matrixes of coral growth. Numbers appeared on the breech: 4–8–22; the broad arrow of the British Navy showed next. Remains of an oaken tompion still showed in the muzzle; a wooden spike still in the vent! Then a yell from Brookfield as a sledge blow dislodged a huge matrix showing a great Tudor rose, surmounted by the royal crown with three *fleur des lys* and a perfect maltese cross. "A Limey, drat it!" Charlie grunted. "Wrecked in a storm with the guns secured. But maybe she'd captured a Spig with treasure first!" he added hopefully, feverishly chipping more coral off the barrel.

Oddly enough, it was on this first gun that we discovered the first half dozen or so of coins. One had once been beautiful silver but was now completely oxidized away into a hard sort of stuff showing a large graceful Irish harp — that of St. Patrick — on one side, the head of Charles II on the other. Date illegible. Then the copper ones: *Guillaume et Maria dei grat. Imp.*, dated 1694 on face and with a Britannia seated with spear on the reverse, just as she is on coins of A.D. 1940! Both profiles were hook-nosed, clear, sharp. Both apparently were addicted to goitres, we thought. What a thrill! And imagine finding petty cash stuck on the side of a cannon! A pair of Louis XIV copper francs showed up. The find was surrounded by traces of canvas — probably a sailor's purse.

More guns came up. Sam Fales needed a rest and we spelled him. He took a tap on the Demerara bottle and went to chipping, dripping wet as he was. When we got up again, he showed a pair of hand carved brass cannon sights — something we never even knew existed in those days. One was a peep rear

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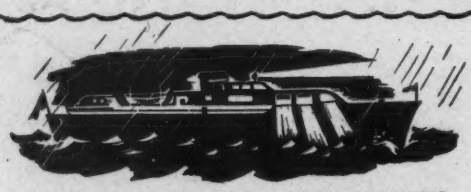

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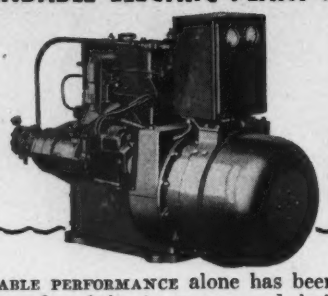

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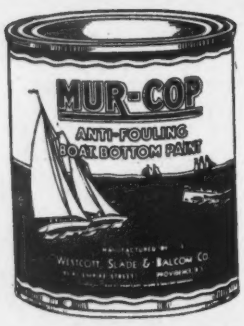

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sight that was hinged to two range elevations; the other a pointed fore sight. Pretty smart, that Limey gunner, eh?

A pewter water butt spigot was stuck on another cannon; sheets of mica, evidently glazing from an antique lantern; a crude wrought iron claw hammer, from "Chips'" department. We snapped a sling onto a big rod of iron fully eight inches in diameter, sticking up out of a white sand patch, and topped with a big ring. It broke out in two pieces, the anchor shank, and the first piece weighed all of 200 pounds. A heavy chain plate strap assembly came next, with bits of tough oak deadeye still in the ring. It now hangs up as a gong down by our swimming pool cabana.

Three distinct sizes and shapes of guns began to show; two or three sizes of shot. As we worked, the angelfish, the electric blue demoiselles, silver chub, queen trigger fish, lovely orange hogfish with plume-like fins, incredibly hued parrot fish swarmed under arms, knees; clouds of tiny fish peered in at the helmet windows. All were completely unafraid. Our 20-pound Nassau grouper, met on a previous dive, had changed his color to match the sandy bottom now and still trailed us like a house dog! It was wonderful to watch them all.

We snaked up eight big guns that first day. The brake on the derrick drum got to slipping and we called a halt and left our four big anchors buoyed out there and slipped back slowly to the hulk of the *Charles W. Baird*, the big 300-foot wooden lumber barge sunk inside the reefs that we used as a cross bearing and a lee from the usual easterlies.

Next day it was trying to be rough. Then suddenly the wind died, the swells lowered, turned to slick glass. That water, the color and texture of it!

It wasn't like any other water you ever saw before. It really looked more like solid pale aquamarine plate glass than liquid. With the sun well up, we could look down into the coral forest clear as day. The graceful sea fans undulated to the backwash of the Stream. Round globes of brain coral showed, some ten feet across, one lump welding two crossed guns into a solid unit. The brain pattern was clearly visible; the color a bright hunter green. It was beautiful to lie in the lookout's punt and watch the divers work that day. The particular batch of guns we were working all nestled on a dazzling sugar white oval of soft sand, walled in with almost vertical cliffs of jagged coral rock pitted with promising caverns. A school of silver, black and canary porkfish hovered at Fales' elbow as he bent on the sling shackle and signaled to draw the cable taut. Indigo blue and vitriol green parrot fish, big as you ever saw, lazily waltzed in and out of one rocky hole to some hidden music of the tides. They had pale rose fin tips. A school of wrasse hung in the opening to another cave, coasting up and down as a single unit with the slight agitation caused by the waves down there.

Then we went down. It was bright as noon. The whole place was literally paved with big shot, lead grape shot, bits of chain, bolts, plates. The guns were covered with long purple fans.

The chippers found a mysterious wad sticking to another gun. It turned out to be parts of a Latin Bible with some of the center typography clearly readable. We wondered at its history — was it from the chaplain or some midshipmite's present from a fond mother? A broken crystal wine goblet of lovely pattern showed up, in a gun muzzle of all places! What made things stick to guns, anyway, and who would cache a wine beaker in a gun barrel?

All in all, due to rough weather, we dove only four days out of that first couple of weeks. But we got thirty-odd cannon up and no outsider would spot the place now, for the rest of the ordnance was scattered all over the map. Stiles had to go to his Mexico lumbering outfit, Fales had a date in Mexico City, Commodore Hugh had to go North. So operations were halted for the time being, the guns numbered and drawn for by lot; the miscellaneous addenda likewise, of which one prize — the matrix of the big Tudor coat of arms and crown — came to ourself.

Then we had a swizzle to the Brethren of the Coast and to our future operations going after the really valuable part of the find!

When he got home, Fales found a letter waiting for him. We reproduce it below.

ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL

18th April, 1939

To Samuel Fales, Esq.

Dear Sir:

Lord Stanhope has asked me to acknowledge your letter of the 11th February with thanks, and to say that after consultation with the Admiralty Librarian it seems possible that the wreck you mention is that of H. M. S. *Winchester*, a 4th rate of 60 guns and 1933 tons, commanded by Captain John Soule, which was lost off Cape Florida on the 24th September 1695 returning to England from Jamaica.

As regards the founder's mark T. W. on the guns, it seems probable that these are the initials of Thomas Westerne who was carrying on a gun foundry in the years 1669–88.

Yours truly,

And that made it, as someone said, the end of a perfect day indeed. And would we go back there next fall? You bet we would!

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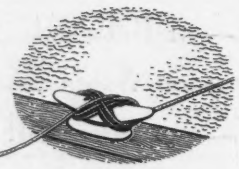

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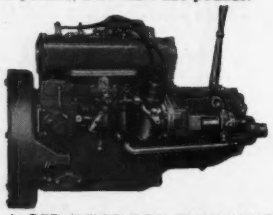

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Standing Rigging of Wire

(*Continued from page 57*)

his having been successful in his effort has been found and it appears certain that, for some years after the introduction of wire rope into the United States, little, if any, use was made of it in our ships.

In 1849, John McLeod Murphy and William Jeffers (subsequently Commodore William N. Jeffers, U.S.N.) brought out one of the first seamanship books published in this country. It contains this statement: "It should be remarked that all the standing rigging used in the equipment of naval and merchant vessels is four-stranded right-handed rope; hawser-laid having gone out of style on account of its tendency to stretch."

Luce's *Seamanship*, first edition, 1863, states:

"Wire-rigging, though extensively used in the merchant service, does not seem to have found much favor in the Navy, the principal objection being a *supposed* difficulty in splicing it and repairing damages to it after an action. . . . In their less weight, bulk, cost and greater durability, they were found to possess very decided advantages for the standing rigging of ships, over ropes of hemp and they were soon adopted for this purpose on board many of the English men-of-war and merchant-men, till, in 1857, about three-quarters of all ships rigged at Liverpool were provided with standing rigging of this character. . . .

"Wire ropes are easily secured at the ends by a metallic socket, variously fastened to it; and in similar methods, hook clevices, turnbuckles, etc., are attached for setting them up. Wire ropes are spliced without difficulty. Steel wire has also been applied to the manufacture of ropes."

Such were the opinions of a progressive young officer at a time when the older and controlling generation of conservatives bitterly opposed innovations!

The *Scientific American* for September 9th, 1865, has this to say;

"Wire has not replaced rope so largely in the rigging of our merchant and naval marine as in Europe, because hemp has been cheaper here than it is there, and because economy has not been so much studied by us as by foreign nations. It is, however, coming into greater use, and ships may be found along our wharves and piers almost daily which are supplied with wire rather than rope rigging. As every day sees the increase of the change, it is reasonable to presume that soon we shall be as well supplied as Europe in this respect."

This quotation contains statements of remarkable inconsistency. It is related that hemp was used because it was cheaper but that, however, economy was not the point at issue with Americans! As a matter of fact, economy was the predominant characteristic of the Yankee ship owner.

Nevertheless, the prediction that a change impended proved true as, from 1866 on, records of wire rigged American ships become increasingly numerous. In the next few years, many hemp rigged vessels discarded this rig in favor of wire. A member of an old firm of ship chandlers in New York states that, in the early 1870's, his firm did a profitable business supplying gangs of unworked wire rope to ships in exchange for their hemp standing rigging which was then worked into oakum.

While comparatively little written information has been located concerning the reasons for the adoption of wire rigging on merchant ships during the 1860's, data covering the Navy's interest in wire at this time is available.

Beginning in 1865, the annual reports of Commodore Melancthon Smith, U.S. Navy, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, show an increasing interest in wire rope rigging. In that year he reports: "The propriety of establishing a manufactory of wire rope is suggested."

In 1866 he goes on to say:

"Wire rope for rigging is so universally preferred to hemp (by those who have investigated the subject) that it may not be considered amiss to mention some of its advantages, with a view to its more general adoption into the naval service. . . .

"It has been found by calculation, founded on experiments, that a vessel of the *Wabash* class, using steam as auxiliary, with top-gallant masts on deck, will be relieved of four tons' weight aloft by substituting wire for hemp rope."

The board mentioned above, headed by Chief Engineer William H. Shock, U.S. Navy, conducted, in 1866 and 1867, at the Washington Navy Yard, an extensive series of tensile strength tests on wire and hemp rope and made a comprehensive report which contained, among others, the following statement: "In submitting these results, the board beg to express it as their unanimous opinion that wire rigging should be substituted for hemp in every practicable case and for the following reasons, *viz:* First, on account of its lightness and strength; secondly, on account of its durability; and, thirdly, on account of its economy."

Although the final report of the board was not made until 1868, information concerning the superiority wire was showing in the tests

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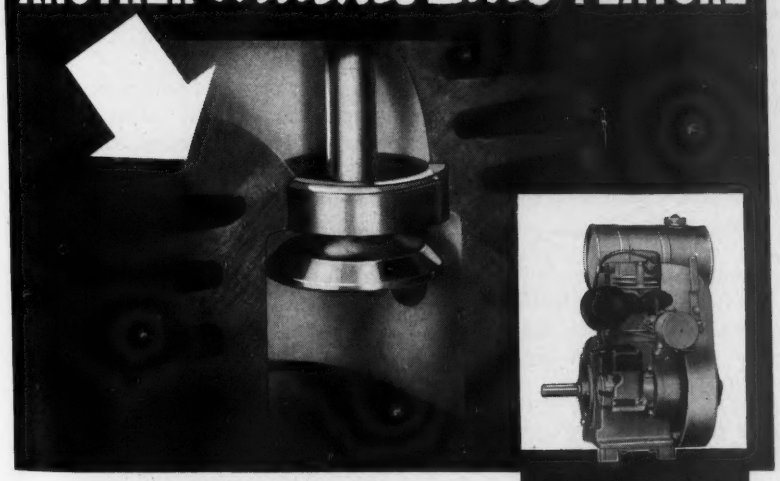

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must have been common knowledge because in his annual report for 1867, Commodore Smith states that of 73 vessels equipped for sea during the current fiscal year, 23 were wire rigged and the balance hemp rigged. He also said that favorable reports had been received from commanders of wire-rigged vessels.

In his 1868 report, the Commodore said in part: "The Board . . . has completed its labors and arrived at a most satisfactory result, showing . . . that wire rope of less than half the diameter of hemp fully equals the latter in strength."

In 1869 he reported:

"The results of experience in the use of wire rope continue to justify its adoption. Opinion has turned almost universally in favor of it, for the greater part of the standing rigging of vessels."

Commodore William Reynolds, who succeeded Commodore Smith, made a report in 1870 which indicates that the "die-hards" had at last surrendered, as he said:

"Wire rope has been adopted lately for the lighter standing rigging of all vessels requiring new outfits, as it has been previously for the heavier, the trials made with it on the upper spars of several ships having proved most satisfactory. The greater durability of wire over hemp will lessen the cost of rigging vessels materially, and it is coming into universal use for this purpose."

Lack of funds and perhaps a considerable stock of hemp on hand, prevented the exclusive use of wire rigging in the Navy for many years. The sixth edition of Luce's *Seamanship*, issued in 1877, says in part:

"All wire rigging in our navy is to be set up with hemp laniards, which will impart all the 'give' necessary.

"It is not unlikely that ere long all our ships will be fitted with this kind of rigging, and that the use of hemp for standing rigging will be exceptional.

"When first introduced, it was thought that great difficulty would be found in manipulating wire rigging, but our best riggers cut, fit, and splice it as readily as they do hemp rigging."

The 1884 edition of Luce relates:

"In its less bulk and cost, wire rope has a decided advantage over hemp for the standing rigging of ships, and now all vessels of the navy are provided with standing rigging of wire.

"The standing rigging of modern vessels is composed of wire rope, iron wire rope being in general use, although the substitution of steel wire, owing to its greater strength and lightness, can only be a question of time."

Luce's statement that "all vessels of the navy are provided with standing rigging of wire" was not entirely correct and the occasional use of hemp persisted much longer than is generally realized. A member of the crew of the U.S.S. *Pensacola* at the time is authority for the information that, when she was placed out of commission at the Mare Island Navy Yard in the spring of 1892, she was hemp-rigged!

When turnbuckles began to attract attention as replacements for the hemp lanyards used with wire standing rigging, the great objection advanced was the lack of "give." Seamen were so imbued with the absolute necessity for "give" that, when turnbuckles finally were incorporated in wire rigging, a heavy spiral spring was used with each turnbuckle to supply the requisite "give." The *Shenandoah*, built in Bath, in 1890, is said to have been the first American ship to be rigged with wire and turnbuckles without springs. This rig was found to be satisfactory.

The supposed necessity of having "give" in the rigging, even over and beyond what could be had from hemp lanyards, perhaps to some extent influenced opinion in regard to the relative merits of the two materials. Furthermore, seamen during the days of hard driven sailing ships occasionally saw their vessels dismasted and, at such times, a thrashing lot of wreckage, held alongside, presented a grave danger to the ship's hull. When fitted with wire rigging, there was difficulty in cutting it adrift. With hemp, an axe was all that was needed.

It has been impossible to obtain prices on hemp rope but it has been learned that in 1855 American raw hemp sold at from $120 to $140 a ton; in 1860, $160 to $220; in 1865, $260 to $300; and in 1866, $320 to $330.

Such prices of wire rope as have been ascertained show that, in 1855, 1¼-inch rope sold at 40 cents a foot and that in 1867 the same size rope cost 45 cents per foot. In another record of sales, it was found that, in 1859, a ½-inch wire rope sold for 19 cents a foot and, in 1868, a similar rope was priced at 22 cents the foot.

It would appear only reasonable to conclude that the abrupt change from hemp to wire standing rigging in American ships which took place in the 1860's, was influenced by the reversal in relative costs of the two types of rigging. Even if we assume that American seamen were entirely satisfied with their hemp rigs, be the reason what it may — economy, familiarity with it, "give," pure contrariness, or what not — when the time came that dollars talked loudly enough, the change was made.

On being given a fair trial, wire standing rigging proved its value and hemp gradually disappeared from use. Today the U.S.S. *Constitution*, rigged as nearly as possible as she originally was, is one of the few vessels in existence with hemp standing rigging.

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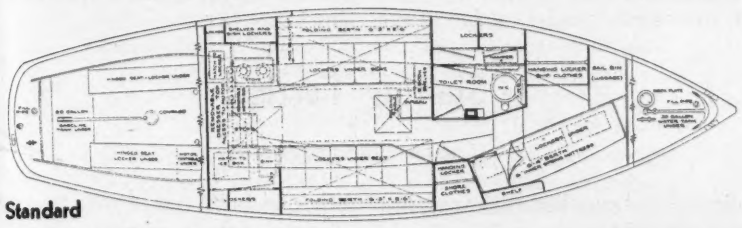
Yachtsman Model—$3,750

Rail 2½" min. tapered up fore and aft; locust cleats, all other hardware polished bronze; self-bailing depressed cockpit with lockers all around; folding bunks with 6" inner-spring mattresses; cabin floor linoleum paved with brass bound hatches; white tile-lined toilet room; enclosed lockers throughout; mainsail with cover, loose-footed jib with bag and awning by Ratsey.



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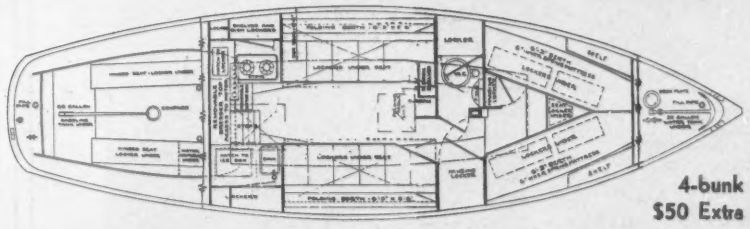

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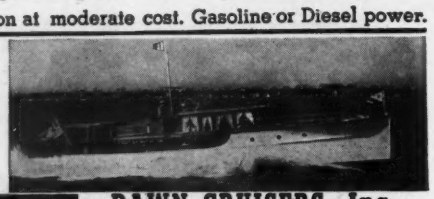

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Under the Lee of the Longboat

(Continued from page 60)

been the first to round the actual mark on the second round of the course and the first to finish. So the three leading boats were disqualified and the fourth was awarded first prize.

But instead of nominating him for the Lee Rail Vikings I'm going to depart from my usual practice and scold the race committee. It should have made the windward mark unmistakable even by a stranger.

Naval architects are up in arms because the New Dealers have selected for the Navy the design of an Englishman from which to build a fleet of high-speed torpedo-carrying boats. They point out, with truth, that whenever an English boat has competed for the Harmsworth Trophy our boys have knocked the tar out of her, and they wonder why Americans shouldn't be given the chance to out-design the English naval boat. The official answer is that we haven't been turning out 70-foot, 50-mile boats and that the Scott-Paine model is already perfected, one of them having been imported for demonstration purposes . . . I give you both sides of the argument and go on to add that one of the Coast Guard's "400" class, built fifteen years ago, is reliably reported to have outrun the Navy's choice in a rough sea and to have been beaten by her in smooth water. Unless it has been decided to fight all our future battles in a flat calm, I wish Secretary Edison of the Navy would make a point of getting acquainted with Admiral Waesche of the Coast Guard.

Starting Tactics

(Continued from page 50)

disqualified even before the race has actually begun.

If the first leg is a run, the start, though less important, is still a big factor. Everyone knows that a boat will usually reach faster than she will run and, therefore, it is amazing how few people approach a dead run line on a reach, with the intention of squaring away with the gun. Such an approach has the double advantage of giving right of way over the dead running boats and a definite increase in speed. If the boats are on different jibes, the starboard tack boat will have right of way; if they are converging on the same jibe, the reaching boat, being closer to the wind and to leeward (because if to windward they would not be converging) has right over the other and can maintain her course.

One mistake which is frequently made in down wind starts is the custom of dropping the headsails and starting under main alone. This has the advantage of speeding the spinnaker setting but is inadvisable since the boat maneuvers poorly without a jib and, if a reaching approach is to be made (as we hope it will be), the under-canvassed boat cannot attain nearly so high a speed.

When the race is about to begin, the intense excitement of yachting's most thrilling moment and the crush of boats is apt to make the skipper forget all his well laid plans and force him to sail haphazardly through the fleet, looking at random for an opening. This is disastrous. Make sure that your boat has the right of way and then stick to the plan that had seemed rational in a calmer moment, making the other boats get out of your way and deviating from your plan only when it is absolutely necessary. Just following the fleet will, by the law of averages, seldom give you the number one spot. If you have planned to be early and loaf to within thirty seconds sailing time of the line, then do it. By tacking in front of the fleet and slacking sheets, one can maintain this position close to the line and still have right of way. The leeward boats, because they are overtaking, are unable to luff, and the windward boats must keep doubly clear. In other words, a boat in this spot, so long as she does not bear off, preventing boats from passing to leeward, has complete rights which enable her to maintain her position and start as the skipper had planned. If you have planned to stay behind the fleet and sail through with full way at the last moment, don't let anyone force you close sooner than you had planned. This method is more risky since, by becoming the overtaking boat, you have forfeited many of your rights and may be unable to find an opening. Both ways, however, can result in excellent starts, but can do so consistently only if you have practiced and planned in advance. If the method you outlined was a good one (and this is not difficult), and you keep your wits about you and live up to your plan (and this becomes easier with every successive attempt), then you will be getting good starts with surprising regularity. Of course, if weather conditions change or something unexpected turns up at the last moment, it may be necessary to alter your plans abruptly and start as best befits the new situation. Otherwise, have the

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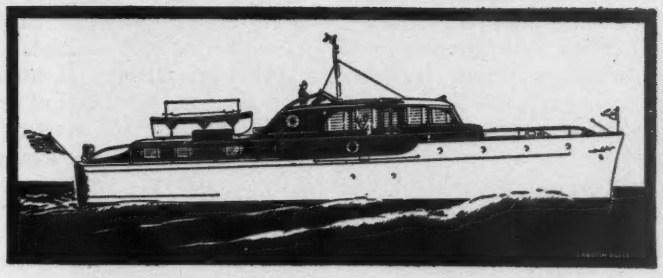

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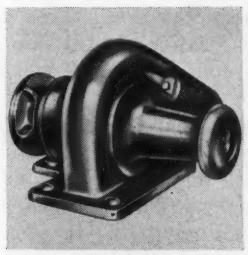

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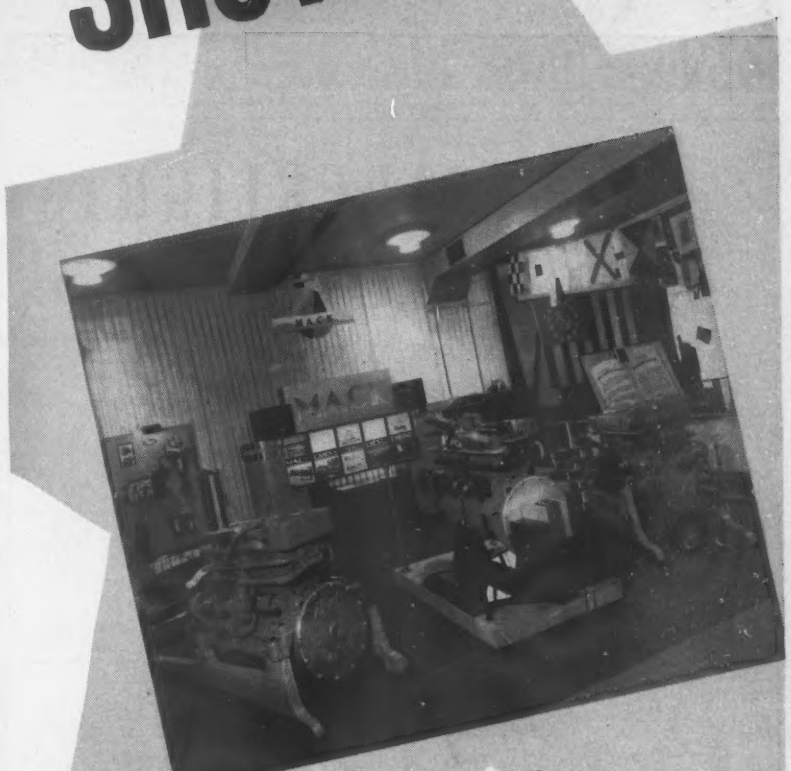

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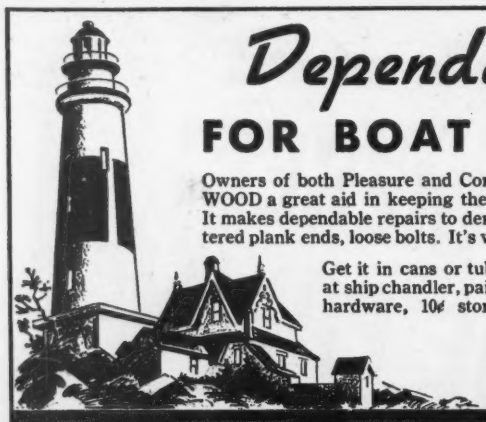

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courage of your earlier convictions; don't be disturbed because the fleet is doing something else, and go to it.

When all is said and done, however, there is one cure for almost all poor starters, so simple it seems ridiculous even to mention it but so effective that is must be mentioned. Make up your mind to get over a few seconds earlier than you think you should. A poor starter is almost always late. It is the good ones that occasionally slip up and get over too early. It is natural to think you are over long before you are, so don't be afraid to call it close. You will be amazed to find that, even then, you never seem to get over too early though it is always well to look and listen for recall signals, just to be sure. A former commodore of a well-known racing club, of no little fame as an ace Twelve-Metre starter, once said: "I always try to get over ahead of time but, damn it, I haven't succeeded yet."

Don't be gun shy and, after you have received the thrill of leading the fleet across the starting line, remember that you are already well on your way to receiving the far greater thrill of leading them home across a different line in the other direction.

"Stand By—Mark!"

(Continued from page 54)

rate kind of clock." It is a little more than that, because it contains in its makeup such things as a "chronometer escapement," "fusee," etc., and it is hung in gimbal rings. These devices render it immune to various mechanical and atmospheric phenomena, against which an ordinary watch or clock cannot be immunized. The effect is to make it more accurate but the primary purpose is to make its *rate* stable. That is to say, to keep the number of seconds gained or lost in a given time, unchanging. If your chronometer gains or loses exactly the same amount in each 24 hours, it matters little the actual number of seconds involved or how fast or slow the chronometer is at the time of any sight because the application of simple arithmetic will give you the correct time at that instant.

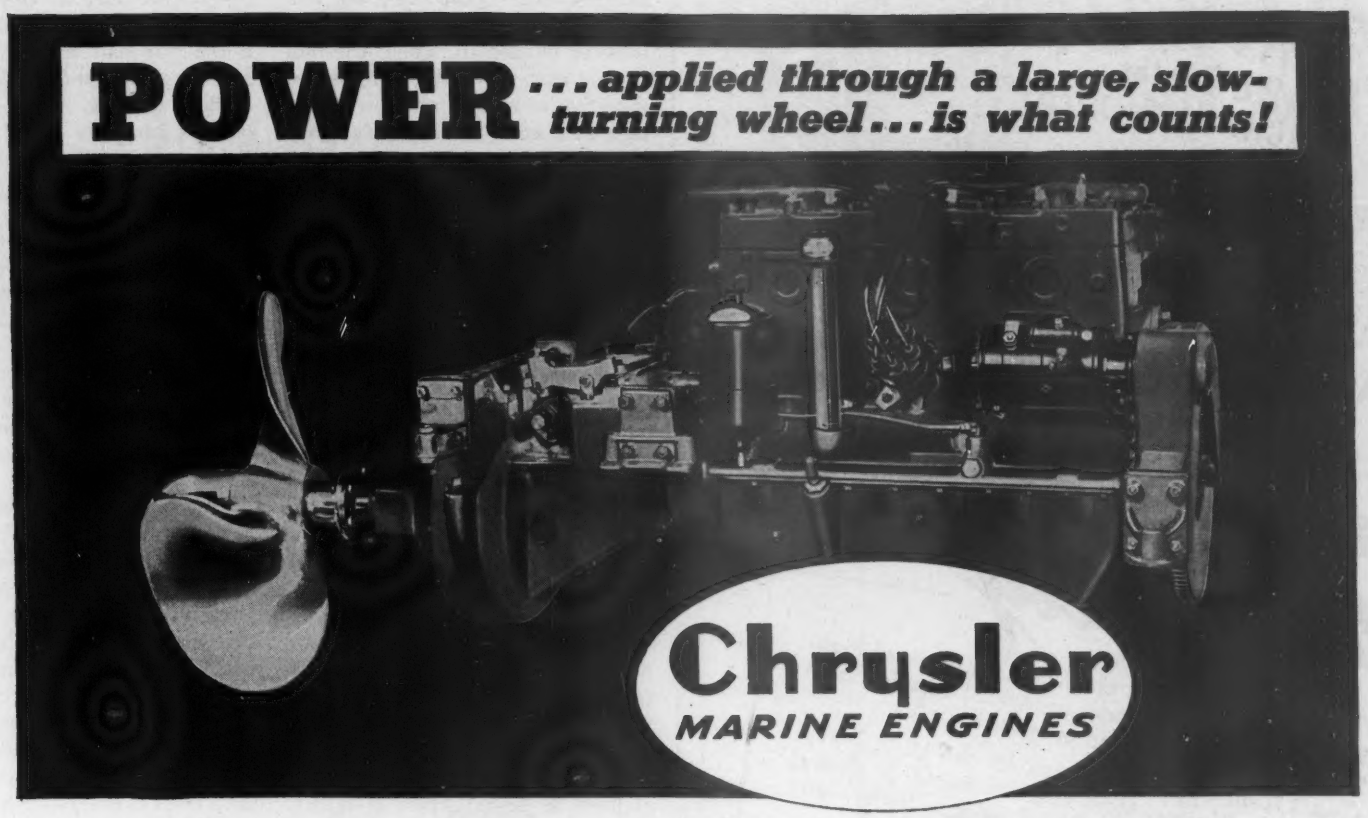
In spite of the devices invented and installed to increase the usefulness of the instrument, it remains a delicately adjusted piece of mechanism and care should be taken to prevent a "change of rate" due to mishandling. Chronometers are first cased in wood, with two lids on hinges, one glazed, so that you can read the time without exposing the instrument to dust and temperature change; the other solid, closing down over the glass as a further protection. Then there is a larger box, or case, heavily padded and lined, usually with felt. This keeps out or absorbs moisture and protects the instrument against disturbance due to knocks or vibration.

To wind the chronometer, all lids must, of course, be opened. Winding, therefore, should be done with despatch but also with care — the winding motion should be steady and not hurried. The larger, more expensive instruments are wound with a key inserted in the back. Smaller chronometers — sometimes called "hacks" — have a winding screw at the top, like an ordinary watch. Some of these smaller instruments now are quite accurate, maintain comparatively steady "rates," and, for anything except long offshore cruises without radio equipment, give satisfactory service. They take up considerably less space and are much less expensive than the standard models. Winding should be done every day, at the same hour, even on "8-day" instruments, to insure rate stability.

Several manufacturers, both here and abroad, now produce "navigator's watches" — wrist or pocket — which can be "rated" accurately for short periods of time. Under conditions of equal temperature, the rate may remain steady for a considerable time. Some of these watches have second hands which can be set, which is a great advantage, as it makes it possible to set the watch exactly to the face of the chronometer, or, with proper calculation, to local apparent, local civil time, etc.

Transportation of a chronometer, and its location aboard ship, both require consideration. If you are to move a chronometer, look for the little arm near the face of the instrument, then turn it into the slot provided for the purpose and lock it. This prevents the instrument from swinging in its gimbals, which would, under the quick and irregular motions of moving, be apt to disturb the rate. If you are carrying it in your hand, carry it by the strap which goes over the outside case and hold it slightly away from the body so that you will not knock it. Be particularly careful not to give it a sudden twist. If it is to go in an automobile, train, or other such conveyance, set it on a seat, not on the floor, and place it so that it will not slip about.

The permanent location for a chronometer on a yacht should be as near the "center of motion" as practicable and a reasonable distance from magnetic influences, such as compasses and electric motors. The "center of motion" is, of course, that point in the vessel where motion due to wave action is at a minimum. Its importance to



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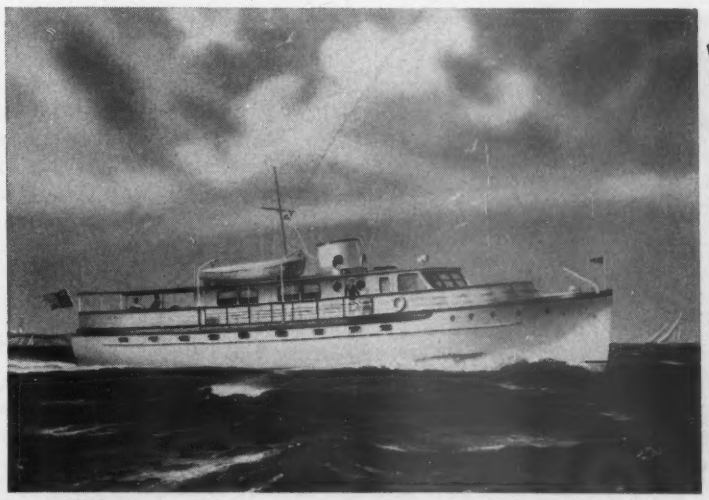

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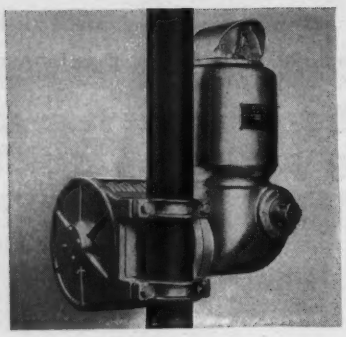

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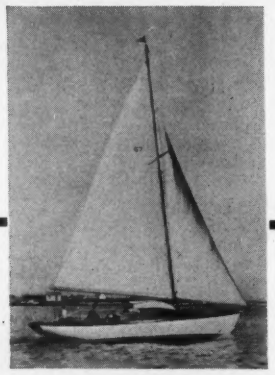

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the stability of the chronometer rate decreases as the size of the vessel increases. In other words, in a liner or battleship, where the motion is easy anyway, there is less disturbance away from this center than in a small yacht which jumps all over the lot in a seaway. The "center of motion" in an auxiliary is usually in a convenient location for the chronometer — somewhere near the companionway. In a motor cruiser or motor-sailer, where navigation is usually done from the bridge deck, it is not so convenient. However, in the latter cases, the difference in degree of motion is not so great as to necessitate sticking the chronometer down in the bowels of the ship and having to run up and down every time you take a sight. Put it on the bridge.

If your craft rates a navigator's compartment or table, the best place for the chronometer is under the surface on which you do your navigation, with a hinged flap which can be raised when you want to get at the instrument. On boats too small for such an arrangement, the chronometer should at least be placed where a sudden lurch of the boat won't throw somebody on top of it; it should be securely screwed down to a firm surface.

It is the practice in large vessels to carry three or more chronometers, and most works on navigation advocate carrying three. The reason for this is obvious; with three or more chronometers, if the rate of one goes haywire you can discover it by comparison with the others. With less than three, this is impossible. John T. Rowland, who has written a number of articles for YACHTING, tells a story of how he nearly fetched up, after a long cruise, on Cape Hatteras, while he was asleep, because his chronometer rate had gone adrift and he didn't know anything about it.

Now, the "three chronometer" policy is all very well for the wealthy man with a big yacht. But to carry three chronometers on the average yacht being built nowadays for offshore work is a bit like driving carpet tacks with a sledge hammer. On a Transatlantic cruise, I did carry two chronometers; it so happened that I had owned one of them for some time and another member of the crew owned the other — so no expense was involved and we did not go to the expense of a third. I carried two not so that I could check the rate but so that, if anything serious happened to one, we would still have the other. In addition, we had two stop watches, four wrist watches, one "pocket" watch, a ship's clock, an alarm clock (for the cook) and a radio! The radio went a.w.o.l. the third day out but we fetched our landfall within a few minutes of the calculated time and, I venture to say, with that galaxy of timepieces, we'd have fetched it if half of them had gone overboard. Just to emphasize the point, that was a 21-day run and, if the rate had changed from two seconds a day (that is what it was) to five seconds a day, which is quite a jump, we would have been only about 15 miles out in our position at the end.

Considering the above, added to the fact that the majority of offshore cruises don't extend over a week or ten days — in which case a change in rate of even ten seconds would not be serious — and add the probability that you have a radio receiver for time ticks besides, I suggest that one chronometer, properly placed, protected and rated, is ample.

I have, on several occasions, been in the uncomfortable position of being the only member of the afterguard who knew how to take sights. Under those conditions, I like to take my own time coincidentally with taking a sight — in short, in an entirely impersonal manner, I don't trust anybody. My practice is to work out a calculated altitude in advance, set my watch to L.A.T. (and reset it every few hours to allow for possible error) and set my sextant at the calculated altitude. Then I go on deck with my watch held in my left hand in such a way that its face is easily discernible and at the same time I have two fingers free to turn the tangent screw. When the image (sun, moon, or stars) "kisses," I read the time — the lag should not be over ⅕ of a second — and note down time and altitude. Then I take another sight — never less than three but as many as the sea conditions indicate as advisable. With practice, using this method, you can take a string of sights not over thirty seconds apart, which is close enough for a good check.

There are several advantages in this method of taking sights. First, you have time to work out your calculated altitude and to set your watch, at leisure.

As a final admonition, don't get jittery over your chronometer or other navigating instruments. While these instruments are all delicately adjusted, they are strongly built and with reasonable care will not get out of kilter. The proper care of chronometers and watches is extremely simple and requires no deep thought; but it does require regularity and attention. The suggestions made in the foregoing are comparatively few but they are important and should be treated with respect. It is essential that the navigator check his work in every possible manner but it is equally essential that he have confidence in what he is doing and sell that confidence to his shipmates — not by talk but by manner — and, finally, by arriving at the place where he said they would arrive at somewhere near the time he predicted!

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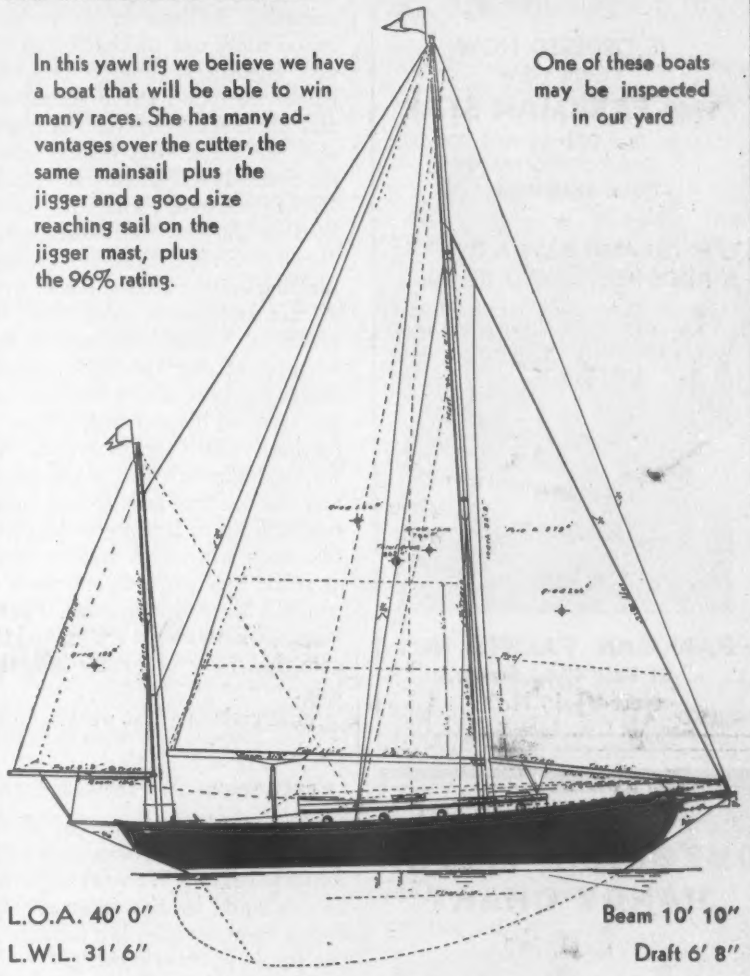

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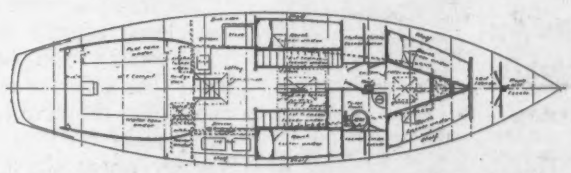

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These dimensions are as great as most boats of 44'-46' in length. One of the reasons the length was kept just under 40' is because one of the best trophies to race for in New Bedford Yacht Club's Race Week is the Mishawm Cup, limited to boats under 40'. In designing this boat Mr. Casey kept in mind a boat under 40' but as long on the water line as was consistent with good looks; he also wanted plenty of beam and depth.

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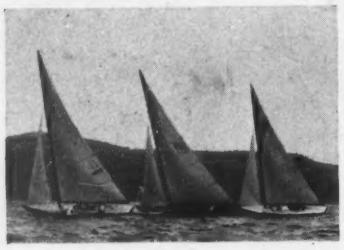

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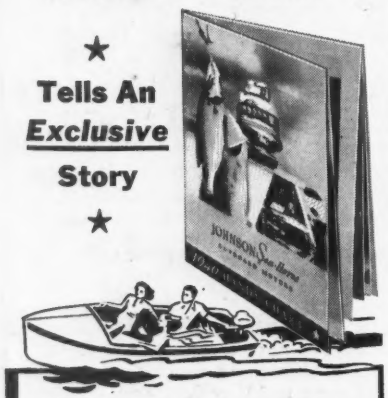

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JOHNSON SEA-HORSE OUTBOARD MOTORS

A Patagonian Voyage

(Continued from page 45)

Island Harbor; Connor Cove; Gray Harbor, where we rowed up quiet waters in the still evening and the boys thought they had found gold. The English Narrows, lined with wrecks, that we ran through in a flat calm. Indian Reach, where we saw our first human beings, four shivering Indians in a wretched canoe come out to beg for clothes and cigarettes. Puerto Grappler, where we found our first mussels, and the magnificent fuchsia bushes and the thick wild celery among the coarse beach grasses. Icy Reach, Iceberg Sound, with its unbelievable glaciers; the violent squall blowing through Trinidad Passage, blotting out the land in a wild whirl of rain and blown spray. And the peace of Tizard Anchorage that evening among the little islands, where Rusty shot a steamboat duck and covered himself with a snow of feathers. The Guia Narrows, that we shot through like a racehorse, and the desolate granite mountains reaching up to the sky in fantastic pinnacles without a tree or blade of grass, touched with one spear of sunlight through the mist. Puerto Bueno, where we got water, and the gale that blew us finally into this Bay.

That ends our first week.

\+ + +

Punta Arenas, February 22nd, 1939

The gale blew into the bay all the next day so that it was impossible for us to get out. We went exploring ashore and, in the intervals between snow squalls, lay basking in the sun in fields of flowers.

The following morning, the wind moderated slightly and appeared to be coming from the north again so we took a chance and started out cheerfully, thinking that we could easily make the fifty miles to Port Tamar, where the Channels run into the Straits.

But, as soon as we got out of our bay, the wind shifted ahead again and we had a series of snow squalls so heavy and so violent that the lower hills were soon white. I was nearly blown off the deck. I think perhaps it *is* a little easier to believe in these winds after you have felt them.

We beat back and forth for hours among the numerous small islands which dotted the channel, freezing in the icy wind and blinded by the snow which stung like pebbles. In the calmer intervals, the sun would come out in a patch of blue sky and we would breathe for a moment and hope that it was all over. Then a pale gray patch would blot out a hill top, the ship would heel over as the furious gust struck her, and we would dart forward again.

My clearest memory of that confusing morning is of Bob and I standing nervously at the wheel as we charged perilously down on a tiny island. Bob was shouting to Mr. M. and pointing at the danger in anxious gestures, but no voice would carry far against that wind and the Sailing Master's back was sternly turned towards us as he stood in a Napoleonic attitude at the bow. The other three boys were crouched by the jib and staysail sheets, waiting for the word to come about.

"We're getting pretty close to that rock," Bob said. "Don't you think it's time to tack ship?"

"It looks too close for me," I said, "but I suppose Mr. M. must see it. I'll go and see," and I edged my way cautiously forward.

It really looked to me as though we were as good as aground. "There's a rock there," I said, "don't you think maybe we could come about before we hit it?"

Mr. M.'s broad, red face was unruffled and expressionless as usual but his voice betrayed a slight impatience.

"We have another hundred feet," he said, "but if you want to tack ship in the middle of a squall and tear all your sails to ribbons, that's your affair. It's moderating now and every second helps, but if you like . . . " and he started to raise his hand.

"No, no," I said, "you know more than I do but I just thought maybe . . ."

"I'm trying to look after your ship and your gear," he continued, "but if you . . . All right boys, let her over now!"

And we swung around to safety just as the bow touched the long streamers of kelp that float above all the sunken rocks of Patagonia.

"You see," Mr. M. continued reprovingly, as I sighed with relief, "we didn't even touch that kelp and with this wind blowing it is certainly streaming to leeward. We could have kept on for another fifty feet."

I returned, chastened to my charts. Anyone can learn navigation but it takes experience and judgment to sail a boat.

After four hours of this sort of thing, during which we managed to advance only fifteen miles, we were glad to give up our idea of getting to the Straits that day and took shelter in the nearest anchorage. We huddled around the stove and drank hot rum and hoped that the anchor wasn't dragging.

The weather had changed by morning and we covered the 35 miles to the Straits quickly and easily, with only a slight shiver as we passed the large, red hull of the *Hazelbranch* lying broken in two across a rock. After yesterday, it was so easy to see how that sort of

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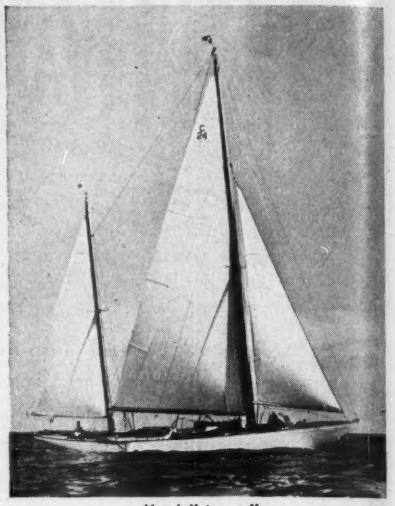

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thing does happen in these waters.

We turned eastward at last with some slight misgiving because, although it was unlikely that we should find anything different from what we had already come through, just the name "Straits of Magellan" has a somewhat ominous sound. And we had been so lucky so far that it seemed as though something bad would have to happen soon.

However, the distant snow-capped peaks looked about the same as usual, the fantastic granite hills ran into the water with a comforting and homelike air, and the mist and rain and black, foam-tipped waves were familiar companions by now.

We reached our chosen anchorage on Desolation Island at five o'clock but there were several hours of daylight left so we decided to continue on to Field Anchorage, on the mainland. To do this, we had to cut back across the Strait again to the northern shore. While we were doing so, a heavy mist came down and the wind dropped.

I didn't know at exactly what point we had picked up the land and the whole coast is a succession of little headlands, all looking exactly alike. So there was nothing to do but sail along about 200 yards offshore, looking for a bay with a glacier at its head. We were going so slowly that it seemed impossible that we could get in before night and the prospect of a night at sea in thick weather, driven about by winds and tides and unknown currents, was not at all inviting.

Field Anchorage is so easy if you can see where you are going. You just turn in and, when This Island is in line with That Island, and The Other Island is in line with the glacier, you drop your anchor. It is as simple as that. But in the darkness . . .

We peered anxiously around each headland as the twilight deepened but no little bay opened welcoming arms to us. Mr. M. and I discussed the relative merits of keeping on at full speed, so as to minimize the effect of cross-currents but at the risk of a big crash, and heaving to, which would increase our chances of being carried ashore but decrease the violence of the bump.

We rounded one more little cape and there, high above us in the darkness, was the pale gleam of Field Glacier. It was just light enough to distinguish the black water from the blacker land. We entered slowly, picked up our bearings, swung around so that the wind would blow us clear of the chain, and heard the beautiful words: "Let go!"

Field Glacier is the only one in the Straits which comes down to sea level so next morning we devoted some little time to trying to struggle through the dense, matted forests to its foot. But it was too difficult, so we contented ourselves with climbing a neighboring hill from which we could see the whole ice mass swinging in a broad curve from the sky down through the green forest to the little lake at the foot. There was no dirty gray moraine, just the pure blue and white of the ice against the deep green of the trees.

The day was clear, although not sunny, and we could see the glaciers of Tierra del Fuego far in the distance and down below us a long, gray tanker pushing her way westward through the darker waters.

We continued our voyage in a gentle breeze which died away completely in Crooked Reach, where the Atlantic and Pacific tides meet. This is supposed to be most dangerous and was marked on our charts as a maze of tide rips, but the water was glassy calm and we had to start the motor to get anywhere at all. And, even with the motor, we couldn't get past Cape Froward that night, which was disappointing for the following reason.

The Straits run in a broad, open "V" shape from Cape Pillar on the Pacific to Cape Virgins on the Atlantic. Cape Froward is the tip of the "V." The western stretch is narrow and the land is mountainous, being the last tip of the Andes. The eastern portion consists of broad reaches and the flat land is a continuation of the pampas of the Argentine. The weather to the west of Cape Froward is gloomy and rainy, while that to the east of the Cape is bright and sunny.

We had read all this in the book and had been looking forward hopefully to seeing the sun again but we couldn't quite make it and had to stop at Snug Harbor. This had obviously been named by some humorist because nothing less snug or less like a harbor could be imagined. There is a faint, almost imperceptible curve in the shore line and, in the middle of this and a mile or two from the land, two microscopic islands behind which we could take shelter. Mr. M. and I consoled ourselves by saying that if a wind should come up it would be easy to get out.

We went on shore and there was a horse roaming about and a cabin tightly locked with a dog barking furiously inside. There were also four graves and, in a little creek, a three-masted schooner lying half out of water. On the bank were fathoms of heavy anchor chain. We didn't make any attempt to solve the mystery.

We sailed at dawn and rounded the great black pyramid of Cape Froward. It was amazing to look ahead up the broad reach and see a quiet blue sky with little white clouds floating in it. Our sky was still thick and gray, there was snow on the rocky hills, and far to the southward on Tierra del Fuego the last outlier of the Antarctic ice-cap. But we turned our backs on all that and sailed peacefully northward into summer.

"Whut I wish for ye, mon,
When things gae far agly,
Is money in yer puck-it
An' friends standin' by."

"What I wish for you, man, when things go far awry,
Is money in your pocket and friends standing by."

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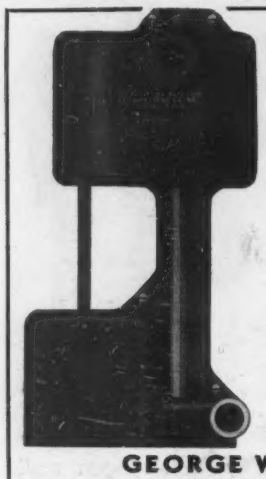

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Across Fundy's Tides

(Continued from page 40)

the time we got there, we had a fair tide and, just as our gas supply showed signs of giving out, a fine southwesterly breeze sprang up and we were soon winding our way among the islands to the west of Pubnico Point. The outer islands are bare and bleak but, as we sailed further up the bay, the islands became thickly wooded, with all the charm of the Maine coast. Following the eastern passage, we at last shot up to our mooring in a sheltered anchorage inside of Rankin Island, where we were greeted by a large assortment of friends and relatives, who piled aboard after the skipper's wife had turned in the ultimate in service by handing us the mooring. Once, when I particularly wanted to shoot up to a mooring in an impressive manner, the man in the bow reached too far and fell overboard. We were not exactly impressive. This time, to my great relief, we gently cracked an egg — or would have, if it had been there. As we prepared to go ashore, we opened our ice chest and watched our ice give its last expiring gasp. Thanks to carefully wrapped towels on top and cushions on the seat above, it had lasted three days and kept our milk sweet.

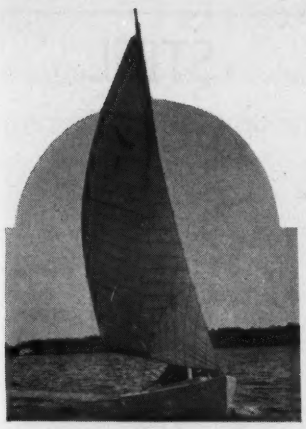
After two weeks of vacation, with many short trips, we started back for New Harbor, Maine, with Bob Duncan again as mate, his son Roger, John Eddy and Bob Gardner as the other members of the crew. A good looking crew of eleven, of all ages and of both sexes, accompanied us as far as Yarmouth, where the crew for the trip to New Harbor joined us. We had a thick fog and no wind when we started under power at 8:45 a.m. on Saturday but we picked up Lurcher without any difficulty. We continued to push along with the engine until we had gone the twelve miles which we considered necessary to get out of the area of serious currents. Our first really good breeze then sprang up from SSW, the fog cleared and, before long, we were bowling along at six knots, heading for Matinicus, about 100 miles from Lurcher, allowing one eighth point for leeway and hoping that our current compensations had been correct. If we had not allowed for leeway, we'd have found Matinicus dead ahead. As it was, we picked up its fine diaphone when it was ten miles away and slightly to starboard, enshrouded in fog. At 8:00 a.m. on Sunday, just when our dead reckoning put us on top of the rocks, we sighted a line of white surf through the fog with the slight darkness which shows the land beyond. Monhegan was picked up twenty miles further, but don't rely on its fog signal when approaching from the east. The typhon on the small island to the west is blotted out by the larger island. We heard the sound of the surf when we couldn't hear the fog signal.

We made two mistakes on the way back. The first one was serving beef stew, which we had bought in a Yarmouth restaurant, without adequate knowledge of its antecedents and contents. At least, that is our story and we are going to stick to it. Four out of five, including the skipper, were sick at sea (not seasick), the only exception being the cautious cook, Bob Duncan, who said, when we landed on him for keeping his suspicions to himself, that he was too busy to eat more than a mouthful. The other mistake (which was also my own) was allowing the leach to tear while the mainsail was slatting around in an early morning calm. As it had begun to breeze up at dark and the night had looked stormy, we had taken in a reef to ease the helmsman's job. When the wind flattened out to occasional light puffs, I had hauled in the mainsail, fairly flat, to reduce slatting, and started the engine. With the shrinkage caused by dampness and a continued slatting caused by a complete lack of wind and a moderate sea, the strain proved too great. Fortunately, it made little difference for we had a flat calm and continued the rest of the way under power, without the necessity of breaking in our storm trysail or making repairs at sea.

As we approached New Harbor, the sun came out and the fog cleared. At 1:33 p.m., Sunday, we picked up the mooring of the Cruising Club of America and our cruise across the tides of Fundy had ended.

Many authors of cruising stories tell about their experiences without attempting to draw any lessons from them which might benefit cruising readers. I have often wished more of these accounts would wind up with a few candid comments by the skipper on what went wrong or right. Therefore, I'll try to do my part by listing a few of the lessons which I noted in our log of the cruise:

1. Dead reckoning and our Bliss taffrail log can be depended upon for sufficiently accurate work to Nova Scotia and back under reasonably good conditions. But it is most comforting to have the reassurance of sun sights and, if we had been driven off our course by a storm or by engine failure in a calm and current, we'd have been glad of our celestial navigation. However, I was surprised that the dead reckoning hit the mark so closely and would be willing, under ordinary conditions, to take a chance on dead reckoning alone.



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2. Our allowances for the Fundy current, based on the Canadian government special report and on the regular tide tables, were approximately correct. However, the effective range of the current, at least when we were there, seems to have extended to about 10 or 15 miles to the west of the Lurcher Shoal Lightship, where the depth begins to drop off fast from the 50-fathom line. I'd much like to hear from other cruising men who have had experience on this point.

3. When under sail, estimates of position based on helmsmen's hourly estimates of Kenyon speedometer averages are quite accurate. Under power, the speedometer indicated a speed of about 10 per cent under the logged speed. The Kenyon thus gives a useful check on the log, provided (as happened twice this summer) the strut doesn't get knocked off.

4. The gas consumption, with our Gray 4–52 engine, was 1⅓ gallons per hour at moderate speed (5 to 5½ knots) and 1½ gallons per hour at full speed of over 6½ knots.

5. Although we didn't have a chance to test out the relative advantages of Lurcher *vs.* Seal Island for making a landfall in a fog, I still think our reasoning in favor of Lurcher was correct.

6. Indications of land noticed in a thick fog (this is, of course, "old stuff" to experienced fog navigators, but may help someone): (a) A shorter, more disturbed sea; (b) the sound of the surf; (c) a white line through the fog, indicating the surf — the sight of which is soon followed by a slight darkness above it, indicating land.

7. Don't haul in a sail too taut to prevent slatting in a light wind or calm, especially if it is likely to shrink and put too great a strain on the leach.

8. Don't depend too much on fog signals in picking up a coast. Sound does peculiar things. Study the usual effectiveness of fog signals on important points which you intend to pick up, particularly in the direction from which you intend to come. For example, if I hadn't had a couple of men from New Harbor with me, who knew all about Monhegan's peculiarities, I'd have been worried at our failure to hear its signals to the east.

9. The last lesson is an old one but every cruise I make emphasizes its importance. It is not the boat or the weather that makes a trip an enjoyable experience. It is a congenial crew who can "take it."

I should like to end this informal account of a fine cruise by quoting a comment of "Seaman Craighead" in the log:

". . . and the most never-to-be-forgotten was sailing her Monday midnight, all the others asleep below, main square to port, ballooner 'wung' out to starboard, binnacle covered and steering by the stars."

Three Men in a Boat

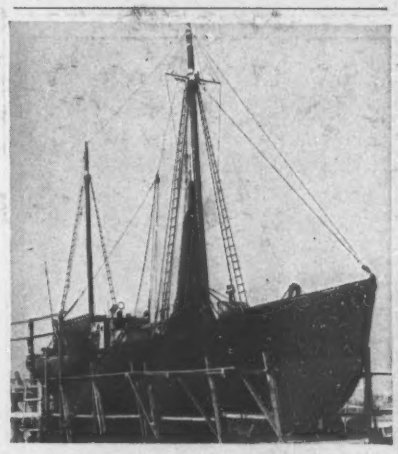
(Continued from page 37)

efforts resulted in but one bass, a beautiful specimen, however, weighing about four pounds. We learned that night what good eating bass can be when fileted, and were determined to catch our share.

We did just that and, in doing so, spent several of the most restful and thoroughly satisfying days any of us have ever had. It came about this way. When we finally left Clarky, he suggested that we put in at a fishing camp just below Welaka, a small village about 21 miles above Palatka. We ran close in to shore there and it looked most inviting but far too civilized. We wanted to do it the hard way, without paid guides and strictly on our own. And so we kept on up the river, running slowly, knowing little where we were headed and caring even less. The sun was warm and the scenery beautiful. Thinking of a place to spend the night, we spotted Fort Gates on our chart and decided to put in there although it was still only early afternoon. The chart showed it to be a tiny settlement on a bend in the river, comprising but four houses, but there seemed to be a good dock — and good docks are scarce along the upper St. Johns.

Again I am going to have difficulty with my description for Fort Gates was a paradise to us. If that seems to be putting it a bit strongly, if I seem to write of the St. Johns River with something of the fervor of my copywriting friend, I willingly plead guilty. Perhaps you may get something of what we felt for this place when I say that, except for an occasional side trip, we never left it until we regretfully started homeward many days later. Our first impression of Fort Gates was of a high dock and boathouse, in excellent condition, and behind all this an old-fashioned house with many cupolas, set well back from the river and partially hidden by a row of tremendously tall and stately palms that lined the shore.

When we made fast to the dock, no one was in sight other than a young pickaninny, Henry, whom we took to be about eight years old but who later maintained that he was fourteen and, I must admit, acted every year of it. A more capable youngster I have yet to see. As if by magic, he soon produced a plank to serve as a boarding ladder, for the dock was much too high to accommodate our small boat satisfactorily. It had been built



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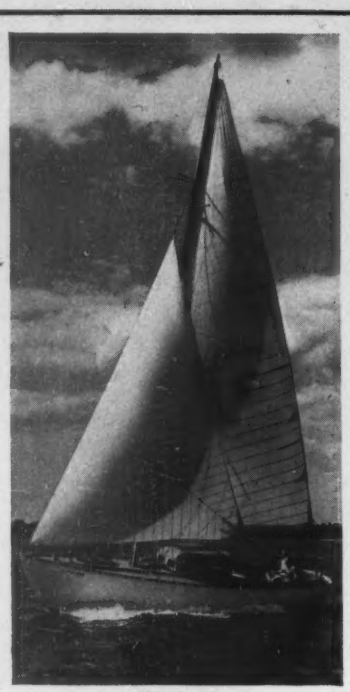

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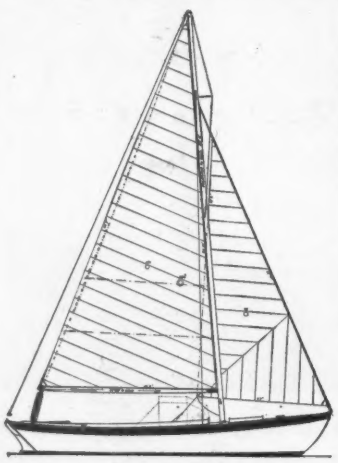

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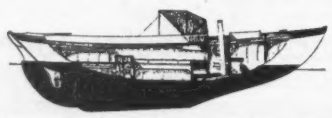


originally, I assume, to accommodate the boats of the St. Johns River Line which regularly ply between Jacksonville and Sanford. With many "Yas, suhs," we learned from Henry that he lived next door on the Cooledge Farm where his pa acted as caretaker; that the house with the many cupolas was vacant at the time but in charge of a Mr. McKinney who lived in a smaller house to the rear; that he was sure we would be welcome to stay at the dock all night, and wouldn't we like to walk up and see ma and pa?

We were only too glad to stretch our legs and get a view of our surroundings. The hyacinths hugged the shore below the palms, the path leading from the dock was bordered with flowers and all about were orange and grapefruit trees, for the house itself is in an orchard. George, Henry's pa, who was packing fruit when we came upon him, welcomed us cordially and insisted that we take half a dozen luscious grapefruit, the size of watermelons, back to the boat with us. Between him and Mr. McKinney, or "Mac" as we later called him, we received so many grapefruit and oranges in the days that followed that Ed Huber complained that their generosity would sink us and that we were laden down like a regular United Fruit ship.

Of course, we asked about the fishing soon after our arrival. Henry's eyes sparkled and so did George's, as they told us we were just in time. We had run into two real fishermen and, later on, Mac, whom we got to know well, proved to be another one. The gulls, they said, glancing toward the river, were just beginning to gather at the bar and that meant fish! That was the end of work that day for George and off we went, not in our boat but in two good big rowboats, supplied by them, with George and his son at the oars and we playing the rôle of passengers. The bar was only about 200 yards from the dock and we no sooner arrived than real sport began. There would be a *whoosh* and a *splash*, followed by countless more as the hungry bass broke water. How they churned and thrashed the water! The trick was to cast quickly in the vicinity of the disturbance and, when I write that my two companions and I got six fish among us that afternoon, while George and Henry landed three times that many, you will realize that there really is a trick to it. Oh, the joy of seeing George cast, accurately and effortlessly, and then start to reel in with quick jerky motion! And the thrill of hearing him say, over and over again, "Oh, oh! There's another one that made a mistake!" as he'd feel the strike.

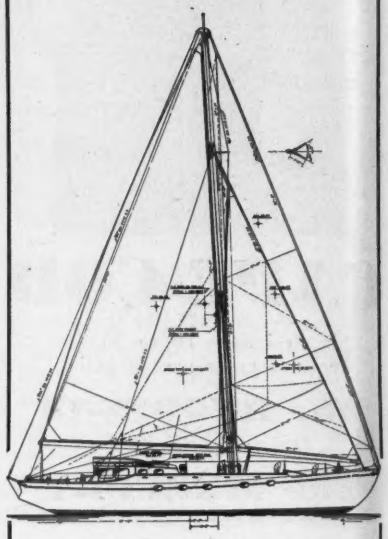
As I said before, we stayed there many days. We were supplied with fresh milk and eggs each morning from the Cooledge Farm. We slept on the water, true enough, but lived on the fat of the land. One day was much like every other, with just enough variety in our schedule to make it interesting. We didn't always have luck with our fishing. Some days the fish would thrash about us on the bar but would refuse to take our lures, despite the fact that we offered them everything in our kits. On days like this, the fish just wouldn't or couldn't make mistakes and it seemed to make little or no difference whether we fished the bar or tried the shore line close in to the hyacinths. On one of these days, coming back to *Shangri-La* at sunset, tired and somewhat discouraged that we were not bringing fresh meat to the table, we found a real surprise awaiting us. Henry's ma had sent Julia, Henry's sister, down to the boat with a roast chicken, fresh killed and cooked to a turn, and a home-made lemon pie.

It was next morning early that tragedy nearly overtook us and made us recall vividly George Holland's warning. Ed Gray had planned to fish at sunrise and George was to go with him. They found the rowboat jammed in among the hyacinths and Ed jumped into it from the dock above. Luckily, he landed on the seat and, equally luckily, George was there with a warning shout to send Ed clambering back on the dock as if pursued by fifty devils. George's sharp eyes had spotted a deadly water moccasin coiled beneath the seat that Ed had jumped upon. Tremendous excitement followed but the snake was finally subdued.

All in all, however, the days were grand. But the evenings, I think, were best of all — quiet, peaceful. We were there at the full of the moon. Mac used to come down after supper and join us. We would sit in the open after cockpit, watch the river turn to silver in the moonlight, and smoke, and talk — some, but not too much. We would listen to the call of the whippoorwills, the croak of the frogs and an occasional screech from some unidentifiable wild thing in the distance. A soft, cool breeze would blow the perfumed air about us, air laden with the mixed scent of roses, tree-ripening fruit, magnolia blooms and honeysuckle. We would look up at the sky and find it startlingly low and so full of stars that it gave me, at least, the feeling that I could reach up and stir them about.

Those are the things I like to remember about the St. Johns River — those, and the good friends we made along our way. I have vowed to go back there again some day and this time I shall need no copywriter to urge me to "bring my boat to Jacksonville and cruise the magnificent St. Johns River." For I believe that "nowhere else in America . . . perhaps nowhere else in the world . . . is there a cruiseway so replete with tropical beauty, so laden with opportunity for sunny adventure as the St. Johns."

STEEL BUILT



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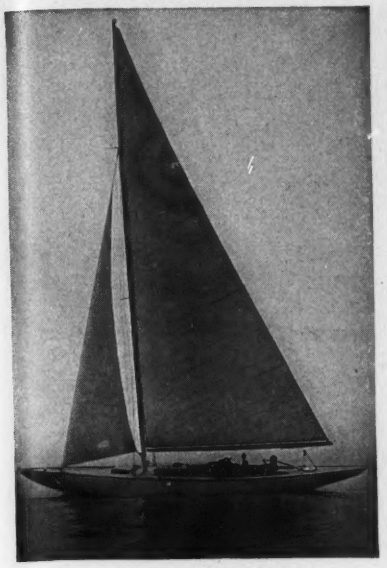

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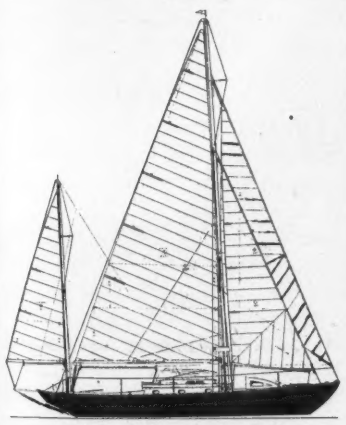

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Committees Make Mistakes, Too

(Continued from page 52)

The clock reader, who won't see much of the race, needs to be a patient man with a leather throat, who will call seconds for long periods if necessary. Furthermore, he should call them clearly and completely. "Twenty-one-two-three-four" is confusing when they're coming fast; call it "twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three." And when he gets to "Sixty," sing out the next minute even if he lose the beat of seconds momentarily.

The man on the line must remember how many boats are hidden behind the one nearest him and where the stakeboat is when she has been hidden behind a wall of sails for a couple of minutes.

The recorders and, with a sizeable fleet, there should be at least two of them as a check, are busy boys. With plenty of sharp pencils and a stack of cards (lined and numbered cards are nice but not necessary), they don't see the finishes at all. They only hear them and write them down. What they need most are good ears, steady nerves in the jams and nimble fingers. When it's all over, they should have the class symbol, number and finish time of every finisher on their cards — but frequently they don't.

As a matter of fact, committees should worry less than they do about finish times. It may tickle a skipper's vanity to read in the summary that the *Squid* beat him by only a second while he beat the *Osprey* by half an hour, but it isn't vital to the record. He already knows the margins were roughly that, and nobody else cares. Except perhaps for the elapsed times of the class winner, the order is all that really matters in one-design and rating classes. In handicap classes, where corrected times must be figured from elapsed, one man should be responsible for all the times. In a set-up like that on Long Island Sound, where one experienced man acts as handicapper at all club regattas during the season, he is the man for this assignment rather than any individual club committeeman. Times are also vital in long distance races and port-to-port runs, which are almost invariably on handicap, but in these, where boats finish minutes, hours, even days apart, one man with one eye and a watch can do the job with no trouble at all.

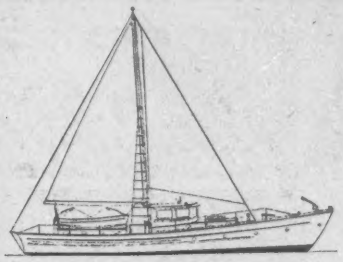
To anyone who never officiated at a race or who has handled only small fleets of familiar boats, this all probably sounds ridiculously complicated. There are days when boats finish briskly, in single file, with their numbers showing up nicely, when three men can finish a fleet of two of three hundred boats and never miss a trick. It is for those other days, when fluky airs pile up a hundred boats of a dozen classes around the finish line in one tangled mob scene, that some such organization as I have outlined is essential.

There are rare individuals who do pretty well with no visible organization whatever. I know one man who has served on his club's race committees so long that the memory of no man runneth to the contrary, and who is an individual of great ruggedness. All he asks is a reliable man on the line to call each boat's class and number at just the instant she crosses the line. Given that much aid, he will sit down at a table, often in the cabin or with his back to the finish line, an ancient watch in front of him, and scribble hieroglyphics, making no comments and asking few questions. When it's all over, his pockets are full of odd scraps of paper, old evelopes and what not, covered with notes no one else could possibly read. Give him a quiet hour ashore after the race in which to bring order out of this chaos and he'll come up with a complete and accurate account of the proceedings.

Committees make it hard for themselves by setting too long lines, especially at the finish. You must give your biggest classes room to start without crowding but the angle of the line to course and wind is the important thing. If you favor the lee end just enough so that any spot on the line gives as good a start as any other, there will be no trouble. If you don't, they'll all try to jam over the favored end no matter how long the line is.

As for finish lines, the shorter the better, within reason. Often they are so long that the sail numbers on small boats crossing at the far end are unidentifiable. The worst of a long line, however, is that boats of different classes, approaching on different courses, will all hit it at once, some at one end, some at the other, some in the middle, depending on what point is the nearest on their courses. A windward or dead-running finish calls for more room than reaching but I never saw a race that needed a finish line much over 100 yards long.

Committees are prone to defer too much to the few big boats and let the small fry take what they get. Personally, I question the desirability of including very small boats in regattas meant primarily for larger craft, and of junior classes with adults. Everybody would have better racing if the bigger boats down through, say, the Stars sailed in one regatta and the small fry in another — or maybe morning and afternoon, as they do at Marblehead.



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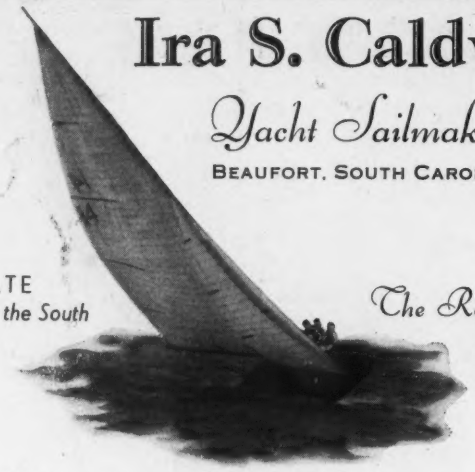

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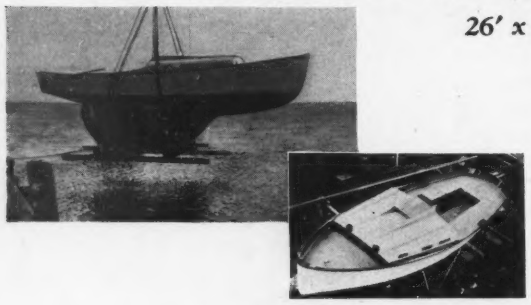

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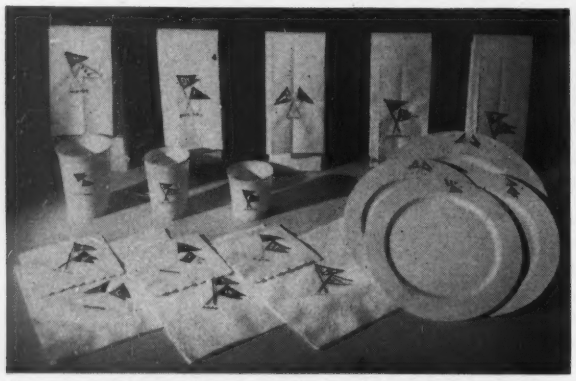

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One point on which you can always stir up an argument is whether or not a committee should initiate disqualification for fouls occurring within its observation. The rule book says that they should and many committees do. The Star Class even goes so far, in its major events, as to have scouts out around the course watching for fouls. Other committees ignore fouls altogether unless they get a protest. This attitude is usually justified by a speech on the subject of "good sportsmanship" and arises from a natural disinclination to get involved in tiresome and unpleasant arguments. You can make out a case either way but my observation has been that firm rule enforcement will give the really honest sportsman an even chance, of which laxity often robs him. If fouls — definite and incontrovertible fouls, not borderline cases — are seen by the committee, the offender should be disqualified and so notified at the time by a hail (though of course the committee must give him a hearing if he demands it). Even so, the committee has a lot to watch at both the start and the finish and fouls occur close at hand which no member of the committees sees, at least with sufficient clarity to disqualify arbitrarily. So it is up to the victim of a foul to enter a protest. If he doesn't, he has no right to criticize the committee.

In closing, a word to those who may be asked to serve on committees. Race committees are essential to the sport and on the way they function depends the reputation of the clubs they represent. In spite of all the discouraging things I may have said, a congenial and competent committee can make a rather pleasant job of it and attain the satisfaction that comes from work well done. It means work, and giving up a certain number of holidays that most men prefer to spend doing something else.

Help Finland!

IT is particularly fitting that American yachtsmen should want to be active in any relief fund being raised for hard-pressed little Finland, fighting for her very existence as a nation. American and Finnish yachtsmen have partaken of each other's hospitality; they have sailed with and against each other so that we know the Finns as the best and most generous of sportsmen. For years we have counted a trophy donated by the Finns (the Scandinavian Gold Cup), one of the most important of international yacht racing emblems.

The Finnish Relief Fund, organized by ex-President Hoover, knowing this bond between the yachtsmen of the two countries, has formed a yachtsmen's committee to bring to the attention of yachtsmen the immediate and pressing need of funds for the relief of the peoples of the gallant country in the face of aggression. Heading this yachtsmen's committee is George Nichols, chairman, the other members being Commodore E. Townsend Irvin, of the New York Yacht Club; Devereux B. Barker, Eastern Yacht Club; J. Bright Lord, Commodore, Cruising Club of America; Philip J. Roosevelt, President, North American Yacht Racing Union, and G. Unger Vetlesen, of the New York and Royal Norwegian (Kongelig Norsk Seilforening) Yacht Clubs.

The committee suggests that the yacht clubs of the United States, through their own organizations, take immediate steps to bring before their own members the pressing need for Finnish relief and, through committees, to accept individual contributions or, through club entertainments, raise funds for the cause. All contributions should be sent to

Yachtsmen's Committee, Finnish Relief Fund, Inc.
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

For over a century the people of Finland, always known as a seafaring race, have been enthusiastic yachtsmen and considered among the most skillful of northern Europe. Soon after she became an independent nation in 1920, Finland became a member of the International Yacht Racing Union and of the Scandinavian Yacht Racing Union, in which latter she has taken an active part. Her leading yacht club, the Nyländska Jaktklubben, in Helsinki, in 1920 presented to the Scandinavian Yacht Racing Union the Gold Cup for international Six-Metre racing, and this trophy has been raced for every year since 1921.

The first occasion on which the Finnish colors were shown in this country in international racing were when the Finnish Six-Metre "*Gunn*" was a member of the Scandinavian team in the Scandinavian-American team races held by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club on Long Island Sound in 1925. The last time a yacht from Finland was racing in this country was when the *Anitra II* took part in the Gold Cup races in 1938. When the Seawanhaka Yacht Club decided to defend the cup in 1939 in Europe, it was only natural that Finland was chosen for the country to hold the races.

Finland is now in distress. Her people have shown proof of spiritual strength, calm and a courage which sets an example to yachtsmen the world over. Our own sailors should consider it a privilege to help them in their hour of need. It can best be done through the committee mentioned above.